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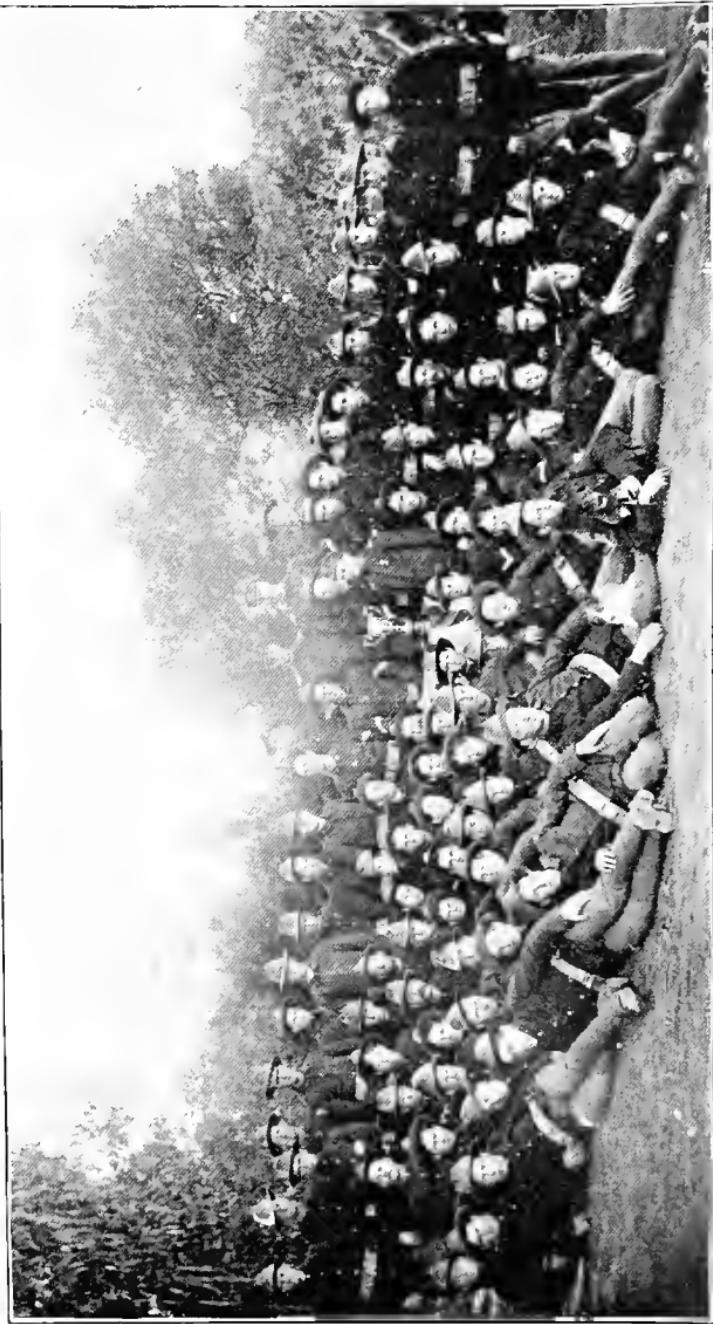


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FROM IOWA TO THE PHILIPPINES.



COMPANY M, FIFTY-FIRST IOWA INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS, CAMP MERRIAM, PRESIDIO, CALIFORNIA.

FROM IOWA TO THE PHILIPPINES

A HISTORY OF COMPANY M, FIFTY-FIRST IOWA
INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS.

BY
JOSEPH I. MARKEY.

BEING A COMPILATION OF LETTERS WRITTEN TO THE RED OAK EXPRESS.
A COMPLETE ACCOUNT OF THE COMPANY'S LIFE IN CAMP AND ON THE
BATTLEFIELD, FROM ITS ORGANIZATION TO THE RECEPTION GIVEN
UPON ITS RETURN FROM THE CAMPAIGN IN THE PHILIPPINE
ISLANDS. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE MEMBERS WHO
DIED IN SERVICE, AND OF ASSISTANT ENGINEER DARWIN
R. MERRITT, WHO LOST HIS LIFE IN THE BLOWING UP
OF THE U. S. BATTLESHIP MAINE. BRIEF SKETCH
OF COMPANY B. SOME EVENTS OF THE WAR.

ILLUSTRATED.

RED OAK, IOWA.
THE THOS. D. MURPHY CO.,
1900.

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JOSEPH I. MARKEY
1900.

TO
MY MOTHER
AND
THE MOTHERS OF MY COMRADES
THIS VOLUME
IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS is not the first time a newspaper correspondent has turned author, but in this case the action was almost involuntary. Mr. Markey had not the slightest notion when, at the request of the writer, he undertook to send to THE EXPRESS each week a budget of Company M news, that his letters would ever be considered worthy of being preserved in permanent form. In fact, he began the work of a correspondent without any journalistic training. But I knew him to be a man of wide reading, a close observer of men and events, and with the faculty of clearly expressing himself on paper. The immediate popularity of "Markey's letters" bore out the writer's judgment in securing him as a correspondent.

An important factor in adding to the popularity of the letters was the high standing and connections of the members of Company M, of whom he wrote. The company had, since its organization, been the social center of the town. Its members were taken from the best families. When war broke out the best class of young men in this and adjoining counties sought membership in Company M, hence the addition of recruits did not lower the character of the company. When it is remembered that nearly one hundred of the best young men in the community had gone to the war, many of them mere school boys, but fearless and patriotic, then it can be understood why any kind of news from camp or field was eagerly read by the home folks.

But Markey's letters were something more than mere news letters. They were history—written in the midst of the events described. Friends sent copies of the paper all over the country and newspapers throughout the state copied them freely wherever there were people interested in the Fifty-First Iowa Infantry Volunteers. When the regiment was ordered to the Philippines and it was seen that our boys were to pass

through a campaign upon tropical islands besides crossing the Pacific ocean twice, there came a demand to have Markey's letters compiled and put in permanent form. Unfortunately while in the midst of the campaign Mr. Markey was wounded, sent to the hospital, and invalidated home several months before the regiment returned. However, through the thoughtfulness of Captain Clark, others took up the thread of the history and carried it forward to the time the company was mustered out. Mr. Markey is indebted to Private E. Whitney Martin for the letter dated at San Fernando, June 14, 1899, in which he so graphically describes a night on outpost duty and the repulsing of an insurgent attack. From here to the landing at San Francisco, Corporal W. E. Nicoll has carried the story in a manner which gives an idea of the talent to be found in the ranks of Company M. Private Edwin A. Merritt also assisted Mr. Markey in some of the earlier letters, and Private Chas. E. Arnold's description of the capture of Malolos, page 204, is also a valuable addition.

It must be remembered in reading the following pages, that the letters were written under adverse circumstances and amid surroundings unadapted to literary effort. They were written on the scenes and at the time the events described transpired, and it is undoubtedly this fact which accounts for the true picture of military life they depict.

In addition to the history of Company M compiled from the letters and records, Mr. Markey has very properly added a brief sketch and roster of Company B, of Villisca, as well as an account of the death of Assistant Engineer Darwin R. Merritt, the Red Oak boy who lost his life in the blowing up of the Maine.

This book makes no claim for literary excellence—it is only a simple record of the life of one company and regiment during an epoch-making period in the history of the United States, and as such it is given to the public. E. J. BARKLOW,

Red Oak, Iowa.

City Editor THE EXPRESS.

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CAPTAIN JESSE W. CLARK.

FROM IOWA TO THE PHILIPPINES.

CHAPTER I.

ORGANIZATION.

MILITARY history had dimmed with age in Red Oak. Shadowy traditions, more or less militant, of a defunct Company K haunted the memories of the inhabitants, but for a year or more no marching host had waked the echoes of the peaceful streets. In the fall of 1893 the young men of Red Oak experienced a revival of the martial spirit. The enthusiasm became so intense that in August steps were taken towards the organization of a company.

A temporary organization was effected and officers were elected, consisting of J. W. Clark, captain; W. H. French, first lieutenant, and Harry F. Brown, second lieutenant. The work in drill was commenced at once, the company making use of the rifles in the possession of the high school cadets, and steps were taken to secure the first vacancy in the Iowa National Guard. The opportunity came in the fading away of Company M of the Third Regiment. Through the efforts of Major W. H. Evans, then of the Third Regiment, and his sergeant major, J. W. Clark, the Red Oak company fell heir to the name and place left vacant by the timely demise of this company. On October 18, 1893, Colonel C. V. Mount, then commanding the Third Regiment, and Captain John T. Hume, regimental adjutant of the same organization and representative of the adjutant general, visited Red Oak for the purpose of inspecting the company with a view to mustering it into the service. So much progress had the company made in the matter of drill

that a very few minutes' work sufficed to satisfy the inspecting officers as to their efficiency. The papers were at once made out, twenty-nine men were mustered into the service and Company M became a legal entity as a member of the Iowa National Guard. The following is a list of the charter members: J. W. Clark, W. H. French, E. J. Nixson, Alexis M. Hawkins, H. F. Brown, Louis E. Bake, Chas. C. Palmer, H. C. Lane, J. J. Shuey, Tim Jackson, W. B. Gammie, Thos. F. Zuber, W. C. Marshall, I. E. Elwood, H. E. Burnison, A. L. Gregory, H. W. Palmer, C. W. Taylor, J. E. Throw, F. A. Kidder, Guy E. Logan, Owen C. Hawkins, M. D. Stocksleger, C. S. Hollipeter, Fred Tonner, J. E. Gochenour, C. B. Rose, Chester C. Epps, Henry A. Nordquist.

Jesse W. Clark was unanimously chosen captain, W. Harry French, first lieutenant, and Guy E. Logan, second lieutenant. Non-commissioned officers were appointed as follows: John J. Shuey, first sergeant; Chas. B. Rose, Hartwell W. Palmer, Ed J. Nixson and Herbert C. Lane, sergeants; Carl L. Austin, Louis E. Bake, Fred E. Kidder and Owen C. Hawkins, corporals.

With two or three exceptions this company were ignorant of military science and all that pertains to the art of war, but they made up in patriotic fervor what they lacked in military skill and equipment. Their arms were a lot of more or less dilapidated Springfields; their uniforms, alas, were uniform in size as well as color, and it was with great difficulty that big Lieutenant Logan and diminutive Corporal Tonner adjusted themselves to that regulation suit. The local habitation of the company was an abandoned skating-rink, tottering with age, built originally for the home of Company K.

During the first few months of their corporate existence the public saw them but little. The officers, in the meantime, were diligently studying the blue book of army regulations. Night after night the company was marching and counter-marching over the shaky old armory floor, or sitting about the old soft coal stove polishing their guns and discussing guard politics. In December the citizens of Red Oak were invited to witness the first annual inspection of this latest son of Mars. It was an event looked forward to with pleasant anticipations on the part of the guests, but with grave concern on the part of the company, for by that inspection their standing in the Guard

would be largely determined. Red Oak was proud, justly proud, of the soldierly men who fell in line at the call of the little captain: who went through the manual of arms with few blunders, and who performed nearly all the military evolutions with ease and precision. To the uninitiated, West Point cadets could have done no better; but inspectors Lieut. Col. Wilkins and Major Joseph I. Davidson found many points subject to criticism, and didn't hesitate to tell the boys of them in tones sharp and positive. All who were present that night remember their agonized efforts to hold their guns at the proper angle, keep their eyes to the front and obey orders, while all the time their knees trembled in fear of that awful calling down which they expected each moment. All such apparent cruelty on part of the inspectors was forgotten, however, when their reports came, showing Company M's mark in the movements they attempted, to be equal to that of the best drilled company in the state.

COMPANY M'S FIRST CAMPAIGN.

Great was the pride of the company, great was the desire in the ranks that an opportunity might arise to test their military prowess; and such an event was nearer at hand than the boldest dreamed. In the spring of 1894 the mighty Coxey led his army of ragged knights from the center to the sea. On Saturday, April 14, of that same eventful year, word reached Red Oak that one division of that formidable host, under Gen. (?) Kelly had seized a train and would enter the state at Council Bluffs. At 1 o'clock a telegram came to Captain Clark from the governor to have his company ready for call. At 7 o'clock came a second message ordering the company to assemble at the railroad station. Both dispatches reached the captain about 7 o'clock, as he was out of town during the afternoon. Immediately this modern Cincinnatus sprang upon his horse and fifteen minutes later was issuing orders to Company M in the old armory. But one or two failed to give instant response to that first call. Rumor has it that one man spent several hours of seclusion in an empty feed box trying to warm his chilly feet, and well he succeeded, for before the call came he was in his place. At 10 o'clock the company was at the depot and about 11 it boarded a special train bearing several other companies of the Third Regiment, and about 1 o'clock the next morning was landed at the U. P. transfer, Council Bluffs,



LIEUTENANT W. HARRY FRENCH.

Iowa. Visions still haunt the boys of that first night in actual service; of their vain attempts to find a soft spot in the tile floor of the depot, which served for a bed, and their fruitless efforts to get some sleep.

Morning came at last, however, and about 9 o'clock the hosts of Kelly arrived upon the scene. A long train of Union Pacific box cars, heavily loaded with human freight, pulled into the yards. The cars, inside and out, were filled with ragged, unkept looking individuals, some peacefully smoking, others reclining in positions of ease. It was with many sarcastic remarks as to the nature of the service that the companies fell in and held themselves in readiness for any trouble which might occur. Everything continued peaceful and quiet. The Kelly army went into camp alongside their train on a side-track northeast of the depot. The companies were given quarters in box cars, well supplied with straw for bedding. To some of the ardent spirits who had dreamed of glory on the battlefield this experience was a little depressing. That night saw the first member of Company M wounded. Corporal Tonner, while opening a can of beans, received a bad cut on the hand.

Monday afternoon Kelly's followers started on their long march across the state, Companies B and C, under command of Major W. H. Evans, following them. A few miles out from the city, however, the army bolted and went into camp between the Chautauqua grounds and the Rock Island and Milwaukee railroad tracks, evidently expecting another train to be placed at their disposal. About 12 o'clock that night word was sent in that the army was very restless and fears were expressed that they would seize a train. An engine was hitched to the cars containing the remaining companies and they were transported to the scene of action. Company M had been in the service such a short time that they had practically nothing in the way of a mess outfit, but Company L, of Council Bluffs, came to their rescue and kindly invited them to share theirs, and later loaned the members of the company many of their overcoats when a cold, drizzly rain set in. This act on their part was the beginning of a warm friendship between the two companies, which was destined to grow and become stronger as the years went by and they were called to fight side by side on bloody battlefields in far distant lands.



LIEUTENANT GUY E. LOGAN.

The next two days were spent in camp, but by Wednesday public feeling had been aroused in favor of the commonweal-ers and against the military forces, so that Gen. Prime, then adjutant general of the Iowa National Guard, ordered the companies returned to the city, and the next day, Thursday, ordered them to their respective stations. Company M arrived in Red Oak Thursday evening and the members scattered to their various homes. But with the military forces removed, the civil authorities in Council Bluffs were unable to control affairs and the city soon was in the hands of a mob. Friday afternoon the companies were again under orders. Company M assembled at the court house and there took up quarters, remaining under orders until Sunday afternoon, when they were relieved, matters having quieted in the Bluffs to such an extent that their presence was not needed.

The records of that first week of active service are brief. We find by them that Corporal Will Marshall lost his shoes in the raging Mosquito Creek; Hart Palmer made such a good record as commissary sergeant that he soon got a promotion to battalion sergeant-major, and several of the fellows made reputations as foragers which still live. Company M returned, stronger as a company for having shared in common the unique experiences and for having responded to their first call to arms, although their only trophy of war was material for fireside reminiscences.

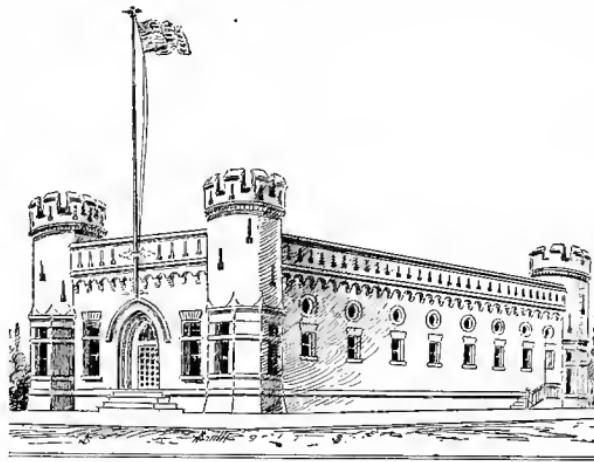
The next few years were prosperous ones in the history of the company. When the term of enlistment expired some few of the charter members, who had assumed the more serious responsibilities of married life, retired. New recruits continued to be received, always from the best of Red Oak's young men. The physical training afforded by the military drill, the company foot ball team, and later by the basket ball team, made it attractive to business and professional men. For three years the reports of the inspector showed that Company M stood at the head of the companies in the state. The highest marking was made in 1896, when a record of 106.83 out of a possible 109 was received.

COMPANY M BUILDS A HOME.

During the summer of 1896 it became very evident to the members of Company M that something must be done to secure

a new home, as the old armory had become so dilapidated that it was unsafe for drill purposes. When the company was first organized it was made a condition of membership that each man should agree to turn his camp pay into the company treasury. This money formed the nucleus of an armory fund, which was increased from proceeds of various entertainments given by the company. Col. A. W. Swalm, of Oskaloosa, then commanding the Third Regiment, I. N. G., recognizing the merit of Company M, interested himself in securing a substantial loan, which enabled the boys to proceed at once with the building.

The lot, the present site of the building, was purchased with the money on hand. After it was paid for and deeds recorded



COMPANY M'S ARMORY.

the company had only about \$25 remaining in the treasury, but, nothing daunted, they pushed ahead with the building, which cost in the neighborhood of \$6,000. A building committee was appointed, consisting of Capt. J. W. Clark, Lieutenants French, Lane and Logan and Corporal Woodard. The plans were furnished by Fisher & Lawrie, of Omaha, materials were purchased from dealers, and O. H. Christopher was employed as superintendent of the work. The citizens of Red Oak, realizing the need of such a structure, gave the boys their hearty support, and many of the leading professional and

business men materially aided the building committee in their work, both with advice and the promise of financial help.

As the building neared completion the company saw that much more money would be needed. Accordingly it was decided to organize a stock company, placing the shares of stock at \$10 per share, and ask the citizens of Red Oak to subscribe for enough stock to finish the building, Company M reserving the right to purchase this stock at its par value whenever they wished. A corporation was formed, known as the Red Oak Armory Company. A citizens committee was appointed to act with the building committee, and, with very little effort, sufficient stock was sold to complete the work.

The building was formally opened on Christmas night, 1896, and in speaking of that occasion The Red Oak Express of January 1, 1897, said:

"Grit, enterprise and hard work had their culmination Friday night in the opening of Company M's new armory, on the corner of Fifth and Coolbaugh streets. This structure was started about three months ago, and has been pushed so rapidly as to be practically completed today. It is a handsome and imposing structure on the outside, while the interior arrangement is splendidly adapted to the needs of the company as well as for the accommodation of public gatherings. That it will serve various purposes of benefit to the city is already an accepted fact. The opening exercises were varied and of a decidedly interesting character. Addresses were made by Judge H. E. Deemer, Rev. E. C. Moulton and Senator J. M. Junkin. All three struck a happy vein in their remarks, which were appropriate and put the audience in the best of humor. The musical part of the program consisted of instrumental solos by Misses Cook and Shaw, the latter a young lady from Greenwood, Neb.; several solos were exquisitely rendered by Mr. W. F. Hypes, of Chicago, also a selection by Company M's quartette, composed of Messrs. Nordquist, Tyson, Bolt and Woodard. Following the program the floor was cleared for dancing, music for which was furnished by Beatty's society orchestra. The evening, as a whole, was a delightful one to the large crowd present. The structure of 45x120 feet, of solid red brick, and in general outline presents an imposing appearance, as can be seen from our illustration. The main entrance at the north leads into a spacious hallway, from which

access is gained to the gallery above, two cloak rooms on either side and to the audience room, which has a clear floor space of $42\frac{1}{2}$ x85 feet. The gallery is 8 feet wide on the sides, and 16 feet at the rear. The stage is 22x45 feet with an opening 21x13. The walls have a 42-inch footing, and 17 inches thick up to the gallery, 13 from that point with 17-inch pilasters continuing up to the trusses. The roof is supported by seven trusses, from which the gallery is also suspended, leaving the floor space clear. Under the stage the company property rooms will be located. The intention is to finish the stage in the near future and provide it with a complete set of scenery."

CHAPTER II.

DEATH OF DARWIN R. MERRITT.

THE destruction of the United States battleship Maine in Havana harbor the night of February 15, 1898, had, as its ultimate result, a particular bearing on the Spanish American war which followed and had more than common interest to the people of Red Oak and community, for our townsman, Darwin R. Merritt, assistant engineer of the Maine, lost his life in that catastrophe.

The morning of February 16 the news arrived of the Maine disaster. The first thought of every citizen of Red Oak was for the safety of the young officer of whom everyone was proud. The first reports gave 258 men missing and two officers, Lieut. Friend W. Jenkins and Darwin R. Merritt. It was hoped that later reports would prove that Darwin was on shore leave at the time of the explosion or was picked up with many others from the water. All hope was lost the morning of the 17th, when his father received a telegram from Washington:

"Merritt in junior officers' mess room when explosion occurred. Got to hatch; ladder was gone. Officer Boyd climed through and tried to pull Merritt up. Merritt lost his hold, fell back and was drowned. Body not found; probably in wreck."—[Taken from report of Consul General Lee.]

The receipt of this telegram took away the last vestige of hope for those anxious ones waiting for encouraging news. His father and family were prostrated with grief and the entire community extended to them their sympathy and condolence. A week later information was received from David F. Boyd, a cadet of the Maine, who was the last person to see Darwin R. Merritt alive. Boyd stated that he was sitting in the steerage of the Maine when the explosion occurred, with Assistant Engineer D. R. Merritt, both of whom were reading.

Suddenly the lights were extinguished and a tremendous shock, accompanied by flying splinters and the sound of crashing bulkheads, was heard. For an instant he was dazed and was then struck by a flying splinter in the back of the neck. When he collected his wits he grasped Engineer Merritt by the hand. He thinks Merritt must have been struck and dazed and was pulled out into the passage in the after torpedo room. The tremendous flow of water swept them apart. Boyd grasped a steam heater pipe and worked his way toward the steerage hatch. Water was rushing through the port and was almost up to the deck above. He found two Whitehead torpedoes that were tied up overhead, and twining both arms and legs around one of them, worked his way on deck. Just as he reached the deck the water covered the quarter deck awning and the ship partly righted herself. He flung himself into the water and was picked up by a boat.

The unfortunate young officer's father and relatives received many letters of condolence from naval officers who were classmates and friends of Darwin at Annapolis. They speak of him in a manner that shows him to have been held there, as at home, in the highest regard:

"U. S. S. ESSEX, PORT ROYAL, S. C., Feb. 18, 1898.

"HON. W. W. MERRITT:

"The disaster on board the Maine has deprived the navy of a bright and promising young officer, you of a son, and me of a friend. I knew young Merritt very well and we were as intimate as officers of our difference in age and rank get to be. As an officer, he was respected by all; as a gentleman, he was liked by all. You have my most heartfelt sympathy—but you may rest assured that your son did not disgrace his friends, his profession or his family. Yours respectfully,

"JOHN W. STEWART, Lieut. U. S. Navy."

"24 PORTER ROW, U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY,

"ANNAPOLIS, MD., Feb. 18, 1898.

"MY DEAR MR. MERRITT:

"Though perhaps this is ill-timed, I feel that I must write you concerning your son. I have been greatly affected by the terrible news from Havana, and have hoped against faith that I would learn that after all your son had escaped and was at least among the wounded. I was, perhaps, as well acquainted

with him as anybody in the service, and can easily say that I loved him as a brother. He was in my company here at the academy as a cadet, sat at my table, and I was shipmate with him for fourteen months, so I feel that I knew him well. He was a great favorite with his seniors, both because of his professional attainments, and because of his personal good fellowship and stanchness. An officer of high rank, with whom your son was at that time serving, once told me that he would rather have Merritt on board and in charge of his engines than all the rest of the engineer officers combined. Words fail me to express all I feel, but I want you to believe in my heartfelt sympathy and that I mourn deeply with you. I trust you will accept my sympathy for you and yours in this sad affliction, and believe me ready to be of any service you may find use of in one so feeble.

With great respect,

"W. S. CROSLEY, Ensign U. S. N."

The following letter, dated at Havana, March 5, 1898, was received from Rev. John P. Chidwick, chaplain of the Maine:

"REV. AND DEAR SIR:

"It grieves me exceedingly to state that the bodies of Lieut. Jenkins and Engineer Merritt have not yet been recovered. The divers have been searching for them for the last week, but the work has been greatly obstructed by debris in the part of the ship where the bodies are supposed to be. However, they have cut this away and expect to recover the bodies in a day or two. When recovered the body will be forwarded to you. We are prepared to send it. Your boy was a noble son. He certainly showed your training in his quiet, respectful, reverential conduct. He was a great favorite with his fellow-officers. I can assure you that his conduct aboard ship was without reproach. I sympathize with you deeply in this terrible affliction, and pray that God will strengthen and comfort you in your great loss.

Yours in prayers,

"JOHN P. CHIDWICK."

Letters were also received from Consul General Fitzhugh Lee, Captain Sigsbee and others prominent in naval and government affairs.

Darwin R. Merritt was born in Red Oak, April 12, 1872. The early part of his life was spent on his father's farm, east

of town. He attended what was known as the Milner school, and afterwards, when the family moved to town, attended the town schools. He finished his civil education in the Western Normal college at Shenandoah. In 1891 he was named as alternate candidate for a naval cadetship from the Ninth congressional district to the academy at Annapolis. The regular appointee, a young man from Audubon, Iowa, failed to pass the examination, leaving the field open for Darwin. Although having made no special preparation for such an examination he spent the intervening time in study and received the appointment September 10, 1891. His splendid physique and soldierly bearing, together with kind and unselfish ways, won



ASSISTANT ENGINEER DARWIN R. MERRITT.

him many friends in his class. He graduated, ranking third in a class of 84, of whom 41 passed. He was a member of his class foot ball team in 1894 and played center on the regular team in 1895, being a substitute in the famous game between West Point and Annapolis that year, in which the army was beaten by the navy. After finishing his regular course he spent two years cruising along the Atlantic coast on the Amphitrite and Indiana. He was coach for the Indiana foot ball team. He graduated July 1, 1897, and after several months' service at the Brooklyn navy yard, was assigned to the berth of assistant engineer on the Maine. His letters home showed how seriously he viewed the situation. Only a short

time before the disaster he wrote in a letter to his brother, W. W. Merritt, Jr., that he anticipated trouble. This simply serves to confirm the opinions expressed by other officers in letters to their families.

Memorial services in honor of Darwin R. Merritt were held in the armory Sunday afternoon, April 15, 1898. Two months of anxious waiting were spent in hopes of the recovery of the body from the wreck of the Maine. The memorial service was the most impressive public event ever held in Red Oak. Mr. John Hayes called the assembly to order. Sacred music was sung by church choirs and Rev. E. C. Moulton offered the opening prayer. The Grand Army of the Republic attended in a body. Rev. E. C. Moulton, Judge H. E. Deemer, Hon. Smith McPherson and C. E. Richards were the speakers. Resolutions of respect were adopted and read by Mr. Richards at the close of his remarks. The following are selected paragraphs from the addresses:

REV. MOULTON'S ADDRESS.

"My Friends and Old Neighbors: We are assembled this afternoon for two purposes. The first is to give united expression to our profound sympathy as a community with the father, the brothers and the kinfolk of Engineer Merritt in the great sorrow that has suddenly fallen upon them in his supremely tragic death at his post of duty on the national battleship Maine. The second purpose of the meeting is, I trust, that we may reverently study the lessons which the God of nations is manifestly teaching us, in common with the seventy million citizens of the republic, in and through this appalling international tragedy.

"While other and abler speakers are to lead your thoughts in these and kindred directions, I cannot forego the privilege to which very pleasant personal, social and fraternal relations with this stricken father entitle me, of trying to bring to him a single brief message of comfort in this time of his sorest need.

"And, my friend, the very day itself 'uttereth speech' suggesting a message of sweetest comfort and of brightest hope. This is Easter, Christendom's memorial of the opening of the grave, of the victory over death, and of the resurrection of the son of man to the glorious, complete and eternal life which he had with the Father before the world was. So the speech

which this day is uttering, if only we have ears to hear it and faith rightly to interpret it, is the divine warrant and pledge of the opening of the grave—even though that grave be the pitiless sea, for the sea shall give up its dead—the victory over death and the resurrection to a glorious, complete and eternal life of every son of man in whom His spirit dwells. The indwelling of His spirit carries with it the resistless power of His resurrection. Because He lives, the Christ spirit in man shall live also.

"This, then, is Easter's message to you, my bereaved brother, as, in imagination, you are standing on the unsubmerged wreck of the Maine, where you have been standing night and day for eight weary weeks, looking down into the watery grave of Havana harbor for some token of your dear, brave sailor boy whom treacherous hands had buried there. The token you will not find there; for Darwin is not there; he is risen. This blessed message, which the Father's angel first brought to sorrowing watchers at His Son's tomb, He is repeating to you through every swelling bud and expanding blossom of the Easter time. It is no less His angel that speaks today because it takes the form of an Easter lily springing in beauty from a bulb buried and decaying in an early grave. From lips pure as any other angel's and fragrant with divinest hope comes the very same sweet, old, yet ever new, message to this father from his son's grave beneath a southern sea: 'He is not here. He is risen.'

"God forbid that anyone in this great assembly should disonor Him with the thought that He should impart this marvelous power of resurrection to a plant and withhold it from His own child. And we need also to remember that the resurrection of the dead is only the simple and natural result of the indwelling spirit of Christ asserting its power over death. I think this is, in large part, the meaning of Jesus' wonderful words, 'I am the resurrection.' So the spirit of Christ in a man becomes, as I have said, the divine warrant and pledge that the power of his resurrection is in the man also.

"Now, my brother, you and I and all who knew your boy and our boy (for this entire community, in which his young life grew so vigorously and blossomed so beautifully, proudly assert a claim to him) and seventy millions of our countrymen and all the world—outside of Spain—to whom the story of his

death is known, believe that the spirit of Christ was indeed in him when he gave himself in sacrifice on the cross of duty in the harbor of Havana. Fitting it is, therefore, that on this holy Easter Sunday a memorial service should be held in his honor here in his beloved home, and that all our hearts should be moved to reverence at the contemplation of a sacrifice so costly, so Christ-like.

"O, my friends, talk as we may about preparation for death, there surely can be no better preparation for any man than that death shall find him at his post of duty. For the term 'post of duty' means the place where the Lord has put him. The command of duty is the command of God. Loyalty to duty is loyalty to God. It was at his God-assigned post of duty that death found Engineer Merritt. He must, therefore, be not the victim but the conqueror of death. 'The resurrection and the life' which Christ declares Himself to be, must be his also, to the full extent that the spirit of Christ was his.

"I am glad, therefore, my brother, to be able to bring to you, as an Easter greeting, the joyful assurance that your noble son is alive; while it may be we, and the government of which we are a part, who are shirking duty; it may be we, and the government of which we are a part, who are stuffing our ears with wads of bank notes and bonds so that we cannot hear her divine voice, nor the pitiful, pleading voices of thousands and hundreds of thousands of our oppressed, wretched, suffering, starving, dying neighbors in Cuba, victims of the same fiendish, the same Spanish, malignity that murdered Darwin and his brave comrades of the Maine."

Hon. Smith McPherson spoke eloquently of his many years' acquaintance with the Merritt family, the respect they were held in by the community and the great interest taken at all times in Darwin R. Merritt and the career he was making for himself in the navy. In the course of his remarks Mr. McPherson bade the people restrain their impatience and recalled the many historical incidents of our nation's sympathy and support of weaker powers struggling to sustain their government. "War," he said, "is a deplorable alternative and we must enter upon it only after the most earnest consideration. The newspaper men who proclaim for war will not be in the war. The congressmen of the other party than the president's party who are declaiming to the galleries will

not be in the war. The congressmen of his own party making the theatrical plays will not be in the war. The congressmen of his own party who are attending conferences and threatening attacks upon the president will not be in the war. The men who, with much ostentation, are offering their services for the war will do but little. The men hanging around and making secret visits and writing letters to the adjutant-generals and the governors will be of no service in the war and only seek shoulder straps and a very cheap notoriety. The men who fight the war will be the men who enlist at the sound of the fife and the taps of the drum, and take in their hands the muskets. They, and they only, will be the men who must fight the war to a conclusion." In conclusion he said:

"If the Maine had been blown up in the excitement of battle the story would not have been such a sad one. But it occurred in the quiet, still, dark night, when all was serene. The whole story has been recently told in verse, which, slightly changed, recites:

"Death came out from the black night's deep,
And sailed to the battleship's side;
Not a man of the sailor clan
Looked upon the deathman's ride.

"The Iowa boy, the New Hampshire boy
And the boy from Tennessee,
Without a fear that death was near,
Swung into eternity.

"Nor shot, nor flag, nor battle cry,
Nor strain of a nation's air,
Broke the gloom of the sailors' doom,
Nor even a priestly prayer.

"A face looks out from a far-away home,
An eye is bent upon the sea,
But the Iowa boy will not come back,
Nor the boy from Tennessee.

"Theirs not the glory of battle,
Nor did victory win the day;
But a nation weeps because the dark sea keeps
Her dead beneath the bay.'

"No monument can be erected to mark the spot where these men went down. But we will be satisfied if Cuba is given her

independence, and if Morro Castle is thrown down and where it now stands a Statue of Liberty is erected—such a one as now stands at the entrance to New York Harbor—and proclaims that after 400 years of oppression Cuba has taken her place among the republics of the world. That will be monument enough. We will then say that Darwin Merritt and his 265 comrades have not died in vain, and that the murder of these men has been avenged."

JUDGE H. E. DEEMER'S ADDRESS.

Judge Deemer followed with an eloquent tribute to the young officer's memory. He said in part:

"This beautiful Easter day, dedicated in mythology to the Goddess of Spring and celebrated by all Christian people on account of its intimate connection with the great central fact of our religious system, the Resurrection, seems a most appropriate time for these exercises to be held to commemorate the memory of our last martyr to the cause of liberty and freedom. The dominant thought of the day—that, though dead, he shall rise again, is a source of solace to all these relatives and friends who have met to honor his name. To all of us it means that, though slumbering, the mighty heart of this great nation, slow though it be to anger, does not forget and will awake on the morrow ready to defend its honor, peaceably if it can, forcibly if it must.

"The pages of the past are written in letters of blood. Strip from any history the records of battles and wars and but little remains. The era of peace on earth, good will to man, is not arrived, nor will it until the last vestige of barbarous rule be driven from the soil of the western hemisphere.

"The great men of every generation have been its soldiers and sailors. Washington, Jackson, Scott, Perry, Taylor, Grant, Sherman, Harrison—take these names from history and what is there left? The minute man of Lexington and the veteran of the civil war have ever been regarded as the highest type of citizenship. No nobler emotion fills the human breast than love of country—for it comprehends all our earthly loves. Without the spirit of patriotism our nation would be insecure, our homes unstable, and our property uncertain. That nation which possesses it not is already decayed and is doomed to certain death.

"To forego the many avenues to success in civil life and enlist for the cause of us all requires great courage. To enlist in the navy of the United States requires more courage, and to enlist in the engineer's department, where there is no chance of escape should harm come to the vessel, puts one to the severest test known to man. Working in the bowels of the ship, with no knowledge of what is transpiring on deck, with no information as to the purposes of the enemy, with no chance to fire back, with perfect knowledge that should a mine or torpedo explode or a shell pierce the vitals of the ship that death is certain; enlisting with all this knowledge and going manfully to his post, I say such a man has shown the very highest degree of courage known."

"The past few weeks have been filled with such momentous events that we do not know today what the morrow will bring forth. We only know with certainty that this state has already given to the nation one of her noblest sons. Darwin R. Merritt was an Iowa boy. He was born in our own city and received his education in our schools. His ideas of liberty were formed on these prairies; his love of country was cultivated on our own soil."

The speaker then dwelt on the career of the young hero. He told of the blessed boon of the companionship of his noble father; his early life on the farm and the wonderful influence of nature as his teacher; his punctuality and reflective studiousness in the public schools where he laid the foundation for his future advancement in one of the two highest military schools in the country. He told how his preliminary training made him easily a favorite in his class. He was grateful, unselfish, companionable and kind. He had the respect of his instructors, the love of his friends. Then came his two years cruise on the Indiana and Amphitrite during which his proficiency in his chosen calling came to the attention of his superior officers, among them "Fighting Bob" Evans, all of whom speak in the highest terms of his ability, and one went so far as to say that he would "rather have Merritt in charge of his engines than any other of the engineers' force."

Continuing, Judge Deemer spoke of young Merritt's last visit home after final graduation, his assignment later to the Maine and its journey to Cuban waters and finally its destruction in which the young engineer lost his life while at his post

of duty. "This tribute of respect is but a feeble effort to demonstrate how truly we revere his memory. When Memorial Day again rolls round with its eulogies to the patriotic dead, this martyr of the Maine will not be forgotten. Red Oak was proud of her son in life, it is proud of him in death. In the tablets of our memory will always remain one bearing the name, Darwin R. Merritt. I feel today that we are again at our country's altar ready to pledge our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor to the president of this great republic should he see fit to make the call."

C. E. RICHARDS' ADDRESS.

Before reading the resolutions adopted by the committee, Mr. Richards spoke as follows:

"I have been directed by the committee to present the resolutions adopted by them respecting the death of Darwin R. Merritt. In thus obeying their direction, I may be permitted to say a word concerning the young man, his life, his death.

"Ordinarily in the death of a man the losers are the members of his family—they are generally the only ones who suffer the loss as they grievously stand around his open grave and drop a tear to his memory and cast a flower in his tomb. Not so in the death of Darwin R. Merritt. This nation mourns the loss and sheds tears in his memory. At the threshold of an active, useful life in the naval service of his country, he has been infamously murdered—while standing at his post of duty upon the battleship Maine, anchored in a supposed friendly harbor, with our national flag floating to the breeze of Heaven, a symbol of peace and good will to the Spanish nation. He and 259 American marines have been hurled into eternity by the infamous acts of national treachery—holding out to our nation in the one hand the olive branch of peace, with the other placing a submarine mine under the battleship Maine which demolished it—Darwin R. Merritt and his naval comrades met an untimely end. What civilized nation on the face of the globe would not stand appalled at the direful results of such ignominious treachery!

"Darwin R. Merritt was born in the city of Red Oak and here he grew up to manhood. In youth the elements of uprightness, purity and unselfishness of character, simplicity and courtesy of manner and every other moral element that make a perfect

manhood, were instilled into his mind by the precepts of his respected parents, which were daily spread out before him. On yonder farm during the summer months at hard work he developed his physical strength which gave him that erect and majestic body we so much admired when we saw him during his summer vacations at home on a furlough, walking upon the sidewalks with measured steps. Habits of industry thus acquired followed him to the naval academy at Annapolis, where, by the assiduous toil of a student's life, he became a leading member of his class and justly won for himself that responsible position in the navy he held at the time of his death. When he graduated from that institution and came forth upon the stage of human action his life, however, did not resemble the blazing comet in its parabolic course through the Heavens, nor like the dazzling meteor, but more like the polar star, firm-fixed and steadfast, giving bearings to his comrades in the naval service in their life's journey to positions of honor and fame. May they emulate his example so that when at last they meet him in that harbor of eternal peace it can be truly said of them that their official lives to their country were honorable and loyal.

"Darwin R. Merritt, this convocation of the people, and the nation itself, bids your smiling face, erect and stately body, farewell, but your noble traits of character will ever remain as a lasting monument which time cannot efface.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

"Resolved, That in the untimely death of Darwin R. Merritt while in the discharge of his duties as a naval officer of the United States, which occurred by the blowing up of the battleship Maine in the Havana harbor on the 15th of February, 1898, his relatives have sustained an irreparable loss, and the general government has lost a citizen and naval officer distinguished alike for uprightness, purity and unselfishness of character, for simplicity and courtesy of manner, for true loyalty to the government which educated him, and assigned him to that official position he so justly earned by the assiduous toil of a student's life.

"That his loss at the very threshold of an active and useful life in the naval service of his country falls grievously alike upon his relatives, this community and the nation. Though

his body lies entombed in the mess-room of that wrecked battleship, or perchance buried in the turbid waters of Havana harbor, his noble traits of character sank not with him, but remain as a lasting monument which time can not efface.

"That sympathy for his immediate relatives in this, their grievous loss, is universally felt by this community.

"That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his family and a copy also to the naval academy at Annapolis to be filed in the archives of that institution from which he graduated, his alma mater."

CHAPTER III.

MUTTERINGS OF WAR.

CUBA and her war-ridden, starved and abused people were long the objects of sympathy on the part of the liberty-loving people of our own country. Spain's method of rule on that unhappy island was for many years a succession of revolting cruelties. The Cuban struggle for liberty against fearful odds excited the admiration of the world, and especially did it appeal to the people of the United States. The instance of the wanton murder of the crew of the *Virginius* by Spanish authority was also a grievance which the American people could not excuse or forget. This happened during the ten years' insurrection in which thousands of Cubans gave their lives in an unsuccessful attempt to throw off the yoke of Spain. The Cubans were whipped, or at least cajoled by promises of better government in the future, so that for a time they settled into conditions that grew even worse than before the insurrection.

In 1895, undaunted by their former failure to gain their freedom, they again rebelled. Spain poured corps after corps of her best soldiers into the island, but was unable to put down the insurrection. Marshal Campos was recalled for alleged lack of energy and in his place Gen. Weyler was put with the hope of reaching a speedy end. Weyler's reign, from the first, was one of fire and slaughter. The non-combatants, old men, women and children, were driven from their homes, and collected in great bodies where they were left to starve or die of disease. In 1896 Cuba had become a veritable slaughter house, with humans as victims. At the close of the Cleveland administration congress made an attempt towards the recognition of the Cubans as belligerents, but the President failed to make the bill a law by withholding his signature. Weyler's rule continued with its awful results. The suffer-

ings of the unfortunate islanders more than ever appealed to the people of the United States, who daily importuned the government to intervene. This appeal resulted in a vigorous diplomatic remonstrance by the government to the Spanish minister, resulting in promises of better treatment in the future and the recall of Gen. Weyler. Gen. Blanco succeeded Weyler, and a shadowy form of so-called autonomous government for the island was instituted.

The opening of 1898 found the insurrection still unsuppressed. The islanders were dying by thousands and the people of the



GROUP OF NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS—CAMP MCKINLEY.

United States were clamoring for a cessation of hostilities. The feelings of the Spaniards towards the American residents of Cuba were expressed by insults and assaults. Consul Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, in Havana, was threatened with assassination and the lives of Americans were in peril. Up to this time nothing but the most friendly relations existed between our government and Spain. In view of the disturbance in Havana, Spain was notified that the battleship Maine would be sent to that harbor, not from an unfriendly feeling, but to protect American lives should occasion demand it. The Maine

reached Havana harbor and was accorded all the courtesies usually shown foreign men-of-war on entering a port. On the night of February 15, 1898, while lying at anchor where she was conducted by Spain's official, the Maine was destroyed by an explosion and 259 of her crew perished. When this information reached the States it caused a feeling of horror and indignation to sweep the country. The tension of feeling, long at a high pitch on account of suffering Cuba, was wrought to fever heat by this outrage. The popular demand was for war at once. Captain Sigsbee, of the Maine, in a dispatch to our government, asked the people to withhold their judgment until such time as a proper investigation of the affair could be made by the naval authorities. The people calmed somewhat under the apparent justice of this advice and waited the result of the investigation. Every indication from the best possible sources was against the accident theory. The official board convened and remained in session for nearly four weeks. The testimony of expert divers, naval constructors and others was taken, and March 21 the official announcement of the result was given out as follows: "The loss of the Maine was not in any respect due to fault or negligence on part of any officer or members of her crew; that the ship was destroyed by the explosion of a submarine mine, which caused the partial explosion of two or more of her forward magazines, and that no evidence has been obtained fixing the responsibility of the blowing up of the Maine upon any person or persons."

The people received the verdict as a foregone conclusion and again demanded war. Congress reflected this feeling by making an appropriation of \$50,000,000 for national defenses. On March 28 the President sent to congress a message transmitting the finding of the Maine inquiry board. War was imminent and the policy was to delay matters until Americans could get out of Cuba. Consul General Lee was the last to leave, he remaining until all others were safely embarked. He arrived at Key West April 11. On April 18 both houses of Congress passed resolutions demanding that the government of Spain relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters. This resolution was signed by the President April 20. A copy was sent to Minister Woodford at

Madrid with instructions to communicate same to the Spanish government. April 23 was the date given for a reply. Before Minister Woodford could present the ultimatum of the United States he was given his passports. This act constituted the actual beginning of the war. The Spanish Cortes convened on April 24 and formally recognized the existence of war. Congress, on the following day, passed the following bill, politics being for once forgotten, Democrats and Populists voting with the Republicans:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled:

"First, That war be, and the same is hereby declared to exist, and that war has existed since the 21st day of April, A. D. 1898, including said day, between the United States of America and the kingdom of Spain.

"Second, That the President of the United States be, and is hereby directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States, the militia of the several states, to such an extent as may be necessary to carry this act into effect."

April 23 the President issued a call for 125,000 volunteers. Pursuant to this call the governors of the different states, through their adjutant generals, issued an order assembling the National Guard at the various state capitols. The country was in a furor of excitement. The scenes of 1861 were repeated. Every city and town which held a military organization made patriotic demonstrations and the whole country resounded with cheering men and women giving the brave young heroes encouragement and farewell.

OFF FOR DES MOINES.

In view of the war cloud hanging over the country in the interval following the Maine disaster, Captain Clark and Company M, of Red Oak, were already preparing for service. In March the company received many recruits and unusual interest was manifested in all meetings called at the armory. Drilling three times a week took the place of the regular once a week drill. When the call came from the adjutant general Company M, through the efforts of the captain, was ready for the front, and it was with no feeling of surprise or uncertainty that they responded. Company M left Red Oak for Des Moines

Tuesday morning, April 26. The following account relative to their departure appeared in the Red Oak Express of that week:

"Amid the waving of thousands of flags, the ringing of bells, the screech of whistles and to the sound of martial music, Company M, sixty strong, marched out of the armory at eight o'clock Tuesday morning to the depot, where, twenty minutes later, their train bore them away toward Des Moines, leaving behind tearful mothers, fathers, sisters, sweethearts, wives. The city was ablaze with flags, and the streets had the appearance of a Fourth of July celebration, except for the noise. The great crowds that thronged about the armory and accompanied the soldiers to the depot, where they surged about the cars and through the waiting rooms and over the tracks to say one last good-bye, were strangely silent. Farewells were said with tear-stained eyes and unsteady voices. Scarcely did the boys have time to force their way through their throng of friends and get places in their coach, when the train pulled out. And then the crowd slowly and silently dispersed.

"For three days business had been practically suspended. Last week Captain Clark was putting the final touches to his company, getting everything in readiness to go at a moment's notice. The order to get ready was momentarily expected and yet, when the order came Saturday to assemble the men and prepare to move on instructions by wire, the news came almost like a shock. Not knowing whether the order to move would come that night there was a great rushing here and there by members of the company; knapsacks were being packed, uniforms were being given out and donned, the boys were being examined and all was excitement. The following is the text of the order:

"DES MOINES, April 22, 1898.

"Capt. J. W. Clark, Red Oak, Iowa.

"Dear Sir:—Be prepared to come to Des Moines on receipt of instructions by wire. Bring with you all state property and camp equipage. Full dress uniforms packed separately and well marked. Bring only those who desire to go to the front and who can probably pass an examination. Bring no new recruits unless well drilled. Expedite these arrangements as much as possible.

Very respectfully,

"MELVIN H. BYERS,

"Adjutant General."

"Following the announcement of this order came a stampede from those who wanted to join the company. It didn't take long to fill the company to its full strength of 45 men and Capt. Clark desired to accept good men until he had about 65. The proudest and happiest persons in the city were the high school boys under 21 who were able to secure the consent of their fathers to go to the front, and the most miserable were those who couldn't. Jim Logan was the first to overcome his father's objections. Clarence Lumb was not so successful and it was not until Monday noon he secured the coveted signature. He was received with ringing cheers as he walked proudly into the armory bearing the precious document granting permission to don the uniform he had relinquished a day or two previous. Evan Evans, the doughty little captain of Red Oak's crack foot ball team, was still on the outside, the saddest boy in the city. When word was given out that the company was to leave Tuesday morning he re-doubled his efforts to secure his father's consent. He was only 18, and but three inches over five feet tall, but when he came into the armory Monday evening with his father's consent to enlist, he was accepted, his otherwise perfect physique making up for the lack of stature.

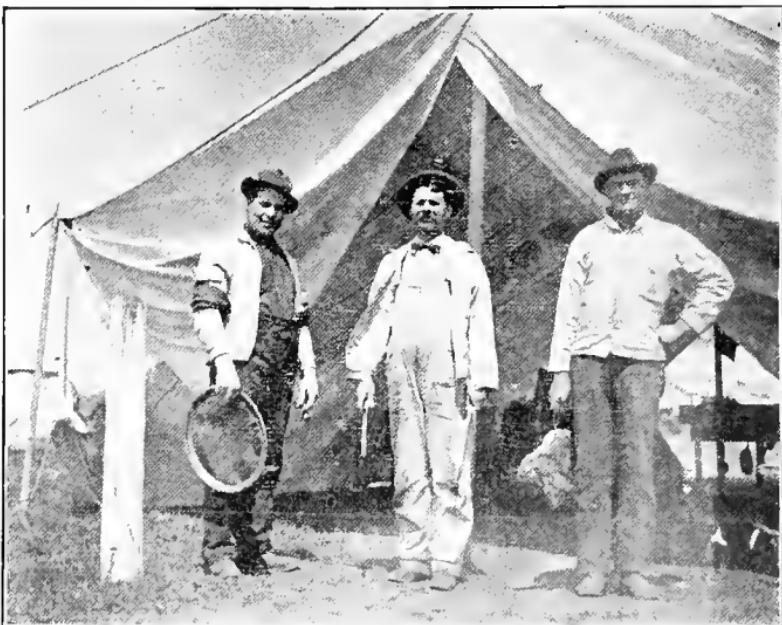
"Saturday night the armory was crowded with friends and relatives, watching the boys packing their knapsacks and preparing for departure. During the evening, on motion of Senator Junkin, a collection was taken up and \$50 secured as a mess fund. That night the members of the company slept in the armory.

"Sunday was another busy day, but Capt. Clark had learned by this time that they were not likely to be called out before Tuesday, and there was less activity. In all the churches, however, the war and our boys were mentioned. Members of the company appeared in their accustomed places in the choir in uniform. The streets and square had the appearance of a holiday rather than Sunday.

"Monday forenoon word came that the Third regiment would move to Des Moines Tuesday morning at 8:15. Once more all was activity. In the afternoon Capt. Clark received instructions to prepare two days' rations. The order naming time for starting was countermanded and afterwards re-issued.

"Owing to the fact that so many members of the company are or have been connected with the high school, Principal

Condit invited the company to visit the school Monday afternoon. Under the command of Capt. Clark about 50 of the boys in fatigue uniform, without guns, marched to the high school building at 1:30 o'clock, where they received a royal welcome. On the blackboard, under the caption, 'Roll of Honor,' appeared the names of the thirty-four members and ex-members of the high school who had enlisted. Three more names were added later. The room was decorated with a profusion of flags.



MESS TENT—CAMP MCKINLEY.

"An impromptu program had been prepared. A chorus of girls sang 'The Red, White and Blue.' Mr. Condit welcomed the boys, speaking of the great interest the high school took in Company M, so largely made up of high school students, alumni and teachers, there being thirteen students and two teachers. Then came the 'Star Spangled Banner,' by a chorus of girls, and a vocal solo 'The Destruction of the Maine,' by Ethel

Simons, which was well received. Miss Moulton then read a poem written for the occasion by Miss Melick.

"The high school chorus sang an original adaptation of 'John Brown's Body,' after which Comrade Joel Carey, representing the G. A. R., spoke for a few minutes. Among other things he told the boys they would come back stronger, more manly men, and adjured them to do their duty as Iowa boys always do. Supt. Chevalier spoke for a few minutes on the justice of their cause. The high school chorus sang 'Marching Through Georgia' with words to suit the occasion, after which Senator J. M. Junkin delivered a short but impassioned address, which aroused the enthusiasm of the boys.

"Just before the close of Senator Junkin's speech, Morse Moulton, just arrived from St. Louis to join the company, accompanied by his father, Rev. Moulton, of Corning, entered the room and took seats. The latter, as a veteran of the civil war, was asked to speak, and responded briefly in a happy manner. He said he was borne down with the burden of years and feared his shoulders could not stand the additional burden of a knapsack and musket, but if he couldn't go he could at least send a substitute, and one of the same blood. He asked the boys to take care of his boy: give him plenty to eat and make him shoot straight and often. The exercises closed by the singing of 'America.' Owing to the excitement all were laboring under, the school was dismissed for the day.

"A part of the afternoon was devoted to drilling the recruits and the evening was devoted to a farewell reception to the boys at the armory. Never has that building been so crowded as it was Monday evening. Only a few chairs were used on the main floor, almost the entire space being occupied by people who stood throughout the exercises. The total number present could not have been far short of 2000 persons. John Hayes presided during the exercises. Critzer's orchestra played a medley of American airs, after which a ladies' chorus sang 'Hail Columbia.' Rev. E. C. Moulton offered prayer, followed by a song by a double male quartette, after which the chairman introduced F. M. Byrkit, as representing the G. A. R., the members of which society were present in a body, who spoke of the events of the day from the standpoint of a veteran of '61. Mrs. Hulett, assisted by a chorus, then sang 'Columbia the Gem of the Ocean,' and Mr. E. C. Magee rendered the

vocal solo, 'A Warrior Bold,' in a faultless manner. Then came the address of the evening by Chief Justice H. E. Deemer, of the Supreme Court, who spoke to the boys for the citizens of Red Oak. His address was an impassioned one. He referred to the pride the people of Red Oak have in Company M, and told the boys they couldn't have better officers. He said that more soldiers died from disease than bullets, and cautioned them to look after their health. He spoke briefly of the cause of the war, the freeing of an alien people, work of a purely unselfish character. After referring to the despicable Spanish character and their hundreds of years of barbarous rule, he closed by saying: 'If you ever get to Cuba let you watchword be 'Remember the Maine; Remember Darwin Merritt.'

"After the singing of the 'Star Spangled Banner' by Mrs. J. W. Manker, assisted by the chorus, Miss Moulton, on behalf of the ladies of Red Oak, presented to the company a handsome silk flag, which, unfortunately, did not arrive in time to be exhibited that evening. Miss Moulton spoke with tears in her eyes, but with a smiling face. She voiced the feelings of every woman present in the following appropriate address:

"The mothers, the sisters, and the whole army of girls who stand ready to be sisters to our loyal company, have asked me to speak to them for Company M. Why, Columbia herself, with all her abundant means of transportation, couldn't express half the good wishes, the pride and the affection with which my heart is burdened! How then can I convey it then in any words of the English language? Yet we would have you take it with you, this cargo of love and trust with which our hearts are freighted. It will make those knapsacks easier pillows. It may serve as a bulwark against more dangerous foes than fighting Spaniards.

"Oh, Company M, we are proud of you! Proud of your sturdy manhood that has stood the test of this trying time. You have shown to the world that your eyes are true to see clearly the path of duty; that your ears are keyed to hear above the clinking of coin, above the threatening roar of Spanish artillery, even above the voice of loved ones, the clear call of your country. As you stand before us tonight in your manly strength and vigor, clearly outlined against the ominous darkness of the future, we realize as we never have before, the preciousness of the sacrifice we are called to place upon our

country's altar. Is it a trifling love that prompts this sacrifice? The God of Hosts who knows a woman's heart, alone can fathom its depths! Thirty-seven of you have worn the orange and black, have won your way into my life as I have thought your thoughts with you day by day, as we have shared together the triumphs and defeats of our high school life. My heart aches more than I can tell! But I stand awed in the presence of a mother's grief as she bids her boy goodbye.

"Can you doubt then the stars and stripes are dear to us? When, as you leave your home tomorrow, we shall place that flag in your keeping, we do it because we love it dearer than life; because we know of no braver hearts or sturdier hands to whom we can entrust it. We look to you to keep its honor unsullied, to advance it till it shall wave triumphantly between our cruelly wronged brothers of the southern island, and their Spanish oppressors. If it shall be your part to endure the hardships of war, to make long, weary marches, under the tropical sun, to sleep beneath the open sky, remember that you are bearing, suffering, doubly for yourselves and the Red Oak girls you leave behind you. Company M, goodbye:

'Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers our tears;
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee.'

"The chairman then introduced D. B. Miller, who was asked to respond to the subject, 'The Soldier's Grub—the Company's Mess.' His was a most practical address. He spoke directly to Capt. Clark, who had been called to the stage, and to the members of the company seated just in front of him. After telling about camp life in '61 and the important step they had taken, he handed the captain an envelope, which, he said, contained \$250 to be used as a mess fund, to purchase such comforts of life as are not furnish by the government, and to that extent reduce the hardships of camp and field life.

"Capt. Clark was called for, and in a few words, returned the thanks of the company for the many marks of favor bestowed by the citizens of Red Oak, ending by asserting their purpose to deserve the trust placed in them.

"The exercises closed by the audience singing 'America,' after which the refreshments, which had been prepared by the

ladies, were served to members of the company and their sweethearts and friends. The evening was one never to be forgotten. Before dispersing Capt. Clark announced the departure of the company at 8:15 o'clock Tuesday morning.

"It had been suggested Monday evening that everyone who went to the train to see the boys off should carry a flag, and the suggestion was acted upon almost unanimously. Everything was in motion around the armory at an early hour Tuesday morning. By 8 o'clock the streets in front of the armory were crowded, as was the square, and flags everywhere. Pedestrians carried them and vehicles were profusely decorated with them. At the hour named above the start was made. The fire bell sounded the alarm and steam whistles helped announce the fact to the world. Maj. Evans' drum corps led, followed by Garfield Post, G. A. R., about ninety in line. Then came Company M, more than sixty being in line, with knapsacks and rifles, the flower of Red Oak's young manhood marching out to war. It is doubtful if a finer lot of fellows will be mustered from any other city in the state. They represent the best families in the city; there are no better young men anywhere.

"With the exception of the martial music there was little noise on the way to the depot. The uncertainty of the future had a depressing influence, and then the hearts of the multitude were overflowing with pride and sorrow and sympathy: pride in the glorious courage and patriotism displayed; sorrow in losing, even for a time, so many of our fine young men; sympathy for the wives, mothers, fathers, sisters and sweethearts of the brave soldier boys who were going out to face unknown dangers.

"At the depot an immense crowd had congregated. There could not have been less than 4,000 and possibly 5,000 people around the depot platform. The company marched upon the platform and filed into their coach, not without great difficulty, as the crush of friends trying to say a last good-bye broke the line in many places. Never before had such a demonstration been seen in Red Oak. There were no scenes of violent grief, but there were few eyes that did not show a suspicious moisture. The leading thought seemed to be: 'Our boys are not likely ever to be called upon to leave the country—and yet they may be sent to Cuba.' The uncertainty had a sobering effect

on the most thoughtless, and the people dispersed after the train pulled out at 8:20 o'clock with little heart for the cares of business."

ROSTER OF COMPANY M, APRIL 26, 1898.

OFFICERS:

Captain, Jesse W. Clark.
1st Lieutenant, Harry W. French.
2d Lieutenant, Guy E. Logan.
1st Sergeant, John J. Shuey.
Sergeant Chas. B. Rose.
Sergeant Carl Austin.
Sergeant Owen Hawkins.
Sergeant Henry Nordquist.
Corporal Ed Logan.
Corporal Ed M. Rose.
Corporal Will H. Hiett.
Corporal Will J. Jeffers.
Lance Corporal Resolve Palmer.
Lance Corporal Harry Cook.
Musician J. H. Kastman.
Musician Ivan Elwood.
Cook Ed Pitner.
Cook Chas. Wheeler.

PRIVATE'S.

Arnold, C. E., Clarinda.	Ingram, F. Corydon.
Binns, Chas. L., N. Y.	Jenks, Chas.
Blue, Lee.	Jones, George.
Bolish, Fred.	Kerrihard, Geo. M.
Briggs, Guy.	Kerrihard, W. R.
Byers, Mont.	Lane, E. E.
DeFrehn, Will.	Logan, Jas. M.
Evans, Evan J.	Lumb, Clarence.
Fisher, Jesse C.	Lyon, J. F.
Gassner, Roy E.	Markey, Jos. I.
Gillmore, John D.	Martin, E. W., Clarinda.
Hallett, John.	Merritt, E. A.
Hammond, Roy.	Miller, M. S.
Hockett, Adrian.	Moulton, Morse, St. Louis.
Hysham, Verni.	Murphy, Chas. H.

Nicoll, W. E.	Stafford, C. A., Omaha.
Pace, E. O.	Stevens, Harry.
Rathbone, R. D.	Swenson, H. L.
Reichow, Paul.	Thomas, Bert.
Richards, Carl.	Throw, Etna.
Rogers, L. E.	Throw, J. Frank.
Ross, Lloyd.	Tyson, Otis.
Ross, Will.	Windsor, J. M.
Smith, F. A.	Wolfe, Frank.
Smith, Harry.	Zuber, Thos.

REGIMENTAL OFFICERS.

H. C. Lane, Regimental Commissary.
E. J. Nixson, Sergeant Major.
Russell M. Young, Hospital Corps.

Those who failed to pass the physical examination, or did not enlist for other reasons, were: Fred Bolish, Will DeFrehn, Carl Richards, H. L. Swenson, Chas. Jenks, Geo. M. Kerrihard, Paul Reichow, Carl Austin, J. J. Shuey. E. J. Nixson and Russell M. Young. J. H. Kastman also failed to pass the examination, but was re-examined and enlisted under Lieut. French, the recruiting officer at Red Oak.

CHAPTER IV.

AT CAMP MCKINLEY.

THE State of Iowa was truly alive on the day its four regiments started for Des Moines for mobilization. Every town and village passed by the troop trains had its quota of cheering people, all anxious to impress the soldiers with the fact of their patriotism. All this was an inspiration to the soldier, who felt that his sacrifice would be rewarded by the sympathy and interest of a grateful people. Des Moines was reached on the evening of April 26. The troop trains were taken immediately to the State fair grounds, which place was to be the camp of the whole Iowa National Guard. It was a splendid sight, that first night in camp. Train after train unloaded its blue-coated passengers, good natured, cheering fellows all. War, at that stage, was to them the shadowy possibility of the future: the present scenes of military display a grand spectacle of which they were a part.

The four regiments of the Iowa National Guard, the First, Second, Third and Fourth, went into quarters at the fair ground, using the horse and cattle barns for that purpose. Each company was assigned its barn, the stalls of which were filled with clean straw, making fine bunks. The first mess in camp was taken at 8:30 in the evening, after which the boys congregated to speculate as to when orders would come for actual service. Not much sleep was taken by Company M the first night. The early part was given to an overflow of good natured jokes, and then the straw was hardly as soft as mother's good beds. A few were already homesick, but next morning all were ready for mess and the day's work.

The camp was organized April 27, and dignified with the title of Camp McKinley. Gen. James Rush Lincoln, Iowa's great soldier, was placed in command. The routine of camp

duty commenced, and with it the trying ordeal of transforming guardsmen into soldiers. The daily program was reveille at 6 a. m.; sick call, 6:15; mess, 6:30; guard mount, 8; drill, 9; mess, 12; drill, 2:30 to 4:30; mess, 5:30; dress parade, 6:15; tattoo, 9; call to quarters, 9:45; taps, 10 o'clock. Regimental, company and squad drill were among the orders of the day, every man taking eagerly to every bit of military knowledge obtainable; in fact, even at night in the alleyway of the barns, improvised guard mounts and manual of arms were practiced. Brigade drills came during the afternoons under Gen. Lincoln. The four regiments were taken into the country and schooled in the actual performance of field operations. We had many such drills afterwards under various commanders, but none so impressive and instructive as those first ones under Gen. Lincoln.

Ten days after our arrival at Camp McKinley the beating on the anvil of discipline showed its effect. From citizens to soldiers is a long and hard leap. The National Guardsmen, through their practice in armory drill and state camps, took more easily to the life, but the recruits had it all to learn and it was hard medicine. Company M had one of the largest companies, and, thanks to the efficiency of Captain Clark, perhaps the best drilled in the brigade. Guard mount was the ceremony that engrossed the attention of every soldier. Every morning "orderly bucking" was tried in each company. Guard details passed through a critical examination from the entire company. The men were groomed like candidates for honors at a horse show. Company M received more than her share of honors in having her members selected as orderlies. We thought the rations issued rather poor in our first month's experience, although it included a goodly amount of chicken, cake and other luxuries sent by kind mothers to their boys.

We were in constant anticipation that the morrow of every day would send us on our road to the front. Rumors came thick and fast as to our destination and time of departure. Every newspaper was eagerly scanned for news pertaining to army movements, but, alas, our patience was tried to its utmost bounds. Many of the boys got terribly homesick, although every day brought friends and relatives from home. Sunday was always a gala day, no drill and plenty of visitors, and sometimes good grub. As the month of May was waning,

so were our hopes of ever seeing service. The war with Spain bade fair to have a speedy close, and it was thought that all the troops needed were already mobilized in the southern and western camps. The Guard, with its politics, was engrossing the time and attention of the officers. So numerous were those whose patriotism led them to Des Moines to look for fat commissions that it required some time to get down to a basis where the "pull" ended and actual business began. In the juggle for commissions several companies received commanders unfit either as officers or gentlemen. One company of the Fifty-First was notable for this. The boys found they had drawn a blank before leaving Des Moines, and afterwards, in time of actual service, they even found that they had a coward.

It was with much pleasure the troops received the information the latter part of May that muster in would soon begin. Physical examinations under direction of regular army officers was being conducted. So eager were the boys to pass the examinations that many amusing incidents can be recalled in this connection. The tall men thought themselves above the standard height and the little fellows reckoned themselves too short. Thin fellows, like Clarence Stafford and Morse Moulton, put themselves through a course of training to get up to weight. On the morning of examination day they commenced a diet of bananas with large quantities of water. Every hour they weighed in to see the amount of gain, and both were relieved as well as gratified to pass the examination.

May 30 (Decoration Day) the Fifty-First was mustered into the United States service. The occasion was a solemn and impressive one. It made one realize for the first time the importance of the obligation about to be taken with the government. Muster took place during the forenoon. Each company was lined up separately and the oath administered. Hundreds of spectators witnessed the ceremony. Amid breathless silence the oath was given and responded to; involuntarily the crowd would break into a cheer as the company marched past for quarters. It was a proud day for the boys and one impossible to forget. Company M was fortunate in retaining her National Guard officers, and the company was at once reorganized after muster. Several of the boys failed to pass the physical examination, while others were somewhat disap-

pointed in not receiving commissions. This necessitated an appointment of several non-commissioned officers. Sergeant Owen Hawkins was advanced to the position of first sergeant, Sergeant Charles Rose was made quarter-master sergeant, and Corporals Hiett and Ed Logan were advanced to sergeants. Privates Tom Zuber and James Windsor were made corporals. An order was issued requiring the companies to recruit to regular army strength of 106 men. This removed all



SEVEN PREACHERS' SONS—CAMP MCKINLEY.

doubts as to our leaving Camp McKinley and caused much good feeling.

The Forty-Ninth and Fiftieth regiments were ordered to Chickamauga and Jacksonville respectively, and it was rumored that the Third, now the Fifty-First, would be ordered to San Francisco to mobilize for service in the Philippines. It was the dream of every soldier of the Fifty-First to see the distant islands and it was with the wildest demonstration that final orders were received to start for San Francisco. Officers and men were at once busy preparing for the trip west. Many

visitors arrived in camp to see their friends in the regiment and bid them adieu. Before leaving Camp McKinley we secured as mascots two dogs, "Bob Evans" and "Dewey," and they shared with us all the campaign life that followed.

June 4 we received official orders to leave for San Francisco next day, June 5. In view of our sudden departure it was necessary to leave without our recruits. Lieutenant French and Corydon Ingram were left for the purpose of recruiting the second battalion to its full strength and sending them to San Francisco for drill. The night of June 4 was a busy one in Camp McKinley. Every man was engaged in packing his effects and getting rid of as much unnecessary baggage as possible. The morning of the 5th opened with a fearful rain. Through its downpour we marched to our train of Pullman cars and took assigned places for the long journey across the continent. Our battalion, the second, Major John T. Hume commanding, was sent over the C., B. & Q. road, thus giving us the pleasant anticipation of seeing home once more. The First Battalion, under Major Duggan, was sent over the Rock Island road and the Third, commanded by Major Moore, went via the Northwestern. Lieutenant Lane, battalion adjutant of the Third Battalion, was kindly permitted to accompany us and acted as commissary officer of our train. We bade farewell to Camp McKinley that morning. Often afterwards we thought of it in its fresh, spring beauty. It was truly a beautiful spot, though we failed then to appreciate its accommodations. Afterwards its memory always brought pleasure.

The Sunday of our passage across Iowa must have been a trying one on the ministers, as whole congregations were crowded around the various depots enroute. "All the world seemed to love a soldier." The girls were especially enthusiastic. They stormed the train, and in many cases the boys capitulated. Hat pins and other feminine adornments were among the trophies. Brass buttons were at a heavy premium, andhardtack, with the autograph of the giver on it, was much sought after. We arrived at Red Oak at 6:10 that evening. It seemed as if the whole town and surrounding country was at the depot to receive us. Never were we given such a hearty and enthusiastic reception. It was our actual friends we met and we knew their handshake and good wishes were from the heart. The citizens had arranged for the families and im-

mediate friends of the boys to receive them in the little park between the stations. In the rush and effort to be first to meet the boys all else was forgotten. The train was crowded at once and many tearful scenes of parting followed. The hour spent at home was all too short for the numerous farewells and many of our friends remained on the train until Pacific Junction was reached. The cars were a sight after we had an opportunity to look around. Baskets were piled everywhere. The kind ladies of Red Oak forgot none. Some of us who had no family ties in Red Oak were fairly deluged with food. We knew then, and afterwards had many reasons for being certain, that Red Oak people are all heart. Our friends in other companies told us that they never expected to witness such feeling as was shown for us that Sunday at home.

CHAPTER V.

AT CAMP MERRITT.

CAMP MERRITT, SAN FRANCISCO, June 11, 1898.—Arrived here yesterday morning after a most delightful trip. We reached Benicia at 7:30 o'clock Thursday evening and had our first water experience, the entire train being transported by ferry to Oakland, where we spent the night aboard cars. Friday morning we arose at 5 a. m., left the Pullman cars (which had begun to feel like home) in full equipments, with blankets and extra clothing in a tight roll slung diagonally across our shoulders. We marched to the ferry for the six-mile trip across the bay. On arrival at the pier we were taken in charge by those angels of mercy and kindness, the ladies of the Red Cross society, and given a most bountiful lunch and were literally covered with flowers such as only California can produce. Colonel Loper thanked the ladies for their most hospitable treatment. Western ladies are truly wonderful in their hospitality and generosity.

Bedecked with flowers and in full equipment, we marched through the principal streets and surely no king going to his coronation ever received more of an ovation than did the Fifty-First. The line of march for three and one-half miles rang with rounds of cheers from these hearty western throats. Our path was veritably one of roses; they were showered on us from every window and it is needless to say we were grateful as well as proud. Although heavily loaded we stepped as if on air. The twelve thousand troops already in camp had marched down these same streets, but the people and press of the city are unanimous in their verdict that none made the appearance as did those hardy sons of Iowa. On every side is heard remarks about the robust, tanned and healthy look of the Fifty-First. Our equipments are also better than most here.

We arrived at Camp Merritt at about 10 o'clock and were not at all impressed with the outlook. Imagine yourself standing on a pile of recently hauled building sand with fierce March zephyrs playing around you, sand moving like snow in a Dakota blizzard, and you have Camp Merritt. It is a very unpleasant place to camp, but the water is good and plentiful. We are camped near the South Dakota and Montana boys and, without prejudice, we lose nothing by comparison. The boys call them "rookies," and they look it. Our company drilled today near the Eighteenth (regular) United States Infantry. They paid us the compliment of being the best drilled volunteer company yet in camp, adding that we were better than some of their own regulars. We are confident that Lieut. French will send us a good class of recruits so as not to lower the scale of the company's merit. Most of the regulars are camped at Presidio on the government reservation. There is some talk of the Fifty-First being moved to that camp, which would indicate that, owing to our proficiency, we will be sent to the Philippines on the third expedition. The hills surrounding camp are beautiful, covered as they are with flowers and ornamental trees. We are within a few blocks of three large cemeteries, Laural Hill, Calvary and Masonic. Soldiers have no superstition regarding them, therefore we can enjoy their beauty.

Our welcome at Red Oak was characteristic of her big-hearted, generous people. Memory will never tire recalling that reception. It left an impression on our minds that can never be effaced, and in those well-filled baskets (no one was forgotten) we had plenty for the entire trip, and used none of the canned meat in our traveling rations, in consequence kept well. The Third battalion had thirty men slightly poisoned by using canned meats.

The trip across the country was long, but very interesting, and everywhere we stopped were well received. Near Holyoke, Colo., we had our first experience with cowboys, and a very pleasant one it was, too. There were five of them in number, and they caused considerable excitement and comment among the boys as they dashed along beside the train on their bronchos, firing their pistols and yelling at the top of their voices.

In Wyoming we sighted several antelopes and thousands of

prairie dogs, all of which gave a very delightful picture as we rolled along over the sands of the west.

At Ogden, Utah, we had a rest from 2:30 p. m. until nine o'clock in the evening. The boys of M company made good use of these few hours in visiting the adjacent mountains and making acquaintances with the genial western girls.

The trip across Utah and Nevada was very tiresome on account of the sandy prairies which extended on either side as far as the eye could reach. As we entered California the scenery became more and more interesting, and as our train wound around the sides of the mountains we could see hundreds of feet below us a little village, or again a gold mine which had been worked out by hydraulic pressure. At Sacramento we were feasted by the ladies of the Red Cross, and after remaining in that beautiful city a short time we boarded the train again for 'Frisco, which we reached the following morning, June 10.

CAMP MERRITT, June 19, 1898.—Today we are having a fair sample of Camp Merritt weather, the elements being in their wildest and most disagreeable mood. This is the day we are supposed to lounge in the sun and enjoy ourselves in various ways (having no duties after church call, 9 o'clock). The wind, however, says no. A gale is blowing and sand covers everything. Most of the boys remain rolled in their blankets to avoid the deluge of sand, and the tents threaten to come down on our heads every minute. We are not at all favorably impressed with this climate, but of course we are told this is the worst weather in twenty years.

We have fallen into the routine of camp life and are trying to make the best of it. This has been an eventful week in camp. The second Philippine expedition, numbering 4,200 men, sailed Wednesday. The sight was most impressive as they marched through the camp in full field equipment, glorious examples of American patriotism. They were cheered to the echo, and not a boy in the Fifty-First but wished that he was to accompany them.

Friday witnessed another touching spectacle, the arrival of the gallant boys from Tennessee. They arrived at the bay in Oakland Thursday night and were transported to the 'Frisco pier Friday morning. The Fifty-First band, which,

by the way, is considered the best in camp, escorted them on their march to Camp Merritt. If anything were needed to convince one that the old feeling between the two sections had been obliterated, this grand spectacle would have removed the doubt. As their columns filed into Camp Merritt the air fairly quivered with ringing hurrahs for Iowa and Tennessee. At the head of the column, mounted on one of his own thoroughbreds, rode that fine picture of a southern gentleman, Colonel Smith, late a confederate leader and son of the celebrated Kirby Smith. Behind him the Iowa band and 1,000 southern boys in blue, ready and willing to shed their blood with that of their northern brother in the common cause of our country.

The Tennessee boys are a different type of soldiers from any in camp. They are swarthy, almost gaunt in appearance. Though muscular and well drilled, they lack the round and finished form of the northern boys, but our Union veterans speak of their fathers as fighters worthy of their steel. It is said their rifle practice has been taken in pinking the eye of a gray squirrel in the topmost branches of a tree. They should find Spaniards an easy mark.

The Fifty-First regiment was inspected yesterday and we were in hopes it meant being sent on the third expedition, which sails June 30. Today we were disappointed to learn that assignments have been made for that expedition and we are not in it. We were inspected by General Hughes, of General Merritt's staff. He complimented Company M on our appearance and it swelled us a bit.

Company M lacks only two men of having the full quota, one hundred and six, thanks to our hustling recruiting officer, Lieutenant French. Our battalion is also nearly complete. The arrival of the recruits was the occasion for much hand shaking and a deluge of questions. They brought with them a breath of home and will be kept busy for some time answering questions. They are a select lot of men. Tomorrow begins for them the heart-breaking work of drill on the mannal. Like us, they find the sand rather a hard bed, but must get used to it.

Daily routine of camp is very much the same as at Camp McKinley, with additional red tape. We have inspection every day and retreat roll call at 7:30 in the evening. We drill on the government reservation, or Presidio. It is a fine tract of

land stretching from the Golden Gate towards the city. The coast defences and fortifications it contains are said to be among the finest in the country. Captain Clark marched us around the entire reservation and we were pleased to see the second expedition sail through the Golden Gate. We have recently added some very pretty movements to our drill. When we do them unusually well Captain Clark swells with pride and it is truly mutual. Every man in the company is proud of him and justly so. He is the pick of the lot.

Since the recruiting of the company an addition of five cor-



FIFTY-FIRST IOWA BAND.

porals was necessary. Clarence Lumb, George Jones, Corydon Ingram, Frank Smith and Ed Lane were appointed.

Ten days' travel rations were issued us in Des Moines, with the result that we could draw no fresh meat until the canned was exhausted. We are rejoicing today in "living again." We had meat for dinner.

The health of the company is fairly good, but indications are that if left in this wet sand for long, sickness will be the result. Our tents are the old ones used in the Iowa National

Guard. They are 10x14 feet. Seven men are assigned to each. At night we place our rubber blankets on the wet sand and roll into the woolen ones. Dampness and steam forms from the heat of the body and our clothing is invariably wet in the morning.

Corporal Palmer sent an interesting, though rather graw-some souvenir to his teacher in the Red Oak high school, Miss Moulton. It was a decayed piece of a coffin wrapped in a fragment of felt which served the purpose of a shroud for some defunct Chinaman. The articles were found in the sand of our camp, together with numerous human bones. Miss Moulton acknowledged receipt of this queer memento in the following appropriate rhymes:

Little Ah Sing was a son of Yum Low,
And he lived in the land of tea.
That was once in the long ago,
Way off by the China sea.

And he said to his dad, as he braided his queue
And winked his biased eye,
"I am tired of rice and fricasseed mice,
My fortunes abroad I'll try."

So he sailed away for a year and a day,
Till he came to the Golden Gate,
To the place of renown called Chinatown,
'Twas there he met his fate.

So there in the sand in that far-away land
They buried little Ah Sing.
There he lay as the years rolled away,
Alone with the fleas, poor thing.

The sad sea sang his funeral dirge,
And the wind moaned a refrain;
The fish in the sea sighed "Ah me,"
As they heard the mournful strain.

The ages fled, but safe in his bed,
He waited the judgement day;
He intended to rise straight up to the skies,
When Gabriel started to play.

Secure in his trust he tumbled to dust,
In the sand by the western shore,
But sad to relate an awful mistake
Spoiled his hopes for evermore.

The poor little chump heard the sound of a trump,
“ ‘Tis Gabriel, sure” cried he,
So, coffin and all, came up at the call,
But the angel, where was he?

‘Twas a boy in blue from Company M,
A member of the band,
Tooting his horn in the early morn,
As he camped by the sea in the sand.

And that is how that before me now,
Lies a chip of little Ah Sing.
I treasure it well, for it seems to tell
The tale of the poor little thing.

CAMP MERRITT, July 3.—This has been a very dull Sunday in camp. Since being brigaded with Montana, California and South Dakota, under Gen. Otis, we are placed under the same restrictions as they. The orders now are that only five men from a company may leave camp at once. We miss our usual stroll through the beautiful Golden Gate park or a visit to Cliff House or Sutro baths, all of which furnish a cheap and pleasant Sunday diversion. Tuesday evening the Fifty-First was entertained by the Native Daughters of California. The affair was one of unusual pleasure and interest. The proceeds were given to that worthy society, the Red Cross. It was held in the Mechanics' Pavilion, an immense hall, with large floor space and seating capacity for 10,000 people. Gen. Merritt was to review the troops, but owing to his leaving next day on the Newport for Manila it was impossible for him to come. Gen. Otis and staff and Gov. Budd occupied the reviewing stand. Nearly every seat in the hall was occupied. The arrival of the regiment was a signal for the wildest applause. The boys did look and feel their best. It was grand. The following program was carried out in fine style:

1. Band concert—Fifty-First Infantry, Iowa Volunteer band.
2. Entrance of Fifty-First Infantry, Iowa Volunteers.

3. Guard mounting; details from all companies.
4. Physical drill with arms, Company H, Captain Worthington.
5. Company drill; Company L, Captain Pryor.
6. Music, "The Stars and Stripes Forever," Sousa—Fifty-First Infantry, Iowa volunteer band.
7. Battalion parade, Second Battalion, Major Hume.
8. Bayonet exercise, Company A, Captain Gibson.
9. Extended order drill, Company M, Captain Clark.
10. Review by Major-General Otis, U. S. V.

Company M's part of the program, extended order drill, was the event of the evening and received great applause. The San Francisco papers credited it with being one of the finest exhibition drills ever given in that city. The Mechanics' Pavilion, in which the drill was held, is one of the largest public buildings in San Francisco, being 150x300 feet with the floor space entirely devoid of obstruction, an ideal place for drilling. Our drill was strictly of the fighting order, being entirely of field evolutions. The crowd went wild when we rallied in a circle from a long skirmish line, and looked in open-mouthed wonder the first time we formed skirmish line from a line of squads, and as soon as they got the business finally through their heads they broke into applause and kept it up all through the drill. The boys showed what was in them, and the way the guns hit the floor together on an "order arms" was a caution. We drilled even fours, two guides, four file closers, thirty-nine in all with the captain. After we had finished the skirmish drill, we went to the center of the hall and gave a silent manual, with company firing, squad firing and kneeling firing. During the whole drill but six orders were given by the captain. Skirmish work was all done by signals, and the manual drill by count. The papers failed to specially mention Company L's work, but it was as fine as ours only of a different kind. They gave a close order company drill, and it was as fine as anything I have seen. Their exhibition of double time, halting and regular drill drew lots of applause and it wasn't right that the papers should overlook their work. When L came off the floor we gave them a yell and when we came off they raised a howl for us. It only tended to increase the good feelings already existing between the two companies. We felt, when they finished, that it was

going to be a close call for us to come up to the pattern set, but we had no cause to kick ourselves after the boys got through. The thing that made us feel that we did ourselves credit, was the fact that fully one-half of the fellows who took part in the drill were men who had never shouldered a gun before we reached Des Moines. It went to show that the new men were of the right quality and fully able to sustain our reputation.

CAMP MERRITT, San Francisco, July 9.—The routine of camp duty was changed today by order of Brigadier-General Otis. Instruction of the soldiers commences at 7:15 o'clock, lasts until 8:15, then an hour's rest, followed by company drill until 10:30. The afternoon work, commencing at 1:30 o'clock, consists of one hour regimental drill and one hour battalion drill. The change is very hard on the men. We formerly began drill at 9:30 o'clock, giving one a chance to rest and do some work in the morning. In the old order afternoon drill began at 2:30, ending at 4 o'clock, so we have more hours of drill and less opportune.

The fifth Philippine expedition, according to the morning papers, will sail July 15, and will contain regular artillery, cavalry, one battalion of infantry and the New York volunteers, not yet arrived. Other regiments that have been in camp for a long time feel as if they were being discriminated against. The Fifty-First feel the same way, but we realize that we lack the pull somewhere. Since Schley's naval victory the conviction is growing that the Fifty-First will never see battle. Our fighting experience may be limited to killing fleas and chasing a jack rabbit of our long acquaintance over the hills of the Presidio.

Our regimental surgeon, Major Matthews, has condemned our camp as an unfit residence for soldiers. The sick report of the Fifty-First shows 1390 cases reported to the hospital since our arrival. Fortunately none have been fatal—mostly colds, sore throat, vaccination troubles and other trivial ailments. Major Matthews states in his report that the water is bad, the sand damp and cold, and the sanitary conditions of the grounds unfit for camping. M Company has had some sickness, but not as bad as most. This week Ed Merritt is off duty on account of vaccination; Ed Pace with sore throat and

fever; Harry Cook and Wm. Hiett, same; Harry Brenholts sore eyes, and Day, of Atlantic, is now in the hospital. All of the above are now better and are on light duty. Prof. Rogers is in the hospital with inflammation of the bowels. The doctors report him doing nicely.

We received news of Schley's splendid victory at 9:30 Sunday evening. The entire camp went wild with enthusiasm. Bands were playing and all kinds of noises, such as only soldiers can make, but that was the extent of our patriotic demonstrations. The morning of the 4th we fell in line at 7 o'clock with 5,000 other troops and marched through the principal streets. The route traveled was about fifteen miles, most of it being over cobblestone pavements, which make very difficult footing. The streets were densely crowded with people who vied with each other in making the welkin ring. The troops were reviewed on the march by Major General Otis and Generals Merriam and Hughes. We returned to our quarters at 2 p. m., tired and mad when we learned that dinner would not be served until 5:30, also that orders had been given that no one was to leave the grounds. The balance of the day was spent in our tents saying uncomplimentary things of brass collar officials.

A big roar is being made in army circles about the clothes furnished the soldiers. The Tennesseeans were outfitted with garments that would disgrace the property man of a ten-cent show. The trousers were of a combination color, a cross between a Ballard cabbage and a freshly painted cigar Indian. The material was cotton flannel. When they were wet with ocean mist they took the appearance of having been used as a cover for Morgan's swill barrel. The soldier pays regular price for this shoddy outfit and is robbed and can't help himself. An investigation is on and we hope for good results to follow.

The Astor battery, from the effete east, came, saw, and failed to conquer. On their arrival they refused to accept lunch proffered by the kind ladies of the Red Cross, on the ground that it was not good enough for them. They sailed with the fourth expedition for Manila, where one paper remarked, "they would have a chance to extinguish themselves." It is customary to call out the guard at the guard house on the appearance of the officer of the day. A story goes that an

Astor battery guard, as the officer approached, called out in the vernacular of "Chimmie Fadden," "Turn out de push; here comes de main guy."

The Kansas regiment has been very unfortunate, having had ten deaths in their camp. A funeral here is a most impressive ceremony. Led by a band playing low, solemn music, pall-bearers and an army wagon with the corpse follow; then company officers and comrades of the dead, marching in slow cadence to the military burying ground, where a salute is fired by his mess mates. Death like this is inexpressively sad, more so than amid the din and struggle of battle.

One of the prettiest military ceremonies is that of retreat at 7:30 p. m. Roll call over, the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner," soldiers standing at parade rest, and officers with hats removed and bowed heads. It is a touching reverence to "Old Glory."

Kodak fiends are plentiful. We are asked to "fall in" on an average of ten times a day for pictures. It is getting tiresome. The boys say they are turning this regiment into a camera club.

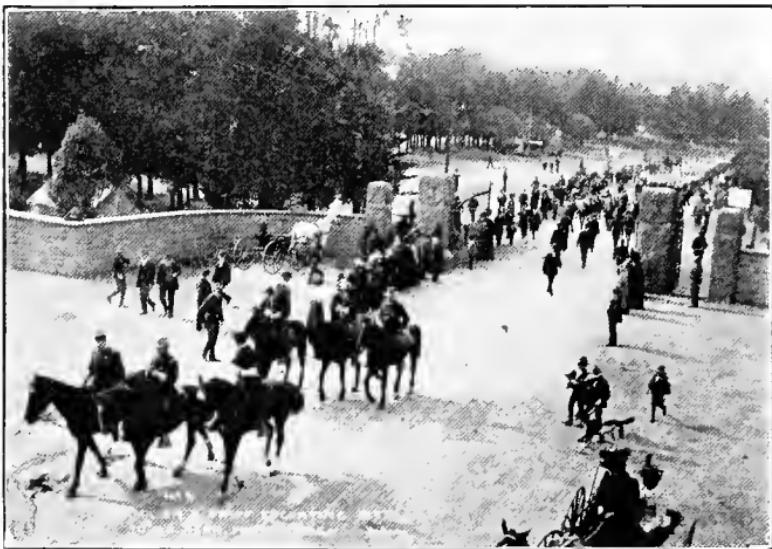
The boys are fast learning that essential to good soldiering, "the forage." Scouting parties have visited the neighborhood with splendid success. A various assortment of blankets, comforts, rugs, carpets, etc., have been collected. One old Irish lady, after giving her door mat, allowed her patriotism to run so high as to offer to take up the parlor carpet and give it for the sake of the cause. General Otis inspected our quarters today. While passing down the company's streets he remarked to Major Hume that some of the carpets were as good as he had at home. He inquired if the boys brought them with them. Major Hume responded that he hardly thought they did. The Major slyly added that "these M boys would find a piano if they had a place to put it."

It is surprising how much tact and ingenuity is shown in making the tents comfortable in this desert of sand. Nearly all have gun racks, floors and tables, and each man has a place for extra clothes and other articles. Other companies lack these comforts, mostly from lack of ambition.

Lieutenant French, since the removal of his moustache, looks ministerial. Several times he has been taken for the chaplain. The entire company is now smooth shaven with one exception,

Chamberlain, of Clarinda, and we have hopes of converting him.

Lieutenant Logan is a busy man these days. In addition to his duties in the company he has that of ordnance officer of the regiment. Today he issued guns, belts, cartridge boxes, canteens, haversacks, bayonets, scabbards, etc. The guns are mostly model 1873-'78 Springfields, and nearly all are old guns, re-blued and re-polished. It is a deplorable fact that



GEN. MILLER AND STAFF ESCORTING THE FIFTY FIRST IOWA TO THE S. S.
PENNSYLVANIA FOR MANILA.

these guns are out of date and in no way adequate to the demands of modern warfare. The regulars are armed with the Krag-Jorgensen rifle, a repeating modern arm using the same ammunition as the Spanish Mauser, and having the same range and penetration. The latest model Springfield, 1884, is bad enough, the accurate range being about 1,000 yards, while the modern repeater is good for double the distance.

The Fifty-First is now equipped with brown canvas uniforms. They are not stylish, but are the thing for service. The color, a light brown, resembling dead grass, makes a difficult target. They are a little cool for this climate, but will be all right for Manila, if we ever get there.

A most unfortunate accident occurred in the South Dakota camp. We heard a shot and ran to the street, learning that John Dale, Company A, South Dakota, while taking a gun from a rack, was shot through the body. He is now in a serious condition, with little hope of recovery. He was raised at Montezuma, Iowa, and sent for Ivan Elwood. He knew his cousin, Lester Elwood, in Red Oak. He was unconscious when Ivan reached his side, but rallied and spoke incoherently of Red Oak. The boys think he worked for J. M. King.

It seems a mistake on the part of the war department to train troops in this climate and then send them to a place like Manila. The change will melt a man. The temperature of Camp Merritt during this month has been very low. July 3 it was 52 at 3 p. m.

Lloyd Ross and Don Rathbone are taking a series of pictures with the idea of obtaining photographic views of the principal episodes of the regiment, the whole to be put in album form on their return.

Although this is Sunday we were sent for target practice to the government range this morning. Ed Logan made 23 out of a possible 25 at 200-yard range, Bond 22, Lyon 22, Geo. Jones 22. At 300-yard range E. Dennis and Markey made 23 each out of 25. Cordy Ingram made a clean score of five goose eggs.

CHAPTER VI.

A CHAPTER OF DEATHS.

CAMP MERRITT, July 21.—This has been a week of sorrows for the company, and one feels in no mood to write the events that have brought this gloom upon us. We have lost two comrades and their death has been to us like that of members of a family. Our company partakes of that feeling. We feel a kind and brotherly interest in each other and these deaths have left a vacancy in our ranks which others can not fill. The deaths were almost identical in their suddenness and causes. Monday evening at 10:30 we were grieved to learn that our comrade, J. E. Ritter, had died. Two weeks before he complained of pain in the hips and limbs. The case was at once reported to the hospital, where he was treated with apparent success. It was found that the trouble was in the stomach and bowels. He remained in the hospital several days, during which he became stronger and was pronounced well enough to go on light duty. He remained in quarters until Friday preceding his death, when he was taken to the hospital, his troubles having returned in a more violent form. After careful examination the regimental doctors decided that an operation was necessary and he was removed to the French hospital. The operation developed the fact that the trouble was of long standing, being cancer of the stomach, which had slowly but surely eaten its way through the digestive organs. The doctors gave no hope for his life. Shortly before he died he regained consciousness and realized his condition. With Christian fortitude he prepared for the end. His last words were greetings and kind remembrances to his companions and a request to be given a soldier's burial.

The funeral took place Tuesday afternoon. The body was followed to the cemetery by the Second battalion, led by the band. Chaplain Williams made a short and impressive talk.

His mess mates acted as pall-bearers. A squad fired a salute over the grave, and that beautiful bugle call, "taps," which in life betokens sleep, but for him sleep, rest and peace eternal, was sounded. He lies in the National cemetery, buried according to his wishes, among the heroes who have fallen in their country's cause.

On our return from the funeral we learned of the serious condition of L. E. Rogers. He was taken ill in the evening of July 4, and for a week was treated in the regimental hospital, and, as far as we knew, was not thought to be in a dangerous condition. The disease, however, developed rapidly, and, on advice of the doctor and his nurse, Miss Weeks, he was taken to the Lane hospital, where Dr. Matthews and Dr. Macrae, in consultation with Dr. Rixford, one of the finest surgeons on the coast, concluded that an operation for appendicitis was necessary. Dr. Rixford operated Monday night, July 11, and found the appendix entirely decayed. Captain Clark, who was present during the operation, was told that the case was very bad, and but little hope was entertained for recovery, advising that the relatives be informed at once. His brother at Minburn, Iowa, the old home, was wired, and started at once in hopes of seeing his brother before he died. He lingered in alternate consciousness until Thursday morning, when the company was rejoiced to hear that there was some possibility of his splendid constitution and great nerve force overcoming the disease. This hope was dispelled Friday afternoon. While we were drilling at the Presidio a messenger called Captain Clark to the hospital, where he found that death was before him. Prof. Rogers died at 2:30 p. m. W. E. Nicoll was constantly at his side during his illness and was with him at his death. Prof. Rogers' brother arrived Saturday, and was overwhelmed with grief to learn that he was too late to say good-bye.

Prof. Rogers needs no eulogy. His life in Red Oak was lived as a Christian. In the army we knew him as a soldier, a Christian and a gentleman, always ready to help his old pupils or any comrade with his kindly advice, his talents or his purse. He was kind, painstaking and brotherly always. Our remembrance of his life will be an example to us to follow and pattern by. While we deplore the fact that his death was not at home among relatives, we know that he has had every care that could be given—the best nursing and the best doctors

that could be found. The company sends condolences to his bereaved relatives and friends.

The remains left this morning in charge of his brother. The company accompanied the remains to Oakland. Capt. Clark, Lieut. French and Lieut. Logan were constant in their attentions, one of them being in attendance all the time.

JOHN E. RITTER.

John E. Ritter was born in New York City August 26, 1868, and was thirty years old at the time of his death. His early life was spent in that city. His mother died when he was



JOHN E. RITTER.

quite young and his father went west and settled at Durango, Mexico. John was brought west from a New York orphan asylum and later was adopted by a family living near College Springs, Iowa. Here he was brought up amid the cheerful influence and kindness of the farmer's family. He was educated at Amity college, graduating from that institution in the business department. He resided in Montgomery county about five years, being employed on farms near Stennett, where he won the confidence and respect of all who knew him. He was a member of the church of Latter Day Saints, and was an

active and earnest church worker, possessing unusual talents in that line. He had a married sister, Mrs. Smith, of Lamoni, Iowa, and another sister at Keokuk. When Company M was called out he was among the first to offer his services to his country, but the company being to its full National Guard strength he was not enrolled until the company was recruited. He joined the company at San Francisco and at once won his way to the hearts of his comrades by his sterling, manly qualities.

LUCIAN E. ROGERS.

The following sketch of Private Rogers and the account of his funeral is taken from The Red Oak Express of July 22, 1898:

Lucian Ernest Rogers was born at the family home near Minburn, Dallas county, Iowa, April 12, 1873, and died at Camp Merritt, San Francisco, Cal., July 15, 1898, of acute appendicitis, aged 25 years, 3 months and 3 days.

The deceased's father, Daniel F. Rogers, was born in Grafton county, New Hampshire, and came of good New England stock, being the son of N. P. Rogers, lawyer, farmer, abolitionist, and friend and co-worker with Phillips and Garrison, and co-editor of the Herald of Freedom until his death. Daniel F. Rogers came west and settled on a farm in LaSalle county, Ill., in 1856, where he was married to Ruth Llewellyn, a native of Pennsylvania. In 1868 they moved to Iowa, settling in Dallas county, and began their life work of making, out of a bare tract, a homestead that would always be a comfort and delight to themselves and family. Their beautiful country home, "the Larches," is the result of the united efforts of parents and children.

Amid these surroundings eight children grew up, the deceased being the fourth son. Francis, of Adel, Alfred R., of Oelwein, and Arthur M., of Dana, are practicing physicians; Thomas L., the youngest son (aged 20), is still at home. Of the three daughters, Mary F. is a nature study instructor for the State of New York, Julia E. is teacher of biology and nature study in East Des Moines high school, and Gertrude is a student and teacher. All of these came home to help lay their soldier brother to rest.

The subject of this sketch spent his early life on the farm and in the district school. Later he attended high school in a

neighboring town. He afterwards taught a few terms in country schools and earned the means to go to the Agricultural college at Ames, Iowa. Here he showed a special aptitude for physics and mathematics. He made strong friendships among students and faculty, and was prominent in the literary, social and athletic life of the college. He was a member of the college foot ball team in 1894-5. At the end of his junior year in 1896, he came to Red Oak to fill the position as teacher of science in the high school, a position he filled most thoroughly for



L. E. ROGERS.

two years and he had been re-elected for another year, but had decided to further complete his education.

During his residence in Red Oak he made many warm friends both in and out of school. His interest in his work did not stop with training the intellects of his pupils. Having himself a strong, vigorous body, he tried to help the boys to become stronger men. He was manager of the high school athletic association and trained the foot ball team, spending much of his own time at this work. His love of athletics led him to enlist in Company M, Third Regiment, Iowa National Guard,

and he drilled regularly with the company. When the first call came for troops, he quietly laid down his books, took up his musket and donned the blue uniform. After going into camp at Des Moines he was given a furlough to enable him to complete his school work. When that was finished he rejoined his company in time to be mustered into the Fifty-First Iowa Infantry Volunteers and leave for Camp Merritt. He was not an enthusiast for war. He was not dazzled by the glitter of arms nor influenced by the sound of the trumpet and drum. He had no military ambition. But realizing the horrors of war, he believed he owed his services to his country, and he offered them as only a patriot does. He was just at the beginning of a most promising career.

From his earliest youth his principal characteristics have been: Perfect truth, resolution and perseverance in the face of difficulties; high ideals of life and duty; unselfish love, cheerfulness, helpfulness; a quiet but keen sense of humor; love of the beautiful in personal character, in literature and in music; and above all, almost perfect control of himself. He was clean in habits, pure in thought, word and deed. He never was sick, being always strong and vigorous—in love with life and its activities. He found his pleasures along with his work; he rejoiced always. No great sorrow was ever his, and his death has left a void in the family circle composed of rarely beautiful characters.

The funeral, which was held Thursday morning, July 21, at 10 o'clock, was in keeping with his simple, rugged character. It was at his home—out under the trees he loved so well. Mr. Moulton, of Corning, Mr. Little, of Perry, and Mr. Dunlap, of Adel, gave short talks; a friend sang two of the songs he loved and used to sing. There was no formality, no crape—just a simple, sweet service, and then they laid him down under the shadows of the trees in a shady corner he used to call his own
—AT HOME—AT REST—AT LAST.

The death of Lucian E. Rogers caused much grief in Red Oak, where he made many friends while teaching in the high school. Memorial exercises were held in the Methodist church Sunday, July 17. The other churches dismissed for service and all participated in a union service. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Judge Deemer presided over the meeting. The high school chorus, a class of

young ladies drilled by Mr. Rogers, led in singing the first hymn; Rev. DuBois, of the U. P. church, led in prayer, followed by Mr. Rogers' favorite hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," by the high school chorus. Rev. Smith, of the Congregational church, read the scripture lesson, after which Mrs. J. W. Manker sang a solo, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought." Judge Deemer then introduced Miss Moulton, a fellow teacher during the past two years, as one well fitted to speak of the deceased. She spoke feelingly as follows:

"For days we have been watching the approaching shadow of the outstretched wing of the dread death angel as he has hovered over that military camp so dear to us all on the shores of the western sea. Today Red Oak is darkened and the hearts of all are saddened by the loss of one, loved and honored. This is true of every one here tonight, but to the members of the high school home, this loss is fraught with a deeper significance than others can know. We feel that these colors, the orange and black, that he loved and lived for, the stars and stripes that he died to honor, speak a more eloquent tribute than words.

"The days of chivalry are not past. The style of armor alone is changed. It is a dull eye and unseeing heart that fails to recognize a knightly soul, though stripped of plume and lance. And so it came about that soon after Mr. Rogers came among us those who knew him best were wont to call him, half in jest but more in earnest, Sir Roger. And we gloried in his strength, for it was true of him as of that knight of old—'His strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure.' That singular purity of life and purpose was one of his most striking characteristics. No one of us who has been in daily touch with him will ever hear Ruskin's 'Ethics of the Dust' mentioned without thinking of Mr. Rogers. It was his favorite book. He often read at morning exercises from the chapter on 'Crystal Virtues.' He read of them in the morning, and he lived them all the day. Thus he emphasized their beauty and taught the lesson of their power so effectively, that if all the other lessons he labored so faithfully to teach should be forgotten as the years go by, we will ever have reason to be thankful that he was sent to live among us.

"It is not ours to reason why he should have been called at the very beginning of life's conflict, but we know that he has

been ‘mustered in’ in that Heavenly host and that he responded bravely when he heard his captain’s call.

“The high school walls were too narrow to hold us as we assembled tonight to pay tribute to his memory, for we are all here in spirit—the boys and girls whose young hearts have been inspired and strengthened by his teaching; the young men and women who have worked side by side with him during the last two years, the boys in blue who call him comrade and who have depended on him to cheer and encourage as they waited patiently in that dreary camp in the sand. And we would place most reverently upon this altar to his memory our sincerest love and honor.

“Last winter we learned to repeat together a beautiful little poem of Tennyson’s, and I feel sure that during those last dark days as he listened to the splashing of the waves, he sang over and over in his heart those words—

“ ‘Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

“ ‘But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which withdrew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

“ ‘Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

“ ‘For tho’ from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to meet my pilot, face to face,
When I have crost the bar.’ ”

Mrs. J. W. Manker sang “Tenting on the Old Camp Ground,” the audience joining in the chorus. Probably never before in Red Oak, at least since the civil war, has that popular song been sung with the same fervor and feeling as was thrown into it Sunday night. I. S. Condit, late principal of

the Red Oak high school, under whose direction Mr. Rogers worked during his stay in this city, was at Corning when he heard of the proposed memorial exercises and came over on purpose to be in attendance. He was the next speaker. Mr. Condit said he felt the death of Mr. Rogers more as a personal loss than he had ever felt at the death of anyone else. For two years they had not only been co-workers but the closest friends also. He spoke of the sterling worth of the deceased, the purity of his character and thought, his steadfastness of purpose. "If there was one flaw in his character, it was that he was too conscientious." He threw his whole strength and soul into the work, whether it was in school, at athletics, or anything else. Although a member of no church he joined heartily and sincerely into the morning exercises at the high school, reading the scriptures and joining in prayer.

Supt. Chevalier spoke much on the same lines as those preceding him. He could add little to their tribute to the memory of one whom he held in the highest esteem. During the course of his remarks Mr. Chevalier read the following letter from ex-State Superintendent Sabin, showing that Mr. Rogers came from a sturdy New England stock:

"DES MOINES, Iowa, July 16, 1898.

"Mr. W. F. Chevalier, Red Oak, Iowa.

"My Dear Chevalier:—I was greatly pained this morning to notice in the paper the death of Rogers. His sister brought him in to see me while he was in Des Moines and I took a great liking to him. It is a terrible blow to her, and a terrible blow to his folks. His grandfather was one of the smartest men that ever lived in New Hampshire. In the old anti-slavery days he was editor of the Herald of Freedom, and he could dip his pen in gall and write the most bitter things of any man that I most ever knew. I can just remember—my father was a great abolitionist, and he wanted to read the Herald of Freedom, if he had to stop in the midst of his haying to do it. I am sorry for Miss Rogers; I am very sorry for her.

"Yours very cordially,

"HENRY SABIN."

Mr. Chevalier also read a set of resolutions which had been adopted by the school board.

VERNI R. HYSHAM.

CAMP MERRIAM, August 21.—Verni Hysham died Saturday at 11 o'clock a. m. at St. Luke's hospital. I would like to tell you, at least in part, what this means to the company, but that is impossible. The shock, the grief, the feeling of loss for which there is no replacement, no consolation, grief incomparable, words fail to tell.

Verni's sickness was not of long standing. Only two weeks ago he was on duty; but it is possible even then he was feeling badly and only his natural pluck kept him from telling of the sickness that he was feeling. The case first started with sore throat, followed by a gathering in the head. Showing no improvement, he was taken to an ear specialist in the city who treated him with apparent success. In fact, he felt well for several days until attacked by rheumatism in the limbs. The orders are such that cases of this kind must be taken to the division hospital where better attention can be given. In this hospital he complained of feeling pains in the lungs. He was then under the care of Dr. Kirby Smith. By request of Capt. Clark, Drs. Matthews and Smith made a thorough examination, their verdict being that fever would set in and make the case serious.

It is no easy matter to remove a patient from the division hospital. The only way this can be done is to have the case discharged as cured. Capt. Clark took this means so as to remove him to St. Luke's hospital, where he received nursing and treatment. Capt. Clark and myself visited him Thursday evening. He was then resting easy and spoke of liking the place; also the nurse, who was very attentive. The doctors could give no definite opinion as to his real condition until Friday morning, when they agreed that his chances for life were very poor. Typhoid pneumonia had set in with great violence. Friday evening several of the boys were with him. He was conscious and knew that there was but little hope. His lungs congested rapidly and Saturday morning the end came.

Every attention possible was given the case, doctors and nurses taking special care in his behalf. St. Luke's hospital makes a specialty of this class of diseases and for that reason he was taken there. The boys watched anxiously for every report from the hospital and when the final came it was

received with profound grief. Verni was a universal favorite in the company, and no soldier had as large an acquaintance as he in the regiment. Many of the company boys were child companions of Verni's, then schoolmates, and at last soldiers together. Others of us have seen him at all times as the kindest, best hearted and truest of comrades. His was a rare disposition—replete with qualities that endear and hold one; his words and presence soothed and softened the arduous duties of our life, made light things that ordinarily are hard, heavy,



VERNI R. HYSHAM.

tiring, and all in such a way as to leave no trace of personal concern. Characters like Verni's bring brightness where shadows were. They over-ride the confines of prosaic military existence; make the life one in which tired marches, bad food and careless housing are only daily episodes, to be forgotten in evenings spent together around our tents and camp fires, where his ever ready wit and joviality made pleasant gatherings where sadness would have been. Seemingly he had taken to heart the advice of Judge Given, in his address at Dr. Hutton's reception to the company in Des Moines: "The compan-

ionship of a man who under all circumstances and discouragements (that are sure to meet the soldier) can be light-hearted, good-natured and jovial, is a man whose influence can hardly be estimated."

Such a man have we lost and in this great loss we realize that it is in no way comparable to that of his father and mother. He was their paragon, their center of ambition. The heart of this company goes out to them in a bond of sympathy and condolence. Death came to Verni, not in the glorious struggle of battle. That was denied him. But the sacrifice to us appears just as heroic. We will always hold him in our memory as a hero who gave his life in his country's cause.

The remains of Verni R. Hysham arrived in Red Oak Thursday morning, August 25. They were taken to the armory, where the funeral occurred at five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. This being the first funeral of a soldier in Red Oak during the present war, the friends and relatives of the soldier boys made it a public affair. The armory was decorated with the national colors and the stage was draped in yellow and black, the high school colors. The floral offerings were handsome and elaborate. One piece, a beautiful "Gates Ajar," on which appeared the name "V. Hysham, Company M," was sent by his comrades in camp. The mothers of the soldier boys presented a beautiful floral flag, the stars of white tuberoses in a ground of blue immortelles, the stripes being made of red and white carnations.

The services were beautifully impressive. The high school chorus, composed of young ladies dressed in white, sang an appropriate song, the words composed by Miss Melick, his teacher. Rev. Moulton, of Corning, delivered a most appropriate sermon, being assisted in the services by Rev. Smith, of the Congregational church. Garfield Post, G. A. R., attended in a body. The pall bearers were former members of Company M: J. J. Shuey, E. J. Nixson, E. M. Woodard, A. G. Hulett, Bert Rose and Paul Reichow.

Verni Russell Hysham was born on a farm in Grant township eighteen years ago the 30th of July. His parents shortly afterward moved to Red Oak, where he spent the balance of his short life previous to his enlistment in the Fifty-First Iowa. He attended school in Red Oak and was a member of the high school. Always robust and active, he took great interest in

high school athletics, being a member of the athletic association and the high school foot ball team.

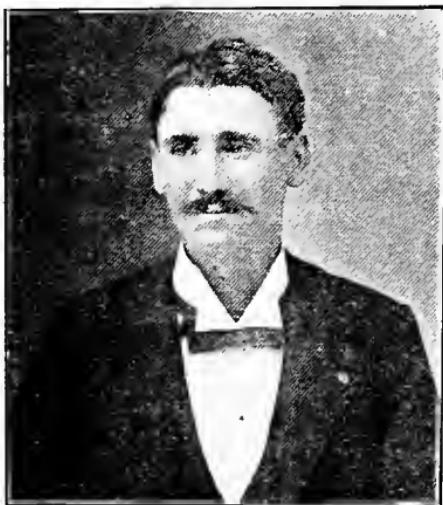
When war was declared he endeavored to enlist but being under eighteen years of age it was with difficulty he secured the consent of his parents, and the required consent was given only the night before Company M left for Des Moines. In camp Verni was recognized as one of the lightest hearted boys in the company, always up to some innocent diversion. He was a good soldier and when the company was mustered in he was made wagoner. His death was a sad blow to his comrades as well as to his parents, whose only child he was.

ELLERY E. MILLS.

An epidemic of measles started in our camp shortly after moving to the Presidio. Several of Company M members were taken down, but Ellery E. Mills was less fortunate. At first his case of simple measles improved and every day his comrades hoped to hear of his convalescence. The measles, however, was joined with the dread pneumonia. He lingered only a few days after the complication set in. September 14 the company received the sad news of his death.

Ellery E. Mills was born in Cass county, Iowa, September 24, 1874. His parents, Solomon B. and Francina Mills, were natives of Indiana, from which state they came to Iowa. Ellery E. Mills was the only son of the family, his sister, Eulald M. Mills, surviving him. His life was spent on the home farm attending the district school. Later he entered the Atlantic normal and business college, remaining in that institution for three years. He was a great favorite with his classmates and teachers. His disposition was quiet and habits regular. When quite young he joined the Methodist Episcopal church and was constant in the work of its teachings, even in the army where so many leave behind the lessons of early training. When the Fifty-First Iowa volunteers were being recruited, Ellery Mills, in company with several other Atlantic boys, came to Red Oak and enlisted under Lieutenant French. He was mustered into the service June 14 and assigned to Company M, and joined the company at San Francisco. Camp Merritt and its sand and unsanitary conditions was responsible for the death of many soldiers, and it is probable that there Ellery Mills contracted the germs of fever, which afterwards

resulted in his death at the Presidio. He made many friends while in the army and no enemies. He was always kind and considerate to his comrades, who held him in high respect for his evident conscientious practice of his chosen religion. It was his intention, should he survive the campaign, to educate himself for the ministry. His death occurred in the division hospital, Presidio. Several of his comrades were with him during his last moments. His last message was to his parents: "Tell them I died as I tried to live, a firm believer in



ELLERY E. MILLS.

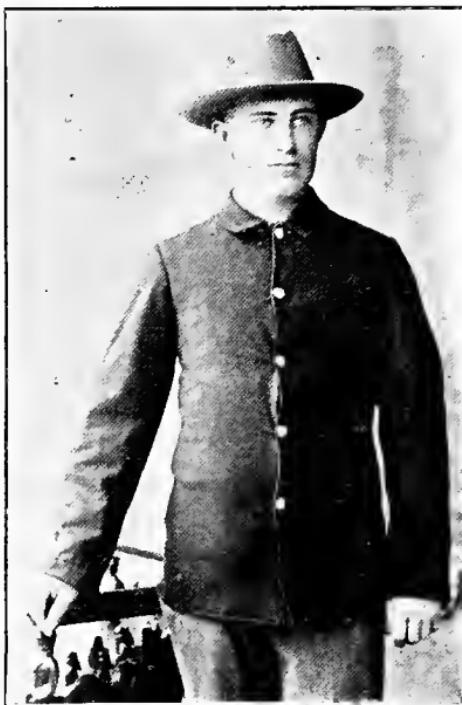
the Lord Jesus Christ." The company accompanied the remains to the Oakland depot enroute to his home in Atlantic.

EARL J. MCCAMENT.

When the Fifty-First Iowa received definite orders to sail for Manila the sick and those thought unable to stand the voyage were ordered to report for examination at the regimental hospital. Among the members of Company M left behind was Earl J. McCament. A few days previous to sailing he was taken sick with fever. In his anxiety to go to the Philippines he fought the disease and made light of his condition in hopes of being allowed to make the voyage. He was then in the company hospital and able to take exercise, but later develop-

ments proved that his condition was more serious than he admitted. He was left behind when we sailed, but hoped to join us later. We bade him good-bye with no thought of its being a final leave-taking. We learned of his death while in IloIlo harbor. It was very sad news to receive so far from home.

Earl McCament was a young man of splendid physique and up to the time of his last illness enjoyed an active and health-



EARL J. MCCAMENT.

ful life. He was born November 14, 1867, at Bladenburg, Ohio, being the son of Alexander and Marie McCament. The family moved to Red Oak in 1879, where they have engaged in farming most of the time since. Earl's early life was spent on the farm. Afterwards he came to town and engaged in clerking. At one time he was in partnership with Lieutenant Guy E. Logan in the restaurant business. He served for sev-

eral years in the Red Oak fire department in which later he was elected to an office. June 14, 1898, he enlisted and was sent to San Francisco with the recruits. His assignment to Company M was a pleasure to himself as well as its members, nearly all of whom knew him in Red Oak. His life in the army was creditable and faithful as at home. He was popular with all his comrades. His death occurred at Presidio hospital, San Francisco, November 24, 1898, after an illness of four weeks from typhoid fever. The remains were sent to Red Oak for burial. The funeral services were held at the Presbyterian church. The church was tastefully decorated with flags and flowers. A number of floral offerings were received from San Francisco. Mrs. Vietch sent a beautiful cross with his name and the words "At Rest," in purple blossoms. His friends of the fire department presented a floral wheel. The members of the fire department, in uniform, attended in a body. The pall bearers were discharged members of Company M: J. V. Applegate, Mervin Stocksleger, Jas. W. Trabert, Chas. Longstreet, Roy Hammond and O. J. Wright, of the Twelfth Minnesota. The grave, with that of his comrade, Verni R. Hysham, is in the Red Oak cemetery, where it will receive the loving attention of his relatives and comrades. Mrs. M. McCament, his widowed mother, and four brothers are living: J. O. McCament, who resides at Pasadena, Cal., and V. M., A. L. and E. D. McCament, who live in Red Oak.

CHAPTER VIII.

DESERT CAMP MERRITT.

CAMP MILLER, PRESIDIO, CAL., July 31.—Friday afternoon we moved camp, and today finds us in fairly comfortable condition, camped on the eastern side of the Presidio. The location, while not ideal as to climate, etc., is far superior to Camp Merritt. We have about the same amount of fog, cold and chilling evening winds, but we are free from our old enemy, the damp, cold, unclean sand of Camp Merritt. We turned our back to it with feelings of grateful joy. We can connect no pleasant memories with the seven weeks of our life there; only sorrow, sickness and death was our portion.

Camp Miller was reached Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock after a march of two miles. Much discomfort was caused by delay of the tent poles, cook outfits, etc. Sufficient baggage wagons were not provided to haul the camp equipage. When the things did come they were badly mixed. The whole affair was rather disorganized, and in no way partook of the precision and promptness of the military. When taps sounded (10 o'clock) we had things in shape to retire and were very glad of the chance. All were tired.

Our camp is on a sloping hillside near that of the First New York regiment, and just opposite the California heavy artillery. San Francisco bay lies about half a mile in front of us. From our tents we have a fine view of it, in fact, the best view to be had from any point. This scene is said to be the finest marine view on this continent; some travelers say finer even than the lakes of Luzerne, Switzerland. Sunset through the Golden Gate is magnificent—sky and water lit with a myriad of hues and colors. On one side of the gate we see the hills of Sausalito, the rocks and peaks flooded in a golden light. On the opposite side in bold and frowning silhouette the government fortifications, huge cannon and

dynamite guns trained on the channel of the bay ready to belch their dose of steel on the enemies of your Uncle Sam.

The Presidio grounds surrounding us are beautiful in their trees, plants and foliage. The barracks and quarters of the regular officers are to our left, pretty little cottages with nice yards and grounds. The curb stones around their streets are decorated with discarded cannon balls. We would be much pleased with this camp but for the cold and foggy nights. All our tents are now floored and they say we will soon get mattresses, which will make a great improvement in the health of the regiment.

Gen. Chas. King is now commander of our brigade. We drilled under him last week. He was well pleased with the Fifty-First and expressed himself so at headquarters. Gen. King was much admired by the boys as he rode among us. His fame as the leading novelist of American soldiery, together with the knowledge that he has always been the friend of the private soldier, make him an admirable character.

Last week we were in hopes of receiving early sailing orders, but it seems now that we will be left again. Our men still guard the Arizona, but the chances are the Seventh California regiment will sail on her. The Scandia, another transport, is booked to carry recruits for regiments already landed at Manila. Opinions among the officers differ. Some think we will sail inside of two weeks, others are strong in the belief that peace negotiations will be so far advanced in a few weeks as to make disbandment possible.

Dr. Hiett came down from Roche Harbor, Oregon, yesterday. His visit was a pleasant surprise. He will remain several days during which he has kindly offered his services to all the boys who are sick or ailing. Nothing could be more opportune. The doctor has that hearty way about him that makes the boys feel better at once. He will return to Red Oak from here.

We have a general inspection of the new camp Monday and are very busy getting our arms, clothes and quarters in shape.

Jesse Fisher has relieved Roy Gassner as guard on the Arizona. Roy is having trouble with his blood caused by vaccination.

CAMP MERRIAM, PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 6, 1898.—The name of our camp has been changed from Camp Miller to

Camp Merriam. The regulars and the New York regiment retain the name of Camp Miller. Our four camps have names commencing with "M," Camp McKinley, Merritt, Miller and Merriam.

Col. Loper received a dispatch from Congressman J. A. T. Hull last evening. It read: "Your regiment will be sent to Manila without fail." This news created the wildest excitement yet witnessed by the regiment. The band paraded the street in front of the officers' quarters, followed by two-thirds of the regiment, officers and men marching, throwing caps and hats in the air, yelling like wild men. The whole evening was one of cheers and excitement.

All this goes to show the spirit of the Fifty-First. We are anxious to get to the front. We want an opportunity to do honor to our dear state and do service to the government. The officers think that we will surely go either on the Arizona or the Scandia. These ships will be ready to sail in two weeks.

Five companies of the First New York volunteers sailed today on the Lakme, bound for Honolulu where they will remain to do garrison duty.

Tennessee and Kansas troops joined us in Camp Merriam today. They have been brigaded with the Fifty-First under Gen. Chas. King.

Jas. G. Blaine, son of our famous statesman, was acting adjutant general under Gen. King. He preceded the command to Manila on the Rio Janeiro. Captain Vorhees, son of the late Daniel Vorhees, is post commissary for the Eighth corps.

Lieut. French during the past week has acted as a member of the board of survey. They have been busy examining quartermaster's accounts of the Twentieth Kansas regiment.

Our battalion surgeon, Dr. Macrae, has been transferred to the division hospital. We regret losing his services, but will have his attention for any of our patients sent to the division hospital.

Dr. Hiett, left on the Steamship Umatilla, for Seattle, Wash. The ship passed our camp on its way through the Golden Gate. We took our farewell of him by waving a towel which signal he recognized. The doctor's visit was of much benefit to the boys. He treated several who were sick, and cheered all by his good humor. Before leaving he presented Company M with an assortment of medicines.

Mrs. Lane and daughter Julia have returned from a pleasant visit to San Jose. They leave for Red Oak in about a week. Mrs. Lane was much impressed with the location of our new camp and will be able to tell the people at home just what condition the company is in.

From letters received from Red Oak it would appear that the people have an impression that we are all sick, which is far from the truth. Wm. Ross is out today and is looking very well. He will start for home Wednesday. Ed Dolan, who is having trouble with an old rupture, will accompany him. They will receive honorable discharges. We hate to lose the boys, but their physical condition is such that they would be unfit for service. Ernest Dennis is in the brigade hospital. He was taken suddenly Wednesday with lumbago. Roy Gassner visited him today and reports him much better. Chas. Murphy is in the company hospital. He is threatened with the measles. Jesse Lyons is laid up with cold and fever. Chas. Longstreet is troubled with the hives.

Captain Clark, Lieutenant French, Sergeants Nordquist and Rose, Corporals Windsor, Zuber and Tyson spent Sunday in a trip to Mt. Tamalpias. They had a most enjoyable time, taking dinner 2,600 feet above the sea. This (Saturday) afternoon is given us as a half holiday. The boys are enjoying themselves in various ways. Some are playing a game of ball with the Sixth California boys and others are taking a trip on the bay.

CAMP MERRIAM, PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO, August 13.—This week has been one of alternate joy and disappointment. On Tuesday I wired you a message received by Herbert Russell, of Company H, from Secretary Alger, stating that the Fifty-First has been ordered to Manila. This news was received with great joy and many demonstrations followed. We thought then that we would surely receive orders to sail either on the Arizona or Scandia, but today we learn that troops have been assigned to these vessels and we are left again. The Arizona will sail Friday with recruits for the Eighteenth and Twenty-Third regular infantry and recruits for the Nebraska and Colorado regiments. The Scandia will transport the Seventh California regiment. In view of the fact that the First California troops are already in Manila

and no Iowa troops have yet seen service, it seems an injustice to the Fifty-First. The boys are very sore. We have worked very hard for three months and are in good shape and well equipped, and can see no reason why our regiment should constantly be side-tracked while inferior troops from states in no way licensed to demand or receive favors like Iowa, should get the honor of receiving the earliest transportation and that on the best ships. It must be that our congressmen are too busy looking after their interests in the coming congressional nominations to pay much attention to Iowa soldiers who are so anxious to go to the front.

Thursday Gen. Merriam reviewed Gen. King's brigade, comprising Iowa, Tennessee and Kansas troops, all in heavy marching order. An immense crowd of people witnessed them. The city papers say it was the finest military pageant ever seen in this city. The Fifty-First had the post of honor on the right, Tennessee in the center and Kansas on the left. The review lasted about four hours, but the fatigue of heavy equipment was forgotten in the brilliancy and glory of the magnificent display. Gen. Merriam and staff, composed of cavalry, artillery and infantry officers, all mounted and escorted by a troop of cavalry, first rode around the regiments formed in columns of masses, then each company passed in review. Gen. Merriam announced that all of his brigade would, without fail, go to Manila. This assurance set everybody wild. Tennessee cut loose their rebel yell, and Kansas and ourselves were not much behind in the noise making. The air seemed filled with good cheer and jubilation. We left the parade ground singing songs with our hats raised on the ends of our gun barrels. Today, however, we are not rejoicing. The Arizona and Scandia will sail without us and the concensus of opinion is that since the peace protocol is signed no more troops will go to Manila. One satisfaction is that we are in fine condition to take jobs shucking Iowa corn this fall.

A small riot occurred in camp last night. The very swell and aesthetic New York regiment, of which one battalion still remains in camp, have made themselves very obnoxious to the sons of bleeding Kansas; likewise to the young men from the "moonshine" state (Tennessee) and the "prohibitionists" (Iowans). It seems that the New Yorkers think themselves a little above the average soldier, and on every occasion try to

use their snobbery. Last evening Kansas went on masquerade to the Tennessee camp. They were dressed in rubber blankets with the white side out, their knapsacks used as headgear. After a good visit in Tennessee, they joined with them in a visit to our camp. After marching around the camp streets the Iowa boys joined the crowd to visit New York. By this time the crowd numbered over a thousand wild, good-natured, cheering men. High-spirited, aristocratic New York was disgusted with these discordant sounds. They at once called out their guards to restore order. The boys took the matter good-naturedly until they started some of them for the guard house. This did not meet with their approval. Forthwith New York was reminded of the fact that they were out for "white collar" garrison duty in Honolulu, Tennessee adding that "we all don't like you all nohow." Some slight mention was also made of the recent "lay down" of the Seventy-First New York regiment at the battle of Santiago. Several skirmishes were on when officers of Tennessee, Kansas and Iowa regiments arrived and called the men off. After matters were settled we found that two of the Fifty-First men were in the New York guard house. Lieutenant Karns, of K company, who was officer of the guard, called out our entire guard and took our men by main force. New York called out their guard and moved on our lines. Not far, however, their officer being halted by a guard, who had been supplied with a cartridge by a Tennessee man and the indications were strong that he would use it. New York thought so and beat a retreat. The officers, while taking no part in the affair, were glad to see the boys take care of themselves when attacked on a good-natured serenade.

SOME SKETCHES OF CAMP LIFE.

It is amusing to notice the contempt the rank of regulars show for volunteers. In the cafes, public places and in camp the feeling is noticeable. They joke among themselves about privates, so far forgetting themselves as to neglect the ethics of military courtesy. For instance, if a private on saluting one of his company officers happens to address him, "Well, Bill, how are you today," it shocks them. They evidently forget that we are only soldiers of a few months, and that our officers are men who recognize us as friends as well

as soldiers. We may be lacking in some fine points of military courtesy, but facts show that volunteers fight well. "Teddy" Roosevelt's rough riders are a recent glorious example, and there are others. The regular soldier is usually a man who joins the service in time of peace, with not much idea of patriotism, content to grow fat around an army post for his clothes and the mild stipend of \$13 per month. The volunteer is more of a warrior. He enlists for that purpose, and always at a sacrifice to his home and business interests. The methods of the latter may not be strictly military, but his purpose is surely more noble.

Evening in camp after mess and retreat roll call is over, is the time when thought of home and dear ones fill the mind. It is then that the young fellow who is troubled with that awful malady, homesickness, lies down in the solitude of a tent corner, to brood in silence. His reveries are often broken by some kind-hearted comrade who has divided his troubles, and knows that to cure him is to "jolly" him into good humor. Sympathy in a case like this is bad medicine. A fellow wants to be jumped on, roasted a little, and generally made mad enough to forget his troubles.

The quartermaster's department took a strange, but effective means of making an issue of lumber for tent floors. They hauled two huge piles, which were silently and covetously admired until some nervous fellow found himself moving towards his tent with a goodly board on his back. That was the signal for a lumber rush, and in thirty seconds five hundred men were pushing, shoving and fighting for lumber like hungry tramps at a barbecue. Two men were assaulted and resented the same by delivering "solar plexus" blows with good result. It looked like a revival of the "Donnybrook fair" for a few minutes, but hostilities ceased and the lumber was quickly made into tent floors, all with less exertion than if details had been sent for it, besides the boys are getting to a point where they must fight somebody, even if it be our own men. This little episode tended to somewhat quiet our fighting blood.

We often hear hilarious shouts from some company. The question is asked, "what is the cause of the joy?" It is most always answered by, "I suppose they are going to have butter for supper." The occasion for the wildest demonstration,

however, is when "drill call" is immediately followed by that most harsh and discordant collection of bugle notes, "recall." The tired soldier forgets its lack of musical properties in exultation over the announcement that drill is declared off.

We are frequently asked by visitors if we are acquainted with nearly all the men in the regiment. We answer that in spite of the fact that we come in contact with nearly all of them on drills, on guard or in camp, we know but very few outside of our own company, excepting L company. A most kind and brotherly feeling exists between both officers and men of L and M. We visit each other and have many things in common, among others the envy of some companies in the regiment. An L member is as quick to resent any injustice to an M member as if he were one of his own company. The same is true of M. These companies are ready to applaud each other in a drill, sympathize and condole in sickness or death, or strike a blow in defense.

CAMP MERRIAM, PRESIDIO, SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 20, 1898.—This week saw the last of Camp Merritt. The Seventh California was the last to leave, and are now camped near us on the ground vacated by the First New York regiment. Typhoid fever has developed in alarming rapidity in the Seventh. Fourteen men in one company are down with it and there are many other cases in the regiment, five dying in one day. The doctors say the fever is a direct result of Camp Merritt's disease infected sand, and not the drinking water, which is the same used in the city and no trouble arises from it there. We have hopes that at some time the truth will come out as to who is responsible for Camp Merritt's existence and that the guilty will not go unpunished. The death of Verni Hysham and several others in the regiment and much of our present sickness can be traced to its influence. A great many of the boys were so run down physically that they had no recuperative powers and were in the worst possible condition to withstand any disease they might come in contact with. This was surely the case with our lamented comrade, Verni. His sickness and death was the result of a weakened system.

The company has a similar case in John Halbert. He was taken sick in very much the same way, and as a matter of precaution was taken to the Fabiola hospital, across the bay in

Oakland—today we learn that he is in a very serious condition with pneumonia, with hardly an even chance for recovery. Captain Clark and Ernest Kneedy are with him today. His parents live east of Elliott.

Our officers are making every effort to care for the men and prevent sickness. The plan has been adopted to send the boys away from camp just as soon as any sickness develops, and also when convalescing from a spell. This gives them a chance to get strength from better food, good air and beds. Ed Merritt, just out from his measles, is at Berkley at the home of Mr. Loy, formerly editor of the Villisca Review. Adrian Hockett and Wm. Trabert, also convalescing from measles, are being entertained at the home of a Red Cross lady in Oakland. Wm. Ross is at the same place waiting for his discharge papers to arrive. Wm. Jeffers' knee has so far recovered as to permit a visit to B. E. A. Simons at San Jose, where he now is. Wade Evans is at the home of his aunt in the city. Clarence Stafford, a Mt. Pleasant boy, is in the Fabiola hospital with a bad cold. Sandell has been having trouble with an access in the ear. The doctors say an operation is necessary to relieve him of his trouble.

The idea of sending the boys from camp is a good one. It is a change for them both in climate and conditions. They are all in good places, thanks to the ladies of the Red Cross who have done a world of good for the soldiers. Without their assistance much more trouble would have occurred, as the U. S. hospital service is in no way adequate to the demands of the sick.

A Jewish lady, Miss Uri, also deserves our hearty thanks for her noble work in this regiment. From the day of our arrival she has been constantly with us. Every boy in the camp knows her. All day long she is to be seen, with a basket on her arm, going from tent to tent, visiting the sick, leaving food and dainties, clothing and medicine. She works all day in the camp, and in the evening prepares things for the soldiers. She always has a smile and cheering word for the boys.

Your telegram announcing the nomination of Smith McPherson was received with general rejoicing, not only in our own company, but also by the men of Company B and Company L. We feel assured that if our good friend Mac had been represent-

ing the Ninth district, something would have been done for this regiment in the way of going to the front.

A sham battle was indulged in Thursday by the Fifty-First. Our battalion, the Second, took a defensive position and received an attack from the First and Third battalions. Blank cartridges were used with the usual result of causing much excitement, in which guns were fired in rather close quarters, causing several men powder burns. Some, in the excitement of the charge, fixed bayonets, a very foolish thing to do. We repulsed the attack of the enemy, taking many prisoners.

CAMP MERRIAM, SAN FRANCISCO, September 4, 1898.—Camp has been rather quiet this week. So much sickness in every company has a depressing effect on the spirits of all. The regiment lost two men during the week, Holden, of Company I, Bedford, and Brown, of Company B, Villisca. The remains of both were sent home for burial. Holden's father was with him in his last moments. The sight of this bereaved old gentleman was indeed a sad one. B Company has more sickness at present than any other, some twenty-five of their men being in the hospital. There are several cases of typhoid fever in the number. Typhoid fever is also in several other companies and much alarm is felt. The doctors are at a loss to find the cause, as the water is said to be pure and the drainage good. We have adopted the plan of drinking nothing but weak coffee, and the coffee can is always left on the fire for that purpose.

We are happy to announce that our man Halbert, whose life was despaired of last week, is now out of danger. We owe this to the efforts of Mrs. W. T. Vietch, of the Oakland Red Cross society. Mrs. Vietch, on hearing of the serious condition of Halbert, took charge of the case, sending him to the Fabiola hospital, paying all the expenses. Halbert's temperature ran as high as 105.6, and had he been left in the field hospital would certainly have died.

We owe Mrs. Vietch for many other favors. She is responsible for the convalescent home in Oakland where so many of our boys are being nursed to health. The home is in charge of Corporal Wm. Jeffers. It is a private residence and accommodates about fifteen people. The following boys of M are now there: Adrian Hockett, Trabert, Chas. Murphy and



MRS. W. T. VIETCH, "MOTHER OF COMPANY M."

Valentine. All are recovering from measles. We expect them back for duty this week. Tom Zuber and Ed Pace were down with a light attack of measles, but both are much better. Vin Applegate and Watson are in the Fabiola, both recovering rapidly. Last week it was thought that Sandell would require an operation for his ear. The inflammation was reduced, however, without requiring it. He returned for duty today. Corydon Ingram was taken sick last night with a slight fever. He is in the camp hospital and will be around in a few days. Dr. Ed Logan and Wm. Nicoll visit the boys in the hospital every day, taking every care that they have proper attention, also to cheer them up.

Mrs. Veitch has the heartfelt gratitude of this company for her noble treatment of our sick. She has been like a mother to the boys, so kind, gentle and cheering. At this time she seems like the special instrument of Divine Providence.

The weather for the past week has been very fine, something like our October weather. It rained slightly Wednesday morning for the first time since our arrival in California. It seemed like dear old Iowa again. The entire camp rushed to the streets and gave a hearty yell.

Friday H Company and ourselves went to the government range to shoot. Some fine work was done and a good average made, considering that many of the boys have never shot a Springfield before. Jim Windsor, Henry Nordquist and Harry Cook made possible scores of 25 in five shots at 200 yards. Mervin Stocksleger made the best average at all ranges —89 out of a possible 100. Corydon Ingram and Walter Shank shot their match of long standing, Walter being badly vanquished.

CAMP MERRIAM, Sept. 9, 1898.—All California is in holiday attire today. Business in the city is suspended and visitors are in camp by the hundreds. The occasion is the celebration of the 48th anniversary of the admission of California into the Union. Anniversary Day here is given more prominence than even the Fourth of July. These people truly understand the philosophy of living. They seem to think more of enjoyments than do our northern people, and days like this are made one round of pleasure, in which all formality is cast aside and all

classes of people join in having a good time. The Fifty-First band is attending the main celebration at San Jose. A regatta was held on the bay this afternoon. From our camp we had a fine view of the yacht races, which were indeed pleasing and novel to a landsman from the shores of the Nishna. The bay was fairly white with sailing boats, excursion steamers and almost any craft that would do to carry passengers. Yacht racing must be a fine sport, but the way some of the boats keeled until their top sail almost touched the water makes one think that land is, after all, a very safe place.

We had a pay day Wednesday, the first in two months. Each private received \$31.20. The sum seems small but to us it was like a fortune. Being broke two thousand miles from home is no joke, even in the army, and that was the condition of all of us. A canvass of the company would hardly produce car fare. Postage stamps were the circulating medium towards the end, and when the folks failed to enclose a few in their letters the boys wore a sad expression. The pay wagon, with \$55,000 on board, turned into our street, guarded by a cavalry squad. Someone called "attention" and all rolled out of their tents and stood with heads bared until it passed. Even the hardened paymaster indulged in a hearty laugh as he saw the "forever thine" look on every face. The money question is temporarily settled in the Fifty-First, and from the way our nemesis, the peddlers, are flocking around today it would appear as if confidence had been restored. After much delay and red tape Ed Dolan and Wm. Ross will receive their discharge papers Monday. William has recovered from a slight case of measles sufficiently to travel. He is very weak, however.

Mrs. Halbert arrived Tuesday and found her son's condition greatly improved. She will make an effort to obtain his discharge and take him home with her.

The government seems at last to have reached the conclusion that soldiers will die unless cared for. Several necessary improvements have recently been made in the division hospital and the sick are receiving better care in consequence. Besides, the nursing is better. Most of the United States Red Cross corps were sent to Manila, their places being filled by trained lady nurses from the city hospitals. Thirty of them are now in attendance. They should receive great credit for the sacrifice they are making, most of them having received from \$25 to \$30

a week in the city, while they get only \$30 a month from the government and the work is much harder.

Our company band is being entertained today by Rev. Bostwick over in Mill Valley. The Tennessee boys have not been paid for three months, not that the government is out of money, but it is simply a measure of precaution to sustain order and discipline in the regiment. They are a wild lot and take unkindly to discipline, not seeming to understand the necessity of it. They are fighters, though, and are as uneasy under the restriction of camp life as a hound at the leash. It is said here they are like sailors ashore, "ready to fight for a friend, an enemy or for fun." One company, L, was recruited from the mountain district, where spring water is turned into "mountain dew." A story is told in the camp that the commissary department issued them five hundred pounds of hominy and that it was put to use more spirituous than nutritious. With instinct true to the region of the illicit still, they proceeded to turn it into squirrel whisky. One of their officers being joked about the matter, said that there might be some truth in it as about twenty of his lean mountaineers could take a coffee pot and a few feet of water pipe and make whisky out of most any old thing.

CAMP MERRIAM, September 16, 1898.—Dr. Macrae stated this morning that only 650 out of 1,250 men are now on duty in the regiment. Many have received furloughs, others are convalescing, the balance are sick. Gen. Miller recommends the war department to build a permanent hospital, with accommodation for 500 patients. This would be a fine addition to the Presidio, and be very useful in case of an emergency such as the present.

The Tennessee regiment, contrary to the expectations, were paid Monday. Trouble, as all predicted, resulted. Pandemonium reigned. Nearly the whole regiment repaired to the city to celebrate. A hospital steward named Rosser shot and instantly killed a butcher, and, as far as is known, with not the slightest provocation. The affair is a very bad one, as it places all soldiers in bad light with the people who have indeed been very kind to us and deserve our hearty thanks. Rosser is in the hands of the civil authorities. The chances are largely in favor of his being hanged.

Dr. Macrae and Regimental Adjutant Davidson have received much prominence this week. The city papers contain pictures of them and illustrations of scenes of a personal encounter indulged in by them last Monday morning. The affair opened at the breakfast table and the scene of action, by mutual consent, was transferred to the street, where the regiment witnessed an exhibition of the manly art in which Captain Davidson was placed "hors de combat." A peaceful conclusion, however, is now on. Dr. Macrae is treating the captain for a bruised shoulder.

We receive Iowa papers full of badly written articles from some Presidio soldiers who wail out all manner of grievances and end by wanting to go home at once. They sign themselves "Private of the Fifty-First." These fellows for the most part are the kind that joined the army with the idea that they could be heroes for the mere joining, and never thought of going into service. One article that appeared in the State Register and another in the Creston American were especially noted for their misstatements. A pretty spectacle they attempt to make of the real soldiers in the eyes of the civil war veterans who did service without complaint under the most trying conditions. There are a few of these howlers, but not many. Most of the boys are content to wait until the terms of peace are finally settled and the government has no need for our services before asking to be mustered out. None of us want to do garrison duty. That would mean giving two years of our lives doing duty as regulars. In the meantime we will wait until the final peace papers are signed, after which we trust that our friends will see to it that we are mustered out. I am sure that four-fifths of the rank and file of the regiment feel as I have stated above.

CAMP MERRIAM, September 25, 1898.—We had a touch of California winter weather last night. It began raining at 7 o'clock and poured until morning. Our tents are the ones used for years by the I. N. G. and they wouldn't shed a shower of corn shucks. The early hours of the evening were spent in vain endeavors to tie rubber blankets under the leaks. One realizes the size of these tents in this kind of weather. Of the seven occupants at least one forgets the oft repeated admonition of his mates. "keep away from the canvas."

Wherever it is touched a leak starts, then drip; finally a downpour of water, beds wet, clothes damp and clammy, men's disposition changed to correspond—result, bad night, with much growling in the morning. The rainy season has started early this year according to the "wise weather men." They also comfort us with the information that this has been the worst season for twenty years.

Tuesday we had our first definite orders pertaining to departure. They were from Gen. Miles and read: "The Fifty-First Iowa, First Tennessee and Twentieth Kansas regiments are hereby relieved from duty in the department of California and are ordered to proceed to Manila, there reporting to the commander in charge, taking transports as soon as they return from the islands." The subsistence departments were also ordered to provide every necessity in the way of food, suitable clothing, etc., for the trip. We are named first in the orders and in the opinion of the officers we will take the first ship in. The transports Ohio, Indiana and Pennsylvania left Manila about September 1, and are due here in a few days. If nothing transpires in the way of a recall of these orders we may be on the ocean inside of two weeks. The war department, however, has a habit of doing business on the recall plan and we are so used to their ways that we almost think the orders are only a bluff.

Gen. Greene, Murat Halstead and the Aguinaldo commission arrived from the islands Wednesday. They departed at once for Washington. It is thought here that their report of the situation in Manila will stop the sailing of any more troops. The next few days will tell whether we are to go or not.

In the meantime we are at the government's disposal. Most of the boys heartily desire the trip, though some don't, giving as their reason that the war is over, and the occasion for which they enlisted is past. One thing is certain, if we must remain in service it will be well to get out of here. No time could be more favorable for the Manila trip. We would arrive in the islands after the rainy season and have a good opportunity to become acclimated during the best season of the year. Our views, however, are as naught. As soldiers we are to obey orders, whatever they may be.

The health of the company is better than for weeks past.

Only a few are off duty. Sergeant Hawkins is in the Oakland convalescent home. He was working rather hard and needed a rest more than anything else. Watson, Valentine and Trabert are in the field hospital. The latter has a slight touch of rheumatism. Guy Briggs, Ole Olson and Vin Applegate are in the home, all recovering from their various sicknesses.

It was reported the first of the week that the department would equip us with Krag-Jorgensen guns. Lieut. Logan made requisition for the guns for this regiment, but was notified that no new guns would be issued. About 20,000 of these rifles are in the Rock Island arsenal; it is good judgment to think that if we are to go they would be issued us.

CAMP MERRIAM, Sept. 29, 1898.—It is nearly two weeks since we received orders for Manila. Since then nothing has transpired to indicate a change of plans. Every department is busy making ready for the trip. The commissary department is receiving bids for six months' rations; the quartermaster's department is also busy preparing suitable clothing for the tropics. Each soldier will be provided with two white duck suits, one light brown duck suit, a cap, a cork helmet, light garrison shoes and two suits of light wool underwear. The transports that we are supposed to take are several days over due. Some alarm is felt for their safety. Four ships formerly used as transports have been returned to their owners. They are now in the San Francisco docks. Only such ships as are now on the return voyage will be used. In spite of all these preparations, an air of uncertainty prevails. Officers and men opine that the first transports we take will be Southern Pacific cars for home, basing their opinion on the fact that no more troops will be needed in the islands. Gen. Merritt now has 15,000 men, amply sufficient to take care of the insurgents should they not agree with the peace settlement. On the other hand the government may send us in order to make an additional show of power pending the settlement. Thus the matter stands—our destination an even guess. Anyway the soldier is not supposed to have knowledge of such matters. We can only speculate on the orders; then get them and obey, which we will do cheerfully in either case, be it home or Manila.

Some amusing things are told of the "feather bed" element of the army. Manila is the "winter of their discontent." They are usually well, but have developed sickness of body and mind of late. We have few in M Company that have this new disease, "cold feet." The regiment, however, has many. The requests for discharges abound in queer troubles. Some ask for them on the ground of good jobs awaiting them at home. Others are afraid that the corn crop of Iowa will be ruined for lack of pickers. A funny one came from a fellow who's trouble was chronic diarrhoea contracted during the civil war. The man was thirty-four years old, according to his sworn statement, at enlistment. He must have entered the civil war at an early age, or perhaps was several years old when he was born. These cases of tired patriots receive no sympathy. There is a class, though, that are to be pitied. In their enthusiasm they entered the service at an immature age, with a result that they are not able to stand the hardships of the service. They get homesick, fret and worry over it and end by being sick. Their case is pathetic and a discharge is justice to themselves and a boon often to some poor grieved mother.

We had house cleaning Wednesday. At home that means hard work for the women, bad meals and bad temper for the men. With us it means taking all our effects into the street, tents down, floors raised and propped. Ten minutes after the order, "clean up," was given, a line of tents, in regular military order, were transformed into a veritable wreck. The camp looked like it had had a visitation from a Kansas cyclone. We broke camp at nine o'clock, and, like an orderly housewife, were in misery until orders were given to pitch tents. The interval was spent in making everything perfectly clean. The day was perfect for the work, there being plenty of sunshine. Blankets, tents and clothing were dried. Kodak fiends were on hand taking views, the best of which were had at 2:30, when orders were given to pitch tents. Twelve hundred men worked like so many bees, and in an hour the camp assumed its former perfect order.

Wednesday the brigade had a competitive shoot on the government range. The contestants were chosen by their best previous scores, ten men from each regiment forming the teams. Iowa's team was in charge of Capt. Mount. As usual M was well represented, Chas. Binns and Jas. Windsor being on the

team. Ten shots per man were fired, making a possible 100 or 1000 points for the entire team. Iowa won easily, the score standing: Iowa 835, Tennessee 709, Kansas 607. Charles Binns covered himself with glory, making the best individual score, 90 out of 100. That makes him the champion of the brigade. Jim Windsor also did well, making a score of 76. We are very proud of the boys for their victory over the famed squirrel hunters from Tennessee, who have done some tall talking on their shooting ability.

Saturday afternoon the brigade gives a benefit drill in Athletic park. Our battalion does a sham battle. Companies L and M go into camp in shelter tents, the men presumed to be at rest for the night, and out-post sentries are posted. Companies C and E make the attack. The men answer a call to arms, rise and repulse the enemy. Four thousand blank cartridges will be used and the exhibition made as realistic as possible. The Army and Navy Christian Commission will receive the benefit.

The health condition of the company is very gratifying. We have more men on duty than for several months past. We owe it largely to the Oakland Red Cross ladies, who have done much good in the regiment, especially in this company. Mrs. Veitch and Mrs. Derby have been untiring in their efforts to help our boys. They not only give them all the society allows, but spend their own money to procure little luxuries that the sick need. They treat the boys as if they were their own. No young fellow feels so bad as to withstand the hearty good humor and pleasantries that is characteristic of these noble women. Fabiola hospital also deserves our lasting gratitude for their kindness. Miss Dr. Stone and Dr. Nicholson have given their time and medicine to our sick. They say that if they can't fight for their country they can do so for those who are. The boys take this means of thanking our friends. The Express, by the way, is getting a California circulation. The boys give the paper to their friends after reading it.

Corporal Jeffers remains in charge of the Oakland home. His management has been very satisfactory to the ladies. Sergeant Hawkins visited camp yesterday. He is looking much better and was enthusiastic in his praise of the home and the ladies' treatment. This home is a splendid idea. When a fellow gets run down physically he has but little

chance to mend properly in camp, even with the best care. He needs a change, some good food and a good bed, toge her with the cheerful influence of ladies who have their whole heart in the work at hand. Ralph Robb is being treated in the home for bronchitis. He is not improving as we would like. Hockett and Applegate visited camp this week. Both are much improved. Hammond and Ingram are now entirely recovered. They will report for duty this week. Trabert left for home Thursday on a thirty day furlough. It is expected that furloughs for Valentine, Day and Longstreet will be issued this week. Harry Chamberlain, of Clarinda, is sick in quarters, also Tom Hollowell. Mont Byers and Jack Kastman have five days leave of absence on account of bad colds. They left for Agnew, Cal., to visit friends for the time.

The transports Senator and Zealandia have been heard from. The former encountered a typhoon south of Honolulu, was badly shaken up and went into Honolulu for a week to make repairs.

The Zealandia met the same fate out from Hong Kong and put back to that port for repairs. These are the returning transports that will take the troops ordered to Manila. Severe storms have raged in the southern seas the last two weeks and much damage and delay has been caused to ships in the south sea trade.

Adjutant General Byers arrived in camp today. Officers and men were well pleased to see the genial gentleman. He will remain a few days investigating the condition of the camp, and on his return will make a report to Gov. Shaw.

CAMP MERRIAM, Oct. 7, 1898.—This week, like many passed in camp, has been spent in routine duty without much incident calculated to entertain or relieve the monotony of camp life. Micawber-like we are "waiting for something to turn up." Our orders are to proceed to Manila as soon as transports return for our use. Their arrival is anxiously awaited, as the question will then be settled, thus relieving our own impatience, and at the same time relieve the doubt and uncertainty of the folks at home. Most of the boys want to go to Manila. The experience of the trip would be a splendid one and well worth many hardships.

The Fifty-First Regiment was certainly one of the best sent

out from our state. So far as we know, unlike the others, the war department has not been daily importuned to muster us out, nor the governor asked to assist in bettering our condition. This regiment has asked but few favors of anyone, and now that there is a chance the boys want to go to the front, believing that we deserve that honor for non-complaint and soldierly conduct.

Iowa's victory in the recent shoot caused the Seventh California Regiment and the Twenty-Third Regulars to entertain some jealousy, which resulted in a challenge for another shoot. The challenge was accepted and the shoot was held on the government range. Splendid scores were made by all. The shoot created much interest and the Fifty-First was excused from morning drill to witness it. Each regiment was well represented by a crowd of friends as spectators. The Iowa team again demonstrated its ability to defeat the entire Presidio. The score stood: Iowa, 593; Twenty-Third Regulars, 574; Seventh California, 567; Tennessee, 492; Kansas, 491, out of a possible 750. The regulars used Krag-Jorgensens, while all the volunteers used Springfields. The regulars took their beating with good grace, but the Seventh Californians, who have talked much of their powers, were a wee bit sore.

So much has been said about army rations that I give below a table taken from Lieutenant Lane's commissary reports, a careful consideration of which will convince anyone that the kicks of the "tired patriot" class are unfounded. The rations for 100 men for one day is as follows: Fresh beef, $8\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; bacon, $22\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; flour, 112 pounds; onions, 10 pounds; tomatoes, 5 cans; roasted coffee, 8 pounds; sugar, 15 pounds; baking powder, 4 pounds; vinegar, 1 gallon; salt, 4 pounds; pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ pound. This food ration is amply sufficient to sustain any hard-working man, being $3\frac{2}{3}$ pounds of solid food matter a man each day. If the company cooks use reasonable management the unused items which accumulate will amount to quite a sum in the course of a month. The accumulations can be sold and the money used in providing a variety of food, such as fruit, green vegetables, oat meal, etc. The government is not responsible for food after being issued to the companies. If their cooks waste it the remedy is in calling the attention of the officers to it and getting a change of cooks. Lieutenant Lane has charge of the regiment commissary department,

and discharges the duties in a thorough manner. He has a practical knowledge of the provision business and sees that no food is received in his department that is not up to the scheduled requirement.

A petition, signed by three-fourths of the officers of the regiment, was presented to Col. Loper, asking him to retain Dr. Donald Macrae in precedence over Dr. Fairchild in the hospital staff. Dr. Macrae was ranking lieutenant at Des Moines and no reason can be given why he should be unjustly supplanted by Lieutenant Fairchild. Lieutenant Macrae is very popular with the officers and men of the regiment. They appreciate his ability and are grateful for his untiring services among the sick. It looks as if an injustice has been done. The "pull" is surely being worked.

CAMP MERRIAM, October 15, 1898.—At last we are able to express a definite opinion that we will go to Manila and that very soon, perhaps in the next ten days. Our hopes are that the experience gained from other expeditions will teach the government the necessity of better care for the troops, with less crowding. Twenty per cent of the bunks are being removed. This will somewhat better matters in the way of rest and sleep. We are not looking on the trip with much anticipation of pleasure. All expect it will be very hard on us, as we are entirely unused to the ocean. Anyway thirty days of rocking on the South Pacific will not partake of the pleasures of a continuous holiday. Dry land on the other side will no doubt be a welcome sight, be it even the "home of full grown mosquitoes and the busy flea."

Orders were issued last Monday to the regimental surgeons to examine and furlough all soldiers who have been reported on the sick books with fevers, etc., also others who complained of any physical weakness and desired to be examined, with a view of receiving their discharge before sailing. Quite a number lined up, many of whom really are not in shape to make the trip. They will be examined during the week and go home on thirty day furloughs. Not to be considered with these worthy cases were many others who have a trouble that can be cured by the use of felt boots, they being an excellent remedy for cold feet. This class will be elected to remain in service.

J. S. Cook arrived on the overland train Tuesday evening. He found Harry a very sick boy, but we are most happy to say today that he is considered almost past the danger point. The last two days he has changed for the better; his temperature has been reduced and he has had two good nights' rest. At the hospital today they give every hope for his recovery. Mr. Cook is enthusiastic in his praise of the treatment Harry is receiving. It could not be better if he were at home. Harry will not be able to go with the boys. This is too bad, as he was very anxious for the trip.

CAMP MERRIAM, October 21, 1898.—Camp Merriam will soon be a thing of the past. In two weeks all the volunteers will have left excepting the Eighth California regiment doing garrison duty at the fortifications on each side of the Golden Gate. The only regulars left will be the Fourth United States cavalry. Visitors will soon seek another mecca for their entertainment. The scenes of military life and action will assume their former quietness. San Francisco will miss the soldiers from a financial and social standpoint, and many soldiers will miss their fair visitors and the many kindnesses received. Not a few of the braves will go away heavy hearted, the result of summer love affairs. For them the band will play on our departure, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," a symphony best suited to the sentiment of the occasion. Troops have been going out all this week. They march by our camp on their way to the wharf. An inspiring sight they make, these strong, intelligent young fellows, going to a distant country ready to face any danger. Not one shows a sign of fear. Blessed is the country whose cause such men espouse. They look and are fighters, worthy of any foemen's steel. As each detachment passes, the camp cheers them lustily. This is their "Bon Voyage."

The Twentieth Kansas, of our brigade, will sail next Tuesday or Wednesday, and we are to follow next. No boat has been definitely assigned to us. The papers say we will take the Pennsylvania, now being repaired in dry dock. She made the return trip from Manila in thirty days. This ship carried 1,350 men on her last voyage. If the Fifty-First are to take her she will only have 1,000 men on board, that being the strength of this regiment, counting out deaths, discharges

and furloughs. The plans are to have the Tennessee go last on two smaller boats. With them will go Gen. Miller and staff. The plans may be changed at any time.

New tents have been received by the quartermaster's department. They are to replace our old tents recently condemned. The new tents are regulation size, 9x9 feet, good heavy canvas, each one furnished with a fly as additional protection against rain. They will not be used until we get on the other side. Our clothing for the troops will not be issued until we get on the ship. We have seen some worn. They have a very jaunty appearance.

SOLDIERS WIN AT FOOT BALL.

The golden banner of victory floats over the Iowa camp today. The whole camp is in an uproar of enthusiasm. Cheer after cheer goes up in every company street. And all this because of Iowa's victory over the hitherto unbeaten Stanford University foot ball team by a score of 6 to 0. One has to be here to fully understand what this means to all concerned. California people, ever enthusiastic, are doubly so when it comes to their pet university teams, Berkeley and Stanford. The downfall of their pride came yesterday. Our team, after about ten days' practice, matched a game with Stanford. Col. Loper kindly gave the regiment a holiday, excusing all but the guard. The boys, 800 strong, accompanied by the Colonel and his staff, also the band, went on a special train to the scene of action. Our team has had but little training, only on signal plays, etc. Stanford put in their strongest team, but failed to make material gains on Iowa's sturdy line. Each trick play they attempted was blocked by splendid tackles. Our team is mostly men who have won distinction on Iowa college teams. Every man on the team worked his very best and every one deserves credit for fine individual plays. Stanford's team out-weighed ours, but that didn't count. The boys went through their line like rabbits through a hedge fence, making gains on every attempt. Stanford was simply demoralized by our fast play.

Our own "Pot" Palmer, as usual, was everywhere. It was he who made the touchdown. Stanford, it is said, will offer Potter an inducement to attend the university and play on their team on his return from the army. Tidrick, of M, also

did splendid work. It was pleasant to see our old rivals from Council Bluffs (L company) lined up with our men, all fighting together. Captain Clark was coach for the team. Like everything else he undertakes, he made a success. Sergeant Hiett acted as linesman. Berkeley has challenged us for a game, which will be played Wednesday. If we beat them, the coast schools will have to adopt army grub at their training table and hard boards for men to sleep on. That is the kind of training our men have had.

The San Francisco Chronicle of yesterday, October 20, has the following to say of the game:

"The Standford varsity foot ball team this afternoon lined up against a better team than their own for the first time this season, and were defeated by a score of 6 to 0. The men who drubbed them were of the Fifty-First Iowa volunteers, and they made it so interesting for the college boys and took them so by surprise that the latter are tonight all wondering, from captain to full back, how it all happened.

"From a spectacular point of view the game was the biggest athletic event that has ever taken place on the Stanford campus. Such enthusiasm has not been displayed there since the famous decision of the Government suit several years ago. But the enthusiasm was not Stanford enthusiasm; it was enthusiasm direct from Iowa, and it plainly showed that if the rank and file of this regiment can fight battles as well as they can back up a foot ball team, Uncle Sam has nothing to fear from that quarter. Col. Loper had granted his entire regiment a holiday, and they came down 800 strong. They had a special train, which was run up on the campus. For a mascot they had a goat which they kidnapped at South San Francisco on the way down and they paraded him around the gridiron as if he were their best friend. Their band was on hand for every occasion, and its rendition of 'Hot Time in the Old Town' and others as familiar was the stimulus for many an outburst of spirit. But from the standpoint of foot ball the game was not so interesting. The college boys were clearly outplayed at almost every stage of the game. The latter played as poor ball as they have been guilty of this season, while the soldiers pushed the pigskin about the field in a thoroughly admirable manner. Stanford's line was battered

down time after time by 'guards back' and other plays, which were aimed principally at Biglow, center, and Blanchard, left guard.

"The college men simply could not stand up against the onslaughts of their opponents. They were forced down the field for gain after gain, and did not get the ball a single time on downs. The Stanford team had the oval only four times during the day's play.

"Iowa scored their only touchdown in a very neat play which necessitated a squabble over the rules for fifteen minutes to decide whether the play was an offside, a touchback or a touchdown. Iowa's full back attempted a field goal on a place kick from the twenty-five yard line, but missed, and Palmer got over the line and grabbed the ball before Stanford saw the play. It was decided to be a touchdown. The Stanford team throughout was simply 'up against it.' Murphy and Fisher were the only men who played brilliant ball. The star of the game for Iowa was Palmer. Fifteen hundred spectators witnessed the game, and when it was over the soldiers were given a rousing send-off as they boarded the train. The following was Iowa's line-up:

Dutton, Company F, left end.
Miller, Company E, left tackle.
Tidrick, Company M, left guard.
McCorkle, Company G, center.
Van Dorn, Company C, right guard.
Dailey, W., Company L, right tackle.
Mather, B., Company A, right guard.
Dailey R., Company L, quarter.
Palmer, Company M, left half.
Gaines, (Captain,) Company I, right half.
Mather, J. E., Company L, full back.

"Captain Clark acted as referee for the Fifty-First."

M company has again been honored by being selected to represent the Fifty-First regiment in a competitive drill to be held at Mechanics Pavilion next Tuesday evening. The organizations competing will be a company from the Eighth California, First Tennessee, Twentieth Kansas and Iowa. The prize is a silver cup. We are working hard and will try

to win it for our honor and that of the regiment. Thus you see our company and regiment has quite a program outlined for the future—win the Berkeley game, win the cup, go 7,500 miles, help whip the insurgents, and then go back to dear old Red Oak, settle down and build up the town.

We have received the welcome intelligence that tomorrow will be pay day, and it comes at the right time, for our finances were at the “ebb tide.” Pay day is a big day in the army. That little \$15.60 sort of gives a man dignity, mingled with good nature. A meek private soldier assumes the successful candidate pose.

CAMP MERRIAM, October 29, 1898.—The long period of uncertainty and doubt as to our disposition by the war department is at last over. Yesterday we received official assignment to the transport Pennsylvania, and Thursday, Nov. 3, is named as the day of our departure. The Pennsylvania is not a fast boat. Her last trip to the islands required 39 days. She is a large, roomy boat, and is rated as a safe, stanch built craft, capable of carrying about 400 men more than her present quota of 1,000. This ship has been repainted and rebunked throughout. Everything is being done to make her as snug as possible. My company, being in the Second battalion, will have the advantage of being loaded midship, where the motion is less violent and the quarters altogether more pleasant.

Lieutenant Guy Logan has received the appointment from Gen. Merriam as ordnance and commissary officer of the ship. This position involves the honor of running the principal departments of the boat. He moved to the boat today with all his belongings. The boys have already endowed him with the title of “commodore.” They quiz him with such questions as “when do you give her a trial trip?” etc.

We will most likely go aboard Wednesday afternoon, and as customary, pull out into the stream and remain until high tide Thursday morning. Our last glimpse of our old camp as we pass through the Golden Gate will recall sad memories—thoughts of those dear comrades, whose death we will ever lament. We will experience inexpressible feelings of sadness also, on taking the last view, for many months, of our native land. These green hills made beautiful by the first touch of

California's tropical winter, have been to us as home for five months. These hospitable people have been more than kind to us. Their patriotism has been of the sort that shows itself in a practical manner by their generous treatment of sick and well. Their greetings at our departure must take the place of those dear ones at home, whose presence is impossible. We hope our friends will always hold our benefactors in as kindly remembrance as we shall.

The first land out will be the Hawaiian islands. We will reach them in about ten days and will have a rest at Honolulu for two days. We will no doubt enjoy the city and the beauty of those islands. The people were at first very friendly to soldiers, showing them every courtesy. The New York boys, however, have spoiled all that by their ungentlemanly conduct. We will have a chance there to mail letters, giving an account of our experience on the voyage.

True to her previous record of winning every event entered, the good Fifty-First, through its representative, M company, won the competitive drill at Mechanics Pavilion Tuesday evening, also the Shreve silver loving cup, emblematic of the championship of the Presidio. The Eighth California and Twentieth Kansas were both entered, but declined the issue, it is said lacking heart to compete with F company, of Nashville, Tenn., the winners of all prize drills in the south for the last few years. M company and Captain Clark, however, lowered the colors of the proud southerners. The drill program was arranged by three regular officers who acted as judges. The program was not known to the companies until twenty minutes before the drill. Company F drilled first, and with few exceptions put up a very good drill. The spectators, about 5,000, were of the opinion that they could not be beaten. Company M, in the meantime, was locked in a room to prevent them from getting a line on the scheduled events. When M entered the applause commenced. It was plain that we had them whipped on appearance to start with, and as the drill proceeded it grew plainer that we were winners. For thirty minutes the company went through all manner of military movements in a manner almost perfection. Every line was perfect; every "order arms" sounded as one gun. Our markings were 98 4-5 per cent out of 100 and that from regular officers, always willing to look lightly on the efforts of volunteers.



SHREVE SILVER CUP, WON BY COMPANY M IN COMPETITION DRILL
AT SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 25, 1898.

The Tennessee captain in congratulating Captain Clark said: "Captain, you have beaten me farther than I could throw a stone." The entire regiment were nearly as pleased as we were ourselves. The cup is solid silver, beautifully finished and engraved. It will be sent home and placed on exhibition in Major Evans' window.

Harry Cook is so far recovered that he was sitting up yesterday. He will return home with his father as soon as he is able to travel. Roy Hammond and others of the regiment who have been examined for discharges, will go to Angel island Monday, attached to the battery until their cases are settled.

The Fifty-First Iowa has won her share of honors while in camp at San Francisco, whether it be at marksmanship, drill, foot ball or in society, and our foot ball team fittingly closed the chapter by playing the University of California eleven, the champions of the Pacific coast, to a standstill on their grounds at Berkeley Monday, October 31, just three days before we were to sail. Twelve hundred soldier boys were present to witness the game and "root" for the Iowa team. Nor were the "rooters" disappointed; our boys played a fast and furious game but were not equal to defeating the trained collegians, who weighed twelve pounds to the man more than our team. But if they could not win they made Berkeley put in her strongest men and play their hardest. The San Francisco Chronicle said it was "the best foot ball game ever seen on Berkeley campus." Neither side scored, though within the last ten seconds of play Gaines, captain for the Iowa team, got the ball and ran across the field for a touchdown when Berkeley had the ball within touching distance of the Iowa goal. At first it was announced that the score stood 6 to 0 in favor of Iowa, but later it was found that Gaines had been "off side" when he made his play and the game was decided a tie, 0 to 0.

CHAPTER VIII.

BOUND FOR THE PHILIPPINES.

UNITED STATES TRANSPORT PENNSYLVANIA, HONOLULU
HARBOR, Nov. 13, 1898.—Six months, as we lived it since our enlistment, seems like a long time, especially so considering that nearly every week of the period alternated with news, rumors and orders for most anything in and out of the service. Things were uncertain at all times. Even when our final assignment to the Pennsylvania came many of the boys thought it was no sure thing that we would not be recalled until our ship was well out of the Golden Gate. Thursday, November 3, at 10 a. m. we broke camp, folded our tents, piled all the lumber in the floors, etc., and fired all the accumulated rubbish. By 11 we were in heavy marching order, lined up in front of headquarters for final inspection, after which we began the march to the pier, headed by our band, with Gen. Miller and officers in advance. The government pier was reached about 12:30 o'clock. The line of march was along one of the finest residence streets, Van Ness avenue. The people gave us an ovation equal to that on our arrival in the city on June 10. On the pier were assembled fully 10,000 people, and for the most part friends of the boys who were giving their last farewell and best wishes. The Fifty-First has made many friends in San Francisco among the best class of people, and the boys have done nothing that would abuse the good opinion of these most hospitable people. Of course every transport has a crowd to bid them "bon voyage," but as many remarked, our crowd was not composed of the idle curious, but of friends who really felt the kind words spoken on our departure. Our reception was second only to that of the First California regiment, when they left for the islands.

The interval from 12:30 to 4 p. m. was spent in putting our equipments, clothes, etc., in our ship quarters, after which we

returned to the pier to say adieu to our friends. Lieut. Logan, as regimental ship commissary, stood at the gang plank and admitted all civilians who desired to inspect the ship. We weighed anchor at 4 o'clock, the crowd cheering and waving until we passed down the bay out of sight.

Reaching the fortifications at Alcatraz island, also at Fort Point, salutes were fired, the ship answering by dipping the colors. Far over in the distant Presidio we caught a glimpse of our old camp and the hearts of 1,000 men were filled with memories of its joys, pleasures, hardships and sadness. We were glad to leave it, but for one moment these men would gladly have exchanged a berth on this strange tossing ship for the hard boards of our old camp. The evening was too misty to afford a good view of the Golden Gate from the sea, which is said to be beautiful when the hills are touched by the last rays of the setting sun.

Passing over the bar or the shallow bank before deep water is reached, is the first experience in rough water. As the ship goes out on one of these rollicking, frolicking sprees, she reminds one of an unbusted bronco, first standing on her prow, next on her stern, then, by way of diversion, she rolls over on her side. During these antics your stomach is responding to every motion until it tires out. The ship rises on a swell; you go down with it but your unfortunate stomach seems to stay where it was. It's awful! The first night out was only a starter. Next day sea sickness was in full blast. Most of us will remember it as the most gloomy and disconsolate day of our lives. Nearly a thousand men were falling over each other in their efforts to reach the rail and "feed the fish." Mark Twain describes the feeling well: "At first you fear you are going to die; then you fear that perhaps you won't die." Some writer has said, "War brings out what is in a man." Nothing could be truer than that expression as applied to the case of these soldiers. The minority that remained well can perhaps recall some of the doleful sayings of the boys, which would be amusing at this time.

The third day out the weather continued very windy, and, in consequence, a very heavy under-swell. The old ship rocked terribly at times. She side-rolled until her rail touched water. By this time, however, the boys were getting their "sea legs," and most all were reaching that condition of health when life

was worth living again. Saturday night came on very cloudy and the experienced tars predicted a storm from the northwest. The ship's course was changed so as to avoid it as much as possible. We struck the edge of it only, but that was enough to make a man wish that he was tied on his bunk. Some of the boys were thrown to the floor in their sleep. Sunday came with its improved weather and smooth sea. It was hard to realize that it was Sunday, the day passing in this monotonous routine. Monday morning was bright and beautiful. In the evening we were treated to the sailor's good omen—a rainbow at night. Its appearance was hailed with much pleasure by all. It was far more beautiful than when seen by land. Where the end of the great arch touched the water, the waves were lit up with varied colored light for miles.

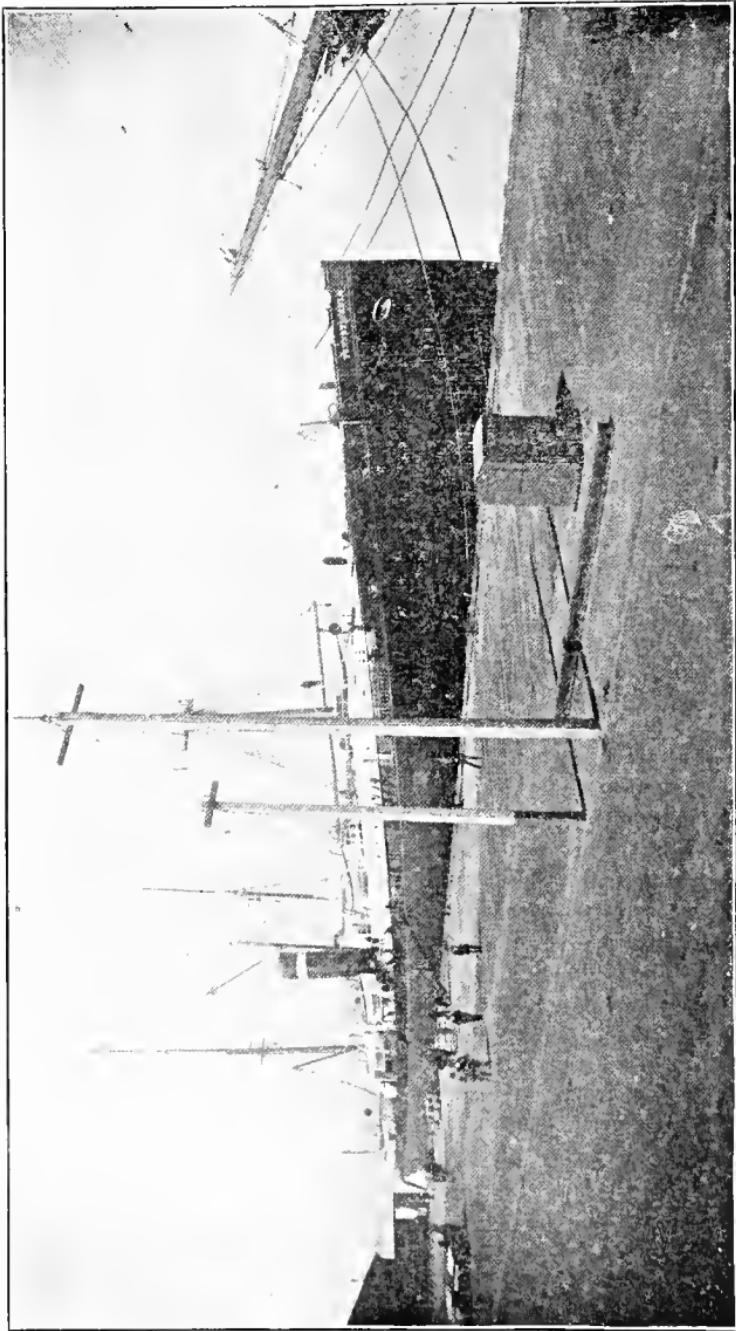
The route we were on is taken only by government steamers. The result is that we were off the track of trading vessels and other craft, so during the entire trip we have sighted only one boat, and that was Monday night, too far away to hail. The seamen said it must have been the Australia, a returning transport from Manila.

The best day's run was made Tuesday. We covered 279 miles. The water was smooth and the wind astern, the most favorable conditions for good time. Wednesday evening the log showed us 375 miles out from Honolulu. We had reached the warm belt. Awnings were stretched over all the decks, as the sun was beating down like in regular Iowa August weather. Many of the boys found it more comfortable to take their mattress and blanket and sleep on the upper decks. The nights down here are beautiful. The heavens studded with countless stars, they seem most brilliant at sea, the dark blue of the water making a somber foreground. Every night the boys assemble in groups and watch for the Dipper and North star. They are as links that connect the present with the past, recalling the many happy nights at home when we watched these same stars and the thought occurs that perhaps tonight as we look at them and think of home, those same dear ones may have their eyes on them with thoughts of us. Flying fish are objects of much interest. They are very numerous in these warm waters. We see whole schools of them on the wing. Contrary to supposition, they don't simply leap out of the water and incline back to it, but actually fly like a bird,

sometimes as high as six feet from the water to a distance of fifty yards or so. The other things of life we see are sea gulls. A flock of them have followed the ship from port out. The seamen look upon them as friends and they are never molested. At night they roost on the top masts. A flock of sea ducks were in our wake for several days. They resemble our teal in size and appearance.

Friday, November 10, was a day of anxious anticipation. We were nearing land and many eyes were strained in effort to catch the first glimpse. The watchers were rewarded for their vigilance about 3 o'clock. We thought of course that it was Honolulu, but the ship officers informed us that it was only a chain of uninhabited rocks and not on the map. About 5:30 o'clock, through the dim mist of the horizon, we perceived a dark outline of mountain peaks. This was our long-looked-for islands. As we neared them the sun was setting. The whole coast line was shown in relief against a bank of clouds which seemed on fire with light flooding the hills with their reflection until the whole island took the appearance of some grand spectacular scene of the inferno. We were too late to make port that night, the port being closed after 7 o'clock, so the ship was sent along under half speed in the outer harbor looking for safe anchorage, and here we came very near to an accident that might have sunk the ship and caused the loss of many lives. Honolulu harbor is an open harbor having a long sea front. The channel is only 300 yards wide, a stretch of coral reef three miles long covering the balance of the frontage. Our captain, unaccustomed to the harbor, went forward until the ship grounded on the reef. The first we knew was a succession of jerks which caused the ship to tremble, then stop. Orders were at once given for all hands aft. For two hours the ship tried to back out, finally succeeding. Next morning a pilot came out and took us in. An hour afterward we were out in squads viewing the city, but it was some hours later before we got our land legs after the long voyage.

This city—these islands, must be seen to be appreciated. They are a dream of paradise. No possible description would do them credit. After walking through the residence portion, seeing the royal palace, queen's residence, parks, beach, bathing gardens, etc., we went to the Hawaiian museum, a fine building erected by an American philanthropist, Bishop. The



THE TRANSPORT PENNSYLVANIA, HOME OF THE FIFTY-FIRST FOR NINETY-FIVE DAYS.

museum is filled with relics, antique and modern, giving object lessons of island history from its foundation to the present time. The islands are of volcanic origin and nearly everything of life and vegetation has been imported or transplanted, making all this wealth of luxuriant growth, for which the first native kings are responsible. Yesterday we were in a park lying on grass soft and thick as a velvet carpet, surrounded by all the beauties of tropical trees and plants. From the sea a cool breeze was blowing and birds were singing everywhere. It was more like a dream than real life. One was a youth again, away back in the good old home. He seemed a boy waking from happy sleep, filled with anticipations of a May day picnic. No wonder these islanders were a happy, peaceful lot. This is a paradise. This is the cause of the apathy that resulted in the loss of this beauteous domain. Annexation is a bitter thought to the royal family and their followers, and rightly so. They are the real owners. They and their ancestors made this place what it is and our only excuse for this peaceful capture of the islands is the fact that had the United States not taken possession, Japan would soon have done so. Even royalists prefer us as masters to them.

The main business portion of Honolulu is distinctly American, and would suggest nothing else to us were it not for the narrow streets. Then there is the Japanese quarter and the Chinese, equally distinct, having every appearance of being the genuine article. All the small business, such as restaurants, shops, fruit stands, cigar stores, etc., are owned by Japs, Chinese or Portugese. The larger business is controlled by Americans, natives or half-breeds, of whom there are a very large number.

The natives are not black, but more like stain from walnut hulls. It seems out of place, though, to see a handsome American riding with his chocolate-colored native wife. Kanakas, or native men and women, are large, splendid-looking specimens of mankind. Their eyes are lustrous black. The "Honolulu lady" is all that the song implies in the way of personal charms. The better class of natives are strictly up to date in everything, having all the latest from America. Their dress is even more stylish than our own young men and women.

The city is now enjoying great business activity, caused by good crops and the fact that capital is seeking investment in

the rich island lands. Besides, the government is spending much money on buildings, etc. Business is more than represented in every line, and many strangers have been compelled to leave from lack of opportunities.

Our foot ball team plays with a college team of natives this afternoon. With this you can see that our boys will girdle the earth with victories, as we should have no trouble in defeating the natives.

We were just notified that our mail must be posted at once in order to go to the States on today's steamer. We leave tomorrow at 4 p. m. on our long journey to Manila. The ship is being cleaned and fumigated today, and tonight all will be ready for departure. We regret to say that we will have to leave three of the boys behind: Samuel Tilden, who has the mumps; Wade Evans, same trouble, and Jack Kastman, with erysipelas. Poor Jack has suffered during the entire voyage. All are left in a good hospital, and their friends need not worry about them. They will join us on recovery. So this must be our last mailing point for some time, as stations are very far apart on this line. Letters addressed to us at Manila, P. I., will probably reach us by Christmas, and I would advise our friends to be liberal in their correspondence, as we will be very lonesome by that time.

After the ship was out a day it was discovered that six passengers were aboard whose fare the government had failed to pay. They stowed away and came to light when they got hungry. Two of them are boys, one twelve years old and the other about ten. Their home is in San Francisco. Both are at an age when they should have their mothers to put them to bed. They seem not at all concerned about the trip or how they will live when dropped at Honolulu.

One of the greatest luxuries the ship affords is the shower baths on the upper deck. The men are lined up for baths mornings and evenings, and enjoy it hugely. Salt water soap is used, the ordinary soap only making matters worse with this water. "Bearded like a Pard" would describe this regiment, none having been shaved since leaving San Francisco. We have orders to shave before going ashore at Honolulu.

Some apprehension was felt as to the probability of getting our dogs, "Bob Evans" and "Dewey" on board. They were taken to the ship the morning of sailing and Lieut. Logan told

the captain of their case. He stated that the officers and men looked upon them as our mascots, and would feel very badly used if they didn't accompany us. He at once admitted them and their attention is occupied at all times by their many admirers. Like their masters, they fell victims of sea sickness. Bob Evans is just recovering from a fracas with a Tennessee bull dog, in which he was badly eaten. The bull dog died.

An incident occurred one night that goes to show the American soldier's love for justice and fair play. A stoker came up from the hell hole of the boiler room where the temperature is awful at all times. He was quivering all over. His eyes had a parched glassy stare. He looked half insane from the terrible heat. It seems they are forbidden the deck when on duty. The third officer ordered him back to the hold. He begged for release, stating that he was sick and exhausted. The officer, an example of the naval brute, was about to lay hands on him when the soldiers showed their hand by insisting that the man must be taken to the ship hospital and cared for. When the brute saw argument was useless against numbers he desisted. Just such things as this prevent independent young Americans from going to sea. They can't stand the Czar rule of foreign ship officers, and most of them are foreigners. The crew of the Pennsylvania numbers 80 men, and there is not an American in the number. Other nationalities represented are Irishmen, Englishmen, Welsh, Swede, French, German, Italian and Portugese.

After the few days of sea sickness was over the boys had a longing for fruit, particularly apples. This seemed to have been apprehended by a sergeant from a company hailing not many miles from Red Oak. He kindly offered to supply the boys with a poor article at 10 cents each. This fellow is one of those who joined the army to make money, a "pocketbook patriot." He is the kind of a fellow that is always dodging his shadow for fear it will ask him for a chew of tobacco. Some of the boys passed the word along the line and the parasite went out of the fruit business with red ink on the wrong side of the ledger. This is not the only instance of his philanthropy. Over in Camp Merriam when the boys were in need of money, with instinct true to his prototype, "Uriah Heep," he was on hand to loan at 50 per cent interest for ten days.

I have stated before that we owe the ladies of the Oakland

Red Cross much, and I would like to impress the fact on the people of Red Oak that they should feel as deeply grateful for the care and encouragement given to their sick boys. When leaving the San Francisco pier the last kind words of farewell were from these same generous ladies. Mrs. Veitch, Mrs. Derby, Mrs. Beck, Dr. Stone and others were there, and I recall plainly that a few tears were shed on both sides on departure. We will never forget these angels of mercy and kindness.

Our duties are very light. Of the twelve companies, two are on duty each day, one on guard, the other doing fatigue duty, which consists of washing the upper deck three times a day, a job that the boys enjoy. They take off their shoes and stockings and use the hose, brooms and scrapers, putting things in first-class shape. Below deck another gang sweep the quarters, scrub the hatchways, etc. Every effort is made to keep the ship in perfect sanitary condition.

The Pennsylvania is an old ship built by the Cramps twenty-six years ago. At the time of her commission she was one of the crack Atlantic liners, but in time was behind the times, so was fitted out as an emigrant ship. She is a stanch, iron built boat with a speed of eleven knots an hour. She is known to the sailors as a crank vessel, having queer ways. Among other things she rolls badly, even in fair weather, but it is said to be a record breaker in a storm, having passed through many without damage to herself or crew on her voyage to this coast to engage in the Klondike trade. She had as a passenger the former colonel of this regiment, Al Swaim, of Oskaloosa, on his way to his South American consulate.

As a transport she is as well appointed as most in use on this coast. Company and regimental officers occupy all the cabins on the upper deck, for which they pay, including meals, \$1.50 per day. These cabins are very well furnished and the food is the best the market affords. The second deck is occupied by non-commissioned officers, sergeants and corporals. They have small rooms with from three to six bunks in each, one incandescent light, also a wash bowl and water tank.

That poor, untitled individual, the private, occupies the third deck. This deck is situated just below the water line.

The port holes, located at ceilings, are ornamental only, their use being impossible, as the water is constantly washing them. Fresh air is obtained from canvas funnels, these provided with wings or sweeps suspended from the mast heads. When the wind is astern they catch but little air, as the ship, moving as fast as the ordinary wind, gets insufficient resistance to force air down the hold. Head wind, or wind from the larboard or star board quarter affords plenty of fresh air. The bunks are provided with straw mattresses and straw pillows and are not uncomfortable.

The mess department is in charge of the ship's cooks. Food is issued daily by the commissary, received by the cooks and the entire mess cooked together. Vegetables, such as cabbage, carrots, canned tomatoes, turnips, etc., are steamed in vats and served in a kind of soup. Potatoes are stewed with the jackets on. Enough fresh beef is carried in cold storage to give one meal a day for ten days out. Bacon is served generally for breakfast, and that mummified product, canned corn beef, known to the boys as "canned horse," is sometimes served for supper. The mess department could be greatly improved on. The issue is reduced about one-third from regular camp grub, under the supposition that the men do not require so much food while not exercising. This is a mistake, for after getting over sea sickness and breathing this salt air, a man is awful hungry. Sometimes the poor fellows are ravenous. They crowd and push each other in efforts to get the food first. The question of what there is to eat or how cooked does not come up. It is altogether, how much is there to eat? This condition was greatly improved, however, by opening a government store or post commissary, where all kind of canned fruit is for sale at actual cost, also crackers, canned oysters and butter. The store is in charge of Lieutenant Lane.

U. S. TRANSPORT PENNSYLVANIA, MANILA HARBOR, Dec. 8, 1898.—My last letter, mailed at Honolulu, was necessarily hurried, owing to the departure for San Francisco of the steamer Coptic, on the day after our arrival. We spent three days in Honolulu, Col. Loper kindly giving the boys shore leave all day without any restriction, reserving only the guard.

The boys did the city and islands as thoroughly as possible in so short a time, and not a few expressed themselves as willing to serve out the time of enlistment there. During our stay we received many courtesies from the people, and as usual the boys made a good impression, in spite of the fact that the actions of the rowdy New Yorkers had almost soured the people on soldiers. Our foot ball team added another to its list of victories by defeating the Punahou college team by a score of 22 to 0. In point of nationality this team was a novelty. Its personnel illustrated well the cosmopolitan character of the island inhabitants. There was a red headed young Irishman, one Swede, several Scotchmen, an Englishman, one Chinese, Kanakas, half breeds and lastly a genuine prince of the late deposed realm, Prince Cupid, a nephew of Queen Lil. This prince is a gentleman in every particular. He was educated at Oberlin college, is the leader in island society, an expert oarsman and an all round goodfellow. In conversation with several of us he gave us much information about the island and the people. He accounted for the easy conquest of the islands in 1894, when only 106 men took possession of the palace in the name of the republic, by remarking that his people were more versed in the arts of peace than of war. And that is true. The prince is not at all put out over the annexation. He takes it philosophically, and continues to do all he can to advance the interests of his people. A few years ago the white population was composed largely of people who left the states for cause, and this sometimes from getting too handy in signing other people's names. Like in the early days of Texas, introductions were received with each wondering what the other fellow's name was back where he came from. These men have settled down and most of them have made a success along legitimate lines.

Our friends, the Tennesseans, arrived on the City of Puebla the day before we left. They called on us and it was amusing to hear their version of the trip, given with the originality and peculiar twang of old Tennessee.

Our ship, after being coaled, was scrubbed from stem to stern, and afterwards fumigated thoroughly. That night we spent on the wharf. It was indeed a wonderful sight, this bivouac—1,000 men sleeping as in one huge bed. Next morning the transport Newport, with Gen. Miller on board arrived.

This hastened our departure in order to make room for the Newport at the government pier. A sad thing occurred that morning. The third officer of the Newport was swallowed by a shark while taking his morning plunge in the surf.

The morning at the wharf was like a patriotic celebration. The Honolulu band of thirty-four native musicians, arrived early and played all kinds of national airs. This band is a remnant of the Royal Hawaiian band that visited the world's fair, where they ranked second only to Sousa's. They play splendidly. The wharf was packed with people. Nearly every lady had wreaths of flowers with which they decorated the boys' hats. The custom, a beautiful one, is the native's manner of showing hospitality to strangers. It is called the "leis." In former years, before the visits of the ships were so frequent, on the arrival of one the entire population would turn out and decorate the strangers with the leis. You should have seen us that morning, with every color you can think of around our hats. We felt like "sweet girl graduates" and looked like a rear view of a "hat study" in a popular church on Easter Sunday. Our band joined with the native band, the last tune played being "The Blue and Gray Patrol." It starts with soft sounds, as though in the distance a band is approaching playing Yankee Doodle, ending in full voice with the inspiring strains of Dixie. This music, this cordial greeting from our new citizens, kind of made a poor fellow feel full of gratitude for the good wishes of these kind people.

The wharf was very much crowded when the boat pulled out. Many throwing oranges and fruit, jostled those on the edge so that two white boys fell into the bay. Fortunately a gang of native youths were at their favorite pastime, diving after pennies thrown into the water, and being the most expert swimmers in the world, in a few strokes they dived under the fast sinking boy and laughingly brought him to the wharf in safety.

We passed the United States gunboat Bennington on our way out, exchanging messages by signal flags. By 12 o'clock we were out of the harbor pointing westward for our long journey to oriental America. At 3 o'clock we were taking the last longing look at the fast disappearing line of green land in the horizon. We turned back, not without some little regret and misgivings, to think of the long trip, 5,000 miles, under the burning sun of the tropics.

Government transports, it seems are required to take a route from sixty to one hundred miles from that taken by other ships. This is to avoid possible delay in passing other ships, also to be off the track of the enemy's boats in time of war. From Honolulu we took the equatorial current at its north boundary and for a few days out enjoyed good weather and quiet seas. The sixth day out we struck the tail end of a northern storm with the roughest kind of water. This condition increased daily, and here let me say that I have lost confidence in the poet who wrote of the "calm and placid" Pacific. It was anything but calm. At times the surface of the water resembled a mountain range and looked like views of Colorado scenery. The waves ran higher than the hurricane deck and on the top of the smoke stack is left a trace of salt water that splashed there during one of those lofty movements. At times the ship rolled so that the waves dashed back and forth over the deck. Lines were stretched along the decks to assist in getting around, but even then several received bad bruises from falls. Those were days when all were ill-natured and few civil words were passed. The nights were awful below. The port holes were closed and this made it so hot and oppressive that sleep was nearly out of question. It took a rough rider to stay on his bunk. When one was so thoroughly worn out as to dose a little, the ship would give a lurch and throw him half out of his bunk. It was awful. Every manner of things were being thrown across the ship; benches, tables, guns, knap-sacks, everything was in the air. Added to this din were the remarks about things in general and the ship Pennsylvania in particular. Some fellow remarked that he believed she would roll and toss in a dry dock.

Frederick Remington, in writing of the Santiago campaign, said that so far he was unable to decide which was the worst, "sleeping in a mud puddle, riding on a troop ship or being shot at." The comparisons are good, and yet Remington never rode 8,000 miles on a troop ship, nor do I think he ever rode below decks.

Poor Captain Clark and Lieutenant French! They were pitiful pictures. To see them you had to go to their cabins and then conversation was carried on in only the most feeble tones. The ship made plenty of profit on their meals for they

failed to eat them. Captain Clark said he believed that on the return trip he would take the fastest liner possible, and hire a man to keep him chloroformed until he arrived in San Francisco.

Our mess, too, has been bad, one trouble being in the lack of room in the cooking galley. An attempt was made in San Francisco to have another galley added, but this failed. Had it not been for some fruit and other things that our company was thoughtful enough to bring along, I am afraid that at times we would have gone very hungry. Ship bread was very bad. It was like rubber. In fact the boys would roll it into balls and bounce it along the deck. Hardtack was packed in tin boxes, but even this got musty. The fresh beef, although kept in cold storage, was unfit for use after the first week out from Honolulu. Salt pork was our best food. We frequently had it for breakfast and enjoyed it. Another, and the principal article of the diet that unfortunately appeared on all occasions, was what the boys called "slum gullion." It was a kind of soup made from the aforesaid beef, carrots, onions, potatoes, and any other old thing handy. It was hard to get down a sea-tossed stomach. We longed by the day for even a few of those old wind-fall apples that lay on the ground in Iowa, or for anything to eat. Chicken pie, "like mother used to make," was so far off that it seemed like a dream.

We did eat though Thanksgiving Day—this through the kindness of some friends in San Francisco, who had packed a regular Thanksgiving spread for us. Turkey and such things were packed in sealed tin boxes. How we did enjoy that dinner! It was like "a 'possum feast to a tramp nigger." Captain Clark presided at the head of the table which we improvised for the occasion. After dinner was over the captain read many kind messages from the donors which were heartily applauded.

Our Thanksgiving Day came one day ahead of yours at home. We gained a day when we crossed the 180th meridian on Monday, November 21. Roy Gassner and Charles Wheeler had birthdays of twelve hours duration on this day. The 21st merged into the 22d at 12 o'clock noon. Thanksgiving Day also saw an interesting episode, that of meeting the transport City of Puebla, with our Tennessee friends on board. We

sighted her smoke early in the morning and watched her all day as she approached us. About 7 o'clock in the evening she was in hailing distance and the Fifty-First joined in one great cheer. From across the water came a response from old Tennessee. It was the old yell we had heard so often at night in Camp Merriam during the stay of the New Yorkers:

"Who are we? Who are we?
Iowa and Tennessee."

Tennessee has always been our friend and it seems well that the old feeling of sectionalism is thus changed into friendship. Certainly no one could ask for more valiant or gallant friend than old Tennessee. The Puebla pulled by us easily and before 12 o'clock her lights had passed from view. This is the only ship we sighted during the whole trip, and you must take a trip on this lonesome ocean to appreciate how it affects one to meet another ship so far from port.

Time hung heavy on us for the next week. The weather and sea improved somewhat and this had its advantages. Our old pastime of reading or playing cards was resumed. Writing letters was not possible to many as the boat was rocking so. Anyway, tho' a ship is very conducive to thought, it is a very bad place to put them on paper. We were down then in the tropics and most of the boys wore the apparel bought in Honolulu. A group of them looked like a rabble scene from a comic opera. Some had pajamas that were made in the Celestial kingdom and would look well on the almond-eyed "John" for whom they were intended, but rather too much masquerade for Americans. There were duck trousers and pink shirts galore and they looked quite chic for a few days. But salt water spray and a few falls on the deck made them look very much "John Morgan." Full whiskers were very much the style. It was comical to see some of the boys. For instance, my friend Kneedy; in the States we knew him in the cloth, quiet and decorous, as becoming an editor and a church deacon. Today one of the boys photographed him and marked the picture "Weary Willie," and he looked it. Brother Moulton is also out in full "alfalfa." Sergt. Hawkins remarked that the monkeys would talk to him when he got to Manila; and so it goes. We are certainly the most disreputable looking gang you ever saw.

This trip is a great educator. We are learning many things that will be useful in after years—among other things, how to appreciate the home comforts that we left. If God will forgive us for past unappreciation of His kind provender, we promise to make amends, and take favors in meek and lowly thankfulness. Fresh water is a big item here. To get a drink you stand in line sometimes for half an hour, and then it is tepid warm. When it rains the boys are all out catching water for bathing. It is nearly impossible to get clean with salt water.

Our first land out from Honolulu was sighted on the morning of November 30. It was the northern island of our lately taken group, the Ladrones. This island is an active volcano, about one square mile in area. A strange sight, this mountain, from which black smoke was issuing, standing like a sentinel alone in the lonesome Pacific. That same evening we were followed by a giant shark. He showed himself several times and looked mighty ugly. As near as we could judge he was about thirty feet long and of the species that lunch on human flesh.

The first week out from Honolulu fever broke out and several of the companies were terribly alarmed. Company E (Shenandoah) had eight men down at one time. Of our company, Chas. Murphy and Jess Lyon were taken mildly. In addition to these Evan Evans and Robt. Figg took the mumps. The fever cases all recovered, with the exception of Private Kinney, of Company H. He developed a case of typhoid and for ten days has been at the point of death. Should he have died out at sea he would have been buried overboard. All were fearful that this might occur. It would have been awful. It is likely that he will die before we make port. Our fever and mumps cases are doing nicely, also the case of Jas. Logan, abscess on the neck. This was lanced and is now getting well. It is something terrible to have a case like Kinney's on board. The conditions are such that recovery is made nearly impossible.

An epidemic of stealing started on the boat; most anything in the way of personal effects that were portable were taken. For a while a fellow was afraid to take off his clothes to go to bed for fear he would be "touched" before morning. Company M, never having practiced the light-fingered art, were among the losers. Now every company has a guard constantly in quarters. In a thousand men not all can be expected to be honorable, but one would think that the comradeship of soldiers

would be proof against theft among themselves. As we go along every day is counted with impatience. We are making an average of 250 miles a day, but this seems slow. All are anxious to hear the news. When we left port England and France were talking war, our peace commissioners were still in session at Paris and then there is election news from home. Thirty-five days is a long time to be entirely cut off from the world. When we reach Manila we expect mail on the Newport, as she started five days after us and we were told at Honolulu that our mail was aboard her.

Last night (Monday, December 5) we were indeed happy. Our long trip is nearly over. We sighted land at noon, and at 7 o'clock were steaming through the passage between Camiguin island and the main land of Luzon. You may well believe that all were relieved and happy to see the shore for which we have been steaming for days. The night was calm and beautiful and the channel very smooth, portending a quiet trip through the China sea, this body of water having the reputation of being terribly rough at some seasons of the year. During the night we skirted the north shore of Luzon and in the morning were pleased to know that we were well in the China sea and to find it so calm and still. It was smooth as a mill pond. The trip down to Manila was splendid; all day the west coast of Luzon was in view. It was one continuous panorama—a calm blue sea in front, with rugged mountains along the shore, these outlined against clouds beautiful in their coloring. Tuesday night, December 6, was the coolest night since we started. In fact, the first night that blankets were required to be comfortable. This was caused by a cool breeze blowing from the mountain range.

Wednesday morning we were on deck early. We arose with the eagerness of small boys on the morning a circus comes to town. This was to be an eventful day. We were traveling the exact route taken by Dewey on his memorable trip. At 7 o'clock we passed Subig bay, the place where Dewey rested, giving the Spanish the impression that he was not intending to enter the harbor that night. From Subig we passed on to the harbor entrance, passing Corregidor island. Here it was that Dewey's fleet was first fired on. Shortly after passing into the harbor we passed an English man-of-war, the cruiser "Admiralty," and next the strangest and most picturesque

craft afloat, a Chinese sailing boat—long, thin hull with outriggers or runners on each side to keep her in balance, the whole affair covered with a kind of matting made of bamboo, with sails made of the same material.

Manila bay is much larger than we anticipated. It is like a great lake. You may believe that all eyes were eagerly searching for Cavite. We soon passed it on our right. How glorious looked Dewey's fleet riding in front of the city! Although so far away that we could not distinguish the ships as to their names, we could well define their lead colored hulls and that was enough. An involuntary cheer went up from every man, and then a hush, for each man was filled with a flood of thought. Here were the scene and actors that played in the tragic drama of May 1; here it was that brave Americans won honor for their country and themselves, and taught warlike Europe that a new power had arisen whom she must in the future respect. Between the fleet and the city were visible the black and twisted hulls of two Spanish cruisers half projecting from the water. Silent monuments these, to the death of a decayed monarchy whose policy for centuries has been on the basis of ignorance, bigotry and brutality. They are part of the price Spain paid for the "Maine."

We anchored in front of Manila at 10:30 o'clock, and right glad were we that the trip was over. It seemed an age since we left the States. Around us were some eight or ten transports, all of which we remembered in San Francisco. The Newport and Puebla were among them, having arrived the day before. From first appearance Manila looks like a very busy place, the city front being crowded with all kinds of large vessels, steam and sailing. The harbor here is fine and deep, but needs dredging to permit large ships to enter the wharfs. In consequence the Pennsylvania is anchored out about a mile in the stream, so we have no knowledge as to where we will land or where our quarters will be. It may be in tents or in barracks and might not be in Manila at all. The first boat to reach us was a government launch with quarantine officers aboard. They found no contagious diseases aboard. In the afternoon Col. Loper, with several of his staff, went ashore to report to Gen. Otis. Captain Clark accompanied them, and, as he leads in everything, so he did in this, having the honor of being the first man of the Fifty-First to touch shore. On his

return the captain could give no definite information as to our future. During the day many soldiers from shore visited us. From their report of things I get the impression that conditions here are not at all bad. They say food is good, duty not so hard and the health very fair, in fact, as good or better than in the Presidio. Smallpox has about abated since the Spanish prisoners were vaccinated. Mind you, the impression is from hearsay only. I will reserve my own opinion until we get ashore and see for ourselves. The deck of a steamer is not a good place to get observations of the conditions on land.

We were hardly at anchor until the natives surrounded our boat. In appearance they resemble the Hawaiian native very much, only a little darker skinned and a trifle uglier. They brought boat loads of fruit, cigars, eggs and other things to sell. Like peddlers the world over, they are on the steal, asking four times as much for things as they are worth, then taking what you offer. They took advantage of some of the boys on the money deal. Our money is worth double that of Spanish or Mexican. They make the price in Mexican and try to collect in United States money. Cigars are very cheap. We bought some fine ones for 1 cent each. United States money, about the same as you pay three for 25 cents in the States. Eggs sell for 15 cents per dozen, United States. Chickens are said to be cheap and plentiful. Company M boys heeded the admonition in regard to eating fruit. We are very hungry for it but must wait until we can get it cooked. Newspapers are very numerous. The city has six or seven American daily papers, but they are not very newsy nor well printed.

From our visitors yesterday we learned that Aguinaldo takes the peace commission settlement of the ownership of the islands with ill grace. They say he sent word to Gen. Otis that he would give twelve days in which to evacuate the city, refusing to do so he would bombard the city. He also intimated that he desired to take Christmas dinner in the city. He will, no doubt, be warmly received should he attempt it. This may be rumor. Aguinaldo's army is camped ten miles from the city, up the river Pasig, near the water works. So far he has made no hostile move.

Today all are busy writing letters, as they must be posted this evening, going to Hong Kong first. Mail will reach us every two weeks. In regard to the boys we left in Honolulu—

Samuel Tilden, Wade Evans and Jack Kastman, they may join us on the transport St. Paul, which left San Francisco for here on November 17. All our boys stood the trip very well. Of course, all look rather tired and thin, but this will wear off after a few days ashore and some good rest. Lieut. Logan stood the trip splendidly, in fact he looks better than before, having gained about ten pounds. This is also true of Mont Byers, who was looking rather badly when we left, but has improved greatly. Sergeant Chas. Rose proved himself a born sailor. He wasn't sick a day and talks of following the sea as a business. "Pottery" Palmer was another lucky fellow in this respect. Clarence Lumb says that he likes the army all right, but not with this navy attachment. Ed Merritt, the "parson," likes the sea very well—he had many laughs at the sick ones. Wm. Jeffers, as usual, takes every thing as it comes, never kicks anyway. Frank Wolf has changed his mind about there being more land than water. Corydon Ingram will miss his daily letter from the states; otherwise he is O. K. Jim Windsor is a good sailor. This isn't his first trip, likewise John Hallett, both having crossed the Atlantic. Chas. Arnold has been busy at all times with his camera and note book. He has some very fine views and notations. Lloyd Ross and Don Rathbone are employed the same way. Ernie Dennis is not at all in love with the ocean. He says that it doesn't raise the kind of cattle that he is used to. So they go. Each has his own views about the ocean, but I believe all will be glad to get ashore.

The 26th of November we were in the service for seven months. During that time we have seen the bright and dark side of camp life, besides an 8,000 mile trip on the ocean. In that time I have yet to see an occasion when M company failed to prove herself equal to any emergency. The parents and friends of these boys have every reason to be proud of them. They go through everything with calm, soldierly dignity that comes from intelligence and good breeding. We are blessed with having a company where officers and men are a unit, no dissension or dissatisfaction. Should the time come when we are called to do battle they will surely acquit themselves with honor. Will try to tell something about the country in the next letter.

Glancing overboard I just saw a soldier trade a pair of shoes for a monkey.

U. S. TRANSPORT PENNSYLVANIA, MANILA HARBOR, Dec. 14, 1898.—Like Noah, we have been forty days and nights on the water, but unlike him we are not expecting a dove with an olive branch of peace. Rather, we are waiting Gen. Otis' orderly with a message of war. We have not landed yet, nor do we expect to, in Manila. Everything indicates that we will form part of an expedition composed of the 18th regular infantry, one regular battery, two gunboats and possibly one other volunteer regiment besides the Fifty-First. The department here is hourly expecting orders from Washington to embark on this expedition to the city of Ilo Ilo, on the island of Panay, about 300 miles south of here. The natives are slaughtering Spanish soldiers and citizens there, and they have sent in an urgent appeal for U. S. troops. The real situation is not exactly known, but all surmise that we will have the pleasure of beating the natives back and occupying the city. The Fifty-First feels elated over the honor of being named in this expedition. It is possible that it will involve some hardship and risk, but all are ready and anxious for the chance given to make warlike argument with these half-savage natives. Ilo Ilo is noted principally for its shipment of Manila hemp, great quantities of which are raised on the Island. The city has about 12,000 inhabitants, the second in size in the Philippine group. It is given as one of the dirtiest cities in the group.

The boys are rather impatient to leave the ship, as we have been on her so long that it seems almost like a prison. Last Sunday Col. Loper and other officers engaged a large ferry boat and the entire regiment went ashore, returning to the ship in the evening. The boys were pleased like children going to a Sunday school picnic.

Manila is divided into the old and new city, the river Pasig flowing between the two. The river is the actual city water front. All the shipping is there, its depth being such that all but the larger vessels can navigate her. Large ships are loaded and unloaded by the use of lighters. Old Manila is entirely surrounded by an ancient stone wall. This wall is fortified heavily on the water side, though the guns used are more terrifying in appearance than in execution, being mostly large, bronze cannon of large calibre, which have long ago gone into disuse by the "Dons'" lack of energy to take care of them.

A trip through old Manila makes one feel as if he had dropped into another world. It is like wandering through some of the ancient cities of which the Bible and history speak. The streets are narrow and the houses are all built with a projecting piazza, which nearly touches its neighbor on the other side. Some fine public buildings are here, most notably the governor's palace, archbishop's residence and several cathedrals. The palace is a polished granite structure, finished inside in the most elaborate manner, every detail of its construction being carried out without regard to cost. Some of the doors are of solid rosewood frames from four to six inches thick, with heavy panels of mahogany. Marble statuary and fine carving in wood are seen everywhere. One statue of giant proportions stands at the head of the grand stairway. This statue, an allegorical figure of naval triumph, was built to commemorate a victory over the Dutch (Hollanders). Like some of their recent victories over us, it was a Spanish joke, the Hollanders giving them a good beating and Spain paying the costs. The cathedrals are all models of the finest Spanish and Moorish architecture—splendid old piles. Inside, the decorations are the artistic execution of some of the best Spanish painters of that period. Taken as a whole, Old Manila is a splendid example of the skill and stability of construction of 200 years ago. Today it is almost as solid as when built, even after these years of exposure to the dampness and heat of this climate. Every wall is traced with the hand of age. Moss and discoloration are on every building, but this only adds to their picturesque appearance. The prisons are objects of the greatest interest. The doors were thrown open when our army took possession of the city and many prisoners of years were liberated. We were shown some cells used in executing prisoners of the first class. These cells are on the outside of the walls. Prisoners were confined at low tide and they had the horror of seeing high tide rise in the moat until it gradually filled the cells and drowned them.

Spanish prisoners, soldiers and sailors, to the number of 10,000 are barracked at the old city. They are on parole, our government giving them the liberty of the entire city until 8:00 p. m. As a class, they are young, slight built fellows, and contrary to what we were taught to believe, they are well clothed in clean, light garments, with good shoes, and all

seem to have some money. Our government is giving them the regular army rations and they look well kept. At the time the city was taken nearly every church and public building was well stocked with various provisions. It is rather a queer sight to see the victor and vanquished on the streets and in the cafes together. There is nothing like enmity between them, each doing his best to learn the other's language. The American soldier has broken the Spaniard's pride and taught him that victory with us does not mean cruelty and oppression on the part of the victor. One Spanish soldier said to me, "You Americans fight like devils, then come in and laugh and shake hands." Another, who was gathered into the army in the drag net with which Spain nearly depleted her country of young men, said that he still loved his home, but he could no longer believe in the policy of his unhappy country. It is hard for a Spaniard to realize that the buoyant, forgiving American, who has not an ounce of hate, or its passions, that characterized his enemy, can arouse to do battle in the way our soldiers do. The intelligent and thoughtful ones are learning the lesson of "heaping coals of fire on one's head." Many would like to get into the United States army or navy. Last night a French steamer pulled out with 1,500 prisoners on board bound for home. She was anchored next to us. As they left, our band struck up "Home, Sweet Home." They responded in a half-hearted way. Most likely they have but little applause to receive when they reach their home.

New Manila consists of the business portion, residences of the Filipinos and foreigners. One could be interested for hours with street scenes alone—it is so unlike anything we are used to. Streets are a little wider here; houses and shops are of more modern build.

The beast of burden is the water buffalo. This buffalo is a native of China, and a queer beast it is. They are about the size of a good steer. Their horns are sometimes enormous and very rough. They start from the head along the back. The animal is powerful, but slow and headstrong, often stopping in the streets until unhitched and allowed to jump into the river. Native ponies are used on street cars and numerous carmolettes, a kind of two-wheeled cab. The ponies are about the size of a St. Bernard dog. By order of the government none but stallions are used, the mares being reserved for

breeding purposes. For their size they are wonderfully strong and active. The natives whip them constantly when out of sight of soldiers. - The highest rank of horsedom is held by a large raw-boned steed from Australia. To the natives he is what Alix was to us in Red Oak. His appearance is hailed with hand clapping and the expression, "Grande!"

Spanish shops and stores are models of neatness—not so the native and Chinese stores, of which there are large numbers. Native houses are frail bamboo structures, thatched with straw and grasses. During the stormy period a large rope is tied around the house to stakes driven in the ground. This is to prevent it from blowing away. Clothing is a small item to native men and women. They wear more now than formerly, since the soldiers forced them to, though even at present you can see men clad with only a red handkerchief around their loins. Women wear a kind of mantilla thrown over one shoulder. The Beau Brummell of island fashion is to wear one's shirt tail outside the trousers. Children are sometimes seen without any excuse for clothes. Beggars accost one everywhere, showing their various afflictions, of which there are many. The impression is out that soldiers are all wealthy. What a farce this is! Prices on all goods have more than doubled since our possession, though even now most goods are cheaper than at home, especially such things as we have to import.

The Thirteenth Minnesota regiment are the acting police force of the city. They are armed with club and Colt's revolver. As policemen they are a pronounced success. There are no "political pulls" or "side tips" to keep them from doing their duty, and they enforce every law and regulation with great promptness. The Filipinos, like our colored brother of the states with the razor, is very fond of carrying a very dangerous knife. This is against the law, and in attempting to disarm them the soldiers frequently have to resort to shooting. An average of two a week native deaths are from these causes, otherwise the city is quiet and orderly. At first the streets were used as a dumping place for all rubbish. That is changed now, the streets being kept as clean as possible and sprinkled daily.

The tendency of business is to adopt American ways. Business house signs are newly painted with announcements

that "this is an American restaurant, saloon, hotel," etc and underneath will appear the most unpronounceable Spanish or Chinese name showing that they have already learned the Yankee method of advertising. A good many civilians have arrived from the states ready to go into business, but are holding off on account of the unsettled condition of things. This is true also of gold miners who are anxious to get into the mountains, but fear to do so until Aguinaldo is settled with.

We visited the town of Malate, situated half way between Manila and Cavite. Many of our troops are quartered there; some in fine private residences and others in new bamboo barracks. We found all very well and all anxious for the time when ordered home. Conditions of health, etc., in Manila are surprisingly good at present. There is very little sickness. Nearly all the men say they are getting better food than ever before. Fresh meat, mostly, is used. This is brought from Australia in refrigerator ships every two weeks. Onions and potatoes are used only in small quantities. These are brought from the states. Potatoes sell in the city market for \$7 (Mexican) per bushel. Malate is the scene of the battle of August 31. The Spanish occupied an old fort (200 years old.) A shell from Dewey's fleet passed through the wall, bursting on the inside, killing twenty Spaniards. This dislodged them. Near the fort and within a few hundred yards of our lines, are the insurgent outposts. A soldier showed us a tree under which seventy-five Spanish sentinels had been killed in the last three years. Captain Clark and Lieutenants Lane and Logan passed through the insurgent lines (officers only were permitted.) They were entertained by a captain and treated most courteously, but were watched every moment by the keen guards. In one company they noticed Mauser, Springfield and Remington rifles. The latter are those furnished by Dewey. They have a regulation uniform, and are not bad soldiers. Our drill regulations, slightly modified, are used. The army has no large camps, being scattered for fifty miles in small sections. The men raise their own food, have their families with them and many of them work in the city or on the lighters that ply the bay. Lieutenant Lane is superintending the unloading of goods from our ship, and in his gang is one insurgent captain and several non-commissioned officers.

The situation here is the most singular in war's history. Here is a city occupied by victorious troops, the enemy walking peacefully in the streets, while the supposed allies are armed and at the very outskirts of the city. What the outcome will be when our government asks them to lay down their arms, no one can surmise. The commission, whose duty it will be to make these demands, will have to be men of firmness as well as diplomacy. Much will depend on their handling of the question. No one here doubts but what we could easily defeat the natives in anything like battle, nor does anyone question that the dense tropical growth and the mountains of the country are all to their advantage. Artillery and cavalry would be impossible to move against them, so hostilities would proceed in guerilla fashion, the enemy keeping under cover at all times. It would take years to whip them under these condition. As far as the Filipino is concerned, his ignorance makes him a dupe to his smarter and better bred leader, and in these leaders lies the solution and end of the problem. Another factor that enters into and complicates matters, is the tribe of Macabebes, the half savage natives of the northern part of Luzon island. They are said to be sworn enemies to both insurgents and Americans, as well as the Spanish. They are armed with bow and arrows, spears and knives in the use of which they are very proficient. The outcome of this will be watched with interest. The best authorities think our government will settle the matter with satisfaction to all concerned. If this is possible it will tend to promote the quick progress of this country and the beneficial use of its many products.

It is strange to notice the promptness of the Filipinos to assume an equality with Americans. For years they have been oppressed by the Spaniards who treated them like dogs. Already they have arisen to say, "Spaniard no goode; Filipino and Merican all the samee." Perhaps they have been treated too well. All the islanders have a holy respect and terror for the Springfield rifle. They say, "Mauser goes 'ping', small hole, no hurt. Springfield goes 'boom, boom'; takes off leg or head." They have no fondness for artillery, especially shrapnel shells, which they call "devil shot."

All the boys are busy learning Spanish, and some have already acquired enough to make themselves understood. It

is not very difficult to learn. Whitney Martin, of Clarinda, talks it like a Don, and Ed Logan spends hours at a port hole talking to native boatmen.

Our boys are all well, having greatly improved since arriving in port. Chas. Murphy and Jess Lyons, who had slight fevers, were removed to the division hospital in the city, but some of the boys met them on the street, so they must be getting along all right. The Express arrived yesterday, and right glad were we to get them with the news from home. The Sun also arrived. Home papers are indeed appreciated by poor fellows so far from home. We were pleased the other day at the arrival of Sam'l Tilden, Wade Evans and Wm. Valentine. They were on the Newport and were not reported to the company for several days after their arrival. Our mail goes north tomorrow on the transport Senator, which ship takes some discharged soldiers to the states.

I neglected in previous letters to mention an honor conferred on Win. Hiett and our good mess manager, Edward Pitner. These gentlemen were entertained at dinner by Chief Justice Judd, of the Hawaiian courts of Honolulu. "Pit" told the judge that at some time he hoped to have the honor of returning the compliment should the judge ever visit our city.

Captain Clark just informed me that unless orders for Ilo Ilo were received in two days we would go into camp in the city. No barracks are obtainable at this time. The Tennessee regiment is the only one now camping in tents. We are anxiously waiting the next mail from home. The weather is very warm in the day time, but pleasant at night. The boys join me in Christmas greetings to our friends.

CHAPTER IX.

NINETY-FIVE DAYS ON SHIPBOARD.

UNITED STATES TRANSPORT PENNSYLVANIA, MANILA HARBOR, Dec. 25, 1898.—Today is Christmas, but how little in the present surroundings that would tend to remind one of the holiday. How different this will be spent from any other in our lives. All those things which used to make the day so happy are lacking. The presence of our families and friends, a good old-fashioned snow, and a good dinner are not here. Instead, an old tub of a ship which we have grown to hate as a jail, a burning sun over head and a blazing glare of water around; the usual crowd which makes it almost impossible to move on deck; a menu for dinner that is not calculated to tickle the palate. In one thing we were fortunate. This was the arrival of the S. S. St. Paul, from San Francisco, with its Christmas presents. No children ever waited for Santa Claus with more eagerness and anticipation than did these 20,000 exiled soldiers in Manila. The St. Paul was supposed to start the 17th of November. She was expected to arrive here Dec. 18th, and from that time on every craft that passed Corregidor Island was the target for thousands of glasses and telescopes. During the time incoming ships numbered about two a day, each loudly proclaimed to be the St. Paul, but finally would prove to be, as the boys said, "the 15th section of St. Paul's." The morning of the 21st she arrived, and a great cheer went up. We were at the time expecting orders for Ilo Ilo every day and we thought our presents would not be unloaded until too late, but we were favored, the Fifty-First boxes being taken from the hold first. We received ours Christmas eve, and it would have done your heart good to see the happy faces of company M. Not a single one was forgotten. Several fellows who were rather sad, not having anyone to expect presents from, were more than pleased,

and all the boys were pleased to think these, their comrades, were provided for. The presents, in most cases, were most appropriate; nearly every boy exclaimed, "this is just what I needed."

Soldiers lead such simple lives that they get almost like children, especially in respect to their pleasure and gratitude on receiving a kindness. Although 10,000 miles from home, for a moment we forgot that the broad Pacific was between us and our dear ones. The spirit of gratitude to the patriots at home brought them very near us. Many of the boys also received boxes of food from friends in San Francisco. These were eaten Christmas eve and much enjoyed.

We leave for Ilo Ilo (Elo Elo) tomorrow, orders being received from Gen. Otis to that effect today. Our stay in Manila was pleasant enough, only we had so few opportunities for going ashore. Three times Gen. Otis was kind enough to send a government tug, which with native cascós or lighters, were towed to shore. Most of the boys were not favorably impressed with Manila, and less with the Filipinos. This may be the result of looking at the natives and their city with American eyes and America as a comparison. This is unfair, the conditions being in no way similar. As well compare a Georgia "cracker" with a cultivated Bostonian gentleman. The Filipino has for years served the hardest master in the world. While it was not slavery in name, it was in fact. The wiley Don had established a system of taxation that even death couldn't stop. Everything of every day use was taxed. I have heard speakers, in telling of our taxes and tariff, say, "pretty soon they will tax the air you breathe," and think their statement one of the greatest satire. That absurdity is reached here. Every window and door that let in sunlight and air was taxed. When a man died he was not quite exempt. His bones rested in the crypt only so long as his relatives chose to pay a tax of \$10 per year. Failure meant having the bones thrown onto the bone pile. At one grave yard this bone pile contains about 1,000 skeletons. After careful inquiry, I have made up my mind that the one thing not taxable was "an unuttered thought." Under these adverse conditions the people could not be expected to advance. In fact it is wonderful to see them as smart as they are. One quality they have is most remarkable. All are natural

mechanics. A large electric plant is run entirely by native engineers, also many boats on the river and bay. Some 22,000 Filipinos live in boats. These are very long, shapely boats used as lighters. They are made of logs and last many years. It is not an infrequent sight to see several generations raised and living all on these cascos, perhaps having little or no experience on land.

A party of us visited the old Spanish prison. One room was especially gruesome, the execution chamber. Here it was that so many unfortunates were executed. Along the wall there are three places where the stone is scaled and indented with three circular holes about a foot deep, and about the height of a man's breast from the ground. These mark the spots where bullets pierced the wall after passing through the body of some luckless victim. A few shots are to one side or high, showing where some poor fellow in a firing squad had not the heart to assist in the murder of his friend, and so shot wild.

In the papers received in the Christmas mail I note that a Manila paper was received in Red Oak. There are some ten or twelve issued here daily. For the most part they are very badly printed on very bad paper, and their matter is far from being newsy or free from slang. Saloon advertisements occupy the largest space. It seems that no difference what climate Americans go to, some fellow will follow him with a saloon. It is strangely out of place when admiring the aged beauty of old Manila's walls to see such signs as "Drink Schlitz, the beer that made Milwaukee famous." A rightful effort is being made to stop this sign nuisance.

Our soldiers resort to some amusing means in order to pass the time in the city. About every week some regiment gives a minstrel show or a dramatic entertainment, and stag dances are also indulged in. Nebraska gave a very swell party, the invitations being printed and everything gotten up in fine style. In the list of ladies present were such names as Sergt. Mulcahy, Corporal Baumgartner, Peterson, etc., showing that nationalities were well represented. The boys ashore are making great preparations to celebrate Christmas in the good old American way. Big dinners will be in order. Many companies will entertain their corresponding letter from some other regiment. Over at Dewey's fleet they are to have all kinds of water sport and a big time in the evening.

Ed Merritt, with Captain Clark and Corporal Palmer, visited the flag ship Olympia. Ed met many friends and school-mates of his brother, Darwin. They were very glad to see him, showing every courtesy. He received permission from Col. Loper and accepted an invitation to spend a few days as a guest of the Olympia officers. Captain Clark and Major Hume were introduced to Admiral Dewey, who showed them through his apartments. They report the Admiral a most pleasant man to converse with. Otis Tyson, Sergeants Nordquist and Logan and Private Nicoll visited the Baltimore. They had a letter of introduction to one of her engineers. They took dinner on board and saw the holes made by the Spanish shells, which, luckily, did but little damage. Chas. Arnold, Lloyd Ross and Don Rathbone got some fine pictures of the fleet, also some of the wrecked Spanish cruisers. The boys are making a collection of interesting articles from the war and navy fights, and these will be put in the armory on our return. They should be of much interest.

A gunner's mate on the Olympia told us of the night when the fleet passed into Manila harbor to destroy the Spanish squadron. On board the Olympia all was dark and the men were standing by their guns. The silence was awful. He said the men's nerves were strung to the tension of fiddle strings. They were passing over a group of mines. All realized that the next moment might be their last. Once safe inside Dewey ordered a couple of negroes out with guitar and mandolin and they played "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." Never did music sound sweeter or more inspiring.

Dewey has raised three of the smaller Spanish boats and these are now being used as river and dispatch boats. Lieut. Olson, one of the officers of the ill-fated Maine, is on the Olympia. He is the man who risked his life daily in diving into the Maine's wreck. At times he had over four hundred feet of air hose attached. This wound through many passages and state rooms. One little twist or break in the air pipe would have cost him his life. He is one of those plain heroes whom the press failed to notice and the people in consequence failed to worship.

The insurgents outside the city have been making some demonstration the past week. At one point our troops and theirs were guarding at either end of a bridge. A company of

insurgents drove our sentinel back. Instructions to our men were not to shoot unless fired on first. They retired and two regiments were sent out from the barracks on double time. Matters soon quieted on their arrival. The bridge was reclaimed. Rumors were afloat that Aguinaldo would attempt an attack on the city. All the troops slept on their arms for several nights, but nothing occurred, however. The air of quiet that pervades is sometimes thought to be suspicious, so every precaution is taken to prevent a surprise.

At the present time Manila is very healthy and the troops are getting on very well. Insects cause them the most trouble. Mosquito bars are used on every bed, hammock or cot. Ants are very numerous and to prevent their getting on tables and other house furniture it is necessary to use pans of coal oil between the article and the floor.

An amusing story is told in Manila. The Spanish governor general is said to have made a request of Gen. Merritt after the city was taken, to issue an order requiring our soldiers to salute the Spanish officers. Gen. Merritt laughingly replied, "Great heavens, man, its all I can do to get these volunteers to salute me." Just for fun we saluted some Spanish officers and they returned it very gracefully, including a large smile, seeming to appreciate the joke of it.

The irrepressible American real estate agent is already on hand in Manila, offering some rare bargains in first-class investments. In the words of Hamilton White, they guarantee the values "on the honor of a real estate man." Investment companies are also being started on the co-operative stock plan. Soldiers discharged here receive some \$450. They are solicited to put this amount into stock. As walking is not good on the Pacific it will be a healthy thing to avoid investment.

It is surprising the number of Iowa men in other regiments out here. Every day there is a stream of them calling on old friends. Sometimes it seems that one-third of other regiments are old Iowa boys.

The war department must be busy answering requests for discharges. The soldiers that have been here some time feel as if they have done their duty, and are anxious to get home. Without doubt the administration would make a just and popular move to increase the regular army to sufficient strength to enable them to replace the volunteers. The volunteer soldier

grows very restless in times of peace, and it would hurt volunteer service in the future to keep them until their enlistment is out doing garrison duty. All are waiting anxiously for the news from congress on this point.

It is reported today that the government has purchased the steamship Pennsylvania. If this is true we would be glad to hear of their putting on a decent American crew from captain down. The present crew are a set of disreputable ocean tramps. They have no respect for our government or her soldiers. Only the discipline and good manners of this regiment prevents them from being badly used. One fellow remarked that he wished he had them tied to a tree with a strand of barb wire, then whip them with a whisp of honest Iowa hazel brush till they broke loose. Company M, while on guard duty at Honolulu, had orders to not allow them to leave the ship. These they enforced. Since then we have been served with scant rations from the mess department—their method of getting even.

We received sailing orders for Ilo Ilo today and will sail in the morning. The cruiser Baltimore, the transport Newport, with the Sixth regular artillery, and the Arizona with the Eighteenth regulars, will accompany us. This news was very pleasing, for at last it gives us some definite plans for the future, and, above all, a chance to land once more. No one knows just exactly what conditions we will find at Ilo Ilo. The Spanish and insurgents were at it hot and heavy at last accounts, with the insurgents in the lead. It is possible we will take a hand in the trouble, afterwards occupying the city until the happy time comes when we receive orders for home.

The regiment is in fine shape considering our long stay on ship. We haven't lost a man since we left San Francisco, Kinney, of Company H, pulled through his case of typhoid. Sergt. Nordquist is growing one of the very finest moustaches. He intends to surprise his lady friends on his return. Guy Briggs is the proud possessor of a set of sideburns. He looks like the Laird in "Trilby." John Gillmore says he left the navy and joined the army, little expecting that they would turn the army into a marine corps. Corporal Smith is fat and good natured as usual. He is taking in a little change by barbering. Ernest Bond is the recognized regimental barber, and is kept busy at all times. Harry Stevens, "our baby,"

is the youngest of the company, but I believe the most light hearted. So far he has not had a sick day, nor a blue one. Walter Hollowell's brother, Tom, is another bright, good-hearted fellow, liked by all. Ralph Robb is looking fine. He had a hard siege of it at San Francisco with bronchitis, but this left him entirely on the ocean. Wm. Morgan, our Welsh member, has the traits of his race, true and honest, consequently a good soldier. Walter Shank has fallen into the soldier's life with easy grace, his only regret being that Will Merritt didn't come along with us. The boys from Clarinda are an unusually hardy, good-natured set. Company M was fortunate in getting the whole assignment from Clarinda.

The next letter will probably be of a more warlike nature, at least that is what we expect. The boys wish to thank the good people of Red Oak for their kind remembrance on Christmas day.

UNITED STATES TRANSPORT NEWPORT, ILO ILO HARBOR, Jan. 23, 1899.—After lying nineteen days at Manila waiting orders from the war department, the weary, but patient Fifty-First Iowa regiment resumed its journey southward. We left on the morning of December 26. We were told in Manila that the trip down to Ilo Ilo was one of the most enjoyable to be had in Eastern waters, and we found this more than true. The sea was quiet and the sky clear and bright. At no time were we out of sight of land—nearly always within hailing distance of some of this numerous group of islands. The Philippine group is said to contain some 1,100 islands. This is easily understood when you see them. Some are only large rocks projecting from the water, while others are quite large, covered with the wildest kind of tropical growth, trees growing to the very water's edge. Those green islands looked very inviting to water-sick soldiers. On all sides could be heard remarks, such as, "I would give a mouth's pay for one hour's rest over on that grass."

On the afternoon of December 27 we met a ship coming from Ilo Ilo. The fleet was signalled to stop, and Gen. Miller left the Newport to confer with the ship captain, who flew a signal flag. This stop reminded me of farmer friends meeting in the road for a friendly talk, while their neighbor's team was impatiently waiting for them to make a passage way.

After an hour's wait the fleet proceeded on its way. From the Newport Gen. Miller signalled Col. Loper that he had received the information that Ilo Ilo had that day fallen into the hands of the insurgents, the Spanish army escaping from the doomed city in ships. They held the city as long as possible, daily expecting our troops to arrive and take possession of the city, thus affording them and the foreign residents the protection of our government. This one day too late will, without doubt, be the cause of much bloodshed. You will remember that we spent nineteen days at Manila waiting orders to go to Ilo Ilo, ample time for even our slow and uncertain army machinery to move, but it didn't so we were one day too late.

The expedition arrived within a few miles of Ilo Ilo which was hid behind the hills of a projecting island, on the forenoon of December 28. The "Pennsylvania" and the "Arizona" went to anchor in a convenient cove while the cruiser, dispatch boat and the Newport went into the harbor before the city. Our orders were to stay outside that night and wait for rocket signals from the General, which were to be taken as orders to pull anchor and come in. We waited all that day but no signals went up. About 7 o'clock in the evening, Adjutant General Woodward came out on a steam launch, flying the English flag, to inform Col. Loper to lay outside until morning. He reported the city quiet. Contrary to expectations the insurgents were committing no depredations. Gen. Miller held a conference with the insurgent leaders which resulted in their positively refusing to give up the city. This was thought by all to mean fight the next day. The evening of the 28th was spent in making every preparation to do battle. Arms and equipments were inspected, blankets and other effects were put in condition so as to be handled in the shortest possible time. Two hundred rounds of ammunition was issued per man, fifty of which was carried in the belt, the balance in the haversacks.

After everything was in ship shape the M boys went on deck to discuss tomorrow and enjoy the beauty of the night. So much has been said and written about the way soldiers act the night before an impending battle. So far as one could tell there was none of that nervousness or uncertainty that some sentimental people think soldiers feel on such occasions. Our

boys were all cheerful in their discussion of the outlook, in fact, the only anxiety experienced was the probability of the fight not taking place. Some fellow was kicking about the weight of the ammunition and other things we were to carry. A comrade consoled him by saying that he heard the government was soon to issue a pair of hind legs and a tail to the troops to assist them to carry weight. I don't believe any one lost any sleep that night. Next morning we pulled into Ilo Ilo harbor and took our first look at the city.

Ilo Ilo is situated on the extreme end of Panay island. The city is built on a narrow peninsula which projects in a pointed line into the strait, there being no bay or harbor, only that made by a depression or cove in Guimaras island, which is just opposite the city about a mile across the strait. The principal fortifications of the city consist of an ancient stone fort which might have done good service in the "bow and arrow" period of warfare, but would be a joke when asked to withstand an 8-inch shell from the Baltimore. The "Penn" dropped anchor just between the fort and Ilo Ilo island, perhaps a half mile from either. From deck we can distinctly see a greater part of the city, in fact we are so close that with the naked eye we can see our enemy digging trenches and piling sacks of sand in front of them as breastworks. These trenches are run in a triangular form from the rear of the old fort to the mouth of a large river which empties into the strait a distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile above the fort. This river is wide and deep enough to take vessels of fourteen feet draught. It runs in a circular direction nearly around the entire city.

The city would give any one a good impression when seen from our point. The buildings look clean and well kept. The roofs are all painted white, making the whole effect rather cheerful. The Germans who have always been inclined to meddle in our affairs during this war, were on hand ahead of us. Her cruiser "Irene" is at anchor just ahead of us. The Baltimore took her position between the city and the Germans. In her lead paint she looks desperate—kind of like a bull dog ready to leap. Her color and appearance look more like fight than the white painted German.

The boys were all on deck anxiously waiting orders to disembark, when Gen. Miller signaled Col. Loper that hos-

tilities would not open that day as another conference was to be held. It seems Gen. Miller's instructions were not to shed blood in taking the city if possible to get it otherwise. The conference resulted as did the former one, in the insurgents remaining firm. A story is told that the insurgent leader told Gen. Miller that he had his doubts about our troops being able to land by force. The General remarked that the Iowa boys had been aboard the transport nearly three months and he had every reason to believe that they would land if ordered to.

When the situation was gone over it seems that our officers saw the advantage to be gained in having a light draught boat for the purpose of going up the river, which would make shelling possible even in the very heart of the city. For that reason, a dispatch boat was sent with a request for the gun-boat "Petrel," which boat, it will be remembered, did such good work in sinking Spanish gunboats at the Pasig river during the Dewey victory. Gen. Miller is said by those who knew his record in the past, to be a man who is unwilling to sacrifice the lives of the men of his command, even if in so doing he could achieve a victory and gain honor for himself. This spirit of humanity he has shown here to his own soldiers as well as one of forebearance to his foes. Had he been a less cautious man he might have landed the day of our arrival, when he lacked knowledge of the city and its strength. Without doubt we could have easily whipped the insurgents, but not without a severe loss of our own troops. The plan of attack seems to have been arranged something like this: The Baltimore was to open by shelling the fort and the city water front. The Petrel was to proceed up the river, destroying earthworks and other fortifications, this to be followed by a small, steel steamer, the Samar, brought there from Manila. The Samar was to have mounted on her a machine and mountain gun battery, consisting of two Hotchkiss and two Gatling guns. The guns were brought down on the Newport. A detachment was asked for from the Fifty-First to man this battery. Of M company, Corporal Wm. Jeffers, Frank and Charles Arnold and myself volunteered for this purpose. Thirty in all were taken from other companies of the regiment. We were to tow a large casco loaded with G battery, Sixth Artillery. The mountain battery, being very light and easily

handled, was to land first, opening fire and covering the landing of G battery with their heavy guns. After the batteries were successfully landed, the infantry were to follow in their ship's boats under cover of the fire of the batteries. The mountain battery would then advance, supported by infantry, until the city was invested. The heavy battery, which has a range of from three to four miles, would have been planted in position where she could have shelled any fortification or trenches that might stop the infantry's advance.

Rumors were flying thick and fast while waiting for the Petrel's arrival. Some had stories that two more regiments of infantry had been sent for, but this was unfounded. The Petrel was sighted early one morning and every one was happy, but not for long, as she brought orders from Gen. Otis to delay the attack until further notice. Thus we wait from day to day, with so far no orders. News from Manila is that Aguinaldo is making trouble every day on the outposts and that they are hourly expecting a general fight. This is considered the cause of waiting here, as to start fighting here means to precipitate trouble in Manila. The policy has been to let the insurgents strike the first blow and assume the responsibility.

In the meantime our troops are not idle. Every day they are getting drill on boat rowing, which knowledge will be of much benefit when we do land. On the Newport we are going through our regular battery drill under the command of non-commissioned officers. Our guns are loaded and unloaded twice a day into the boats. We are getting it down fine. Guard duty is very strict, especially at night. Sentries are posted who watch every portion of the ship; besides this, the Arizona, Baltimore, and Petrel use their search lights, making a patrol of the stream and shore. It would be almost impossible for any craft to come out and do us harm. These lights make things they touch as bright as day. Most of the foreign residents of Ilo Ilo have left the city. Several English and German families have taken refuge on the Newport until matters are settled. Many natives have also moved out of the city with all their effects to Guimaras island. It was amusing to see them crossing, the first few days we were here. Some of the boats were leading behind them cattle (water buffalo.) The natives are to be admired as sailors. It is

said they have no equals in that line in any country. We see them with their frail out-rigger boats with great spread of canvas, only kept in balance by natives standing on the out-rigger. The breeze is measured in that way, a one-man breeze being when one man is out. Sometimes in heavy wind they have six men on the out-rigger, a six-man breeze.

New Year's day the English man-of-war, Bon Ventura, arrived. That night our band played in her honor, "Auld Lang Syne," which was responded to by a chorus from the ship of "Down on the Suwanee River." Several large English trading ships are here. These are very courteous to us. A Spanish gunboat is also here. She escaped Dewey's round-up at Manila by sneaking up some river. She looks hard—reminds one of a poor old turkey stalking through a barn-yard, the only one left after a Thanksgiving killing.

Steam launches are in great demand. They use all they can get. Wm. Jeffers and myself had quite an experience in capturing one. It was sighted crossing near the Newport. Gen. Miller sent his orderly down to hastily get a crew to capture her. Two fellows from the Eighteenth were guarding the general's launch, and Jeffers and I were standing near, guns in hand. We lost no time in getting aboard the launch and giving chase. A native crew were in our launch, and they seemed not to be trying to catch the other one. A mild hint with a rifle muzzle soon made more speed. We were scudding down the strait at a fine gait and soon overhauled her. At first she declined to stop. We were ordered to take aim at her, and right here the Ilo Ilo campaign was nearly opened, for we were itching to shoot. She came to, however, and is now added to our mosquito fleet. Jeff remarked that they had taken us from the infantry, put us in the artillery, and now they were making pirates out of us.

The ship Samar is the recipient of much good-natured raillery by all troops. She is run and manned almost entirely by men from the Fifty-First. Besides the mountain battery, some fifteen other Iowans are aboard her, and for that reason she has been dubbed the gunboat Iowa. Sergt. Henry Nordquist was in charge of her several days. Ed Pace is on her as assistant engineer. The boys of Company M regretted to see Ed leave, as he is a general favorite in the company. The Samar has a curiosity in the way of a captain, that officer

being a Spaniard. He is the only one in the service of our government. We have made him learn by experience to respect us, so he doesn't try any useless orders.

No definite information seems at hand relative to the exact strength of the insurgent army in and around Ilo Ilo. They can only make estimates from Spanish sources. These give number of men armed with rifles to be about 3,000—armed mostly with Remington and captured Mausers. The largest portion of the army use only bows and arrows, knives and spears. These knife men, about 3,000 in number, are camped below the city in a cocoanut grove which skirts the sea shore for three miles. They are very proficient in the use of their ancient weapons, using the knives to throw at a victim. The machete or cane knife is also a favorite weapon, the same kind that are used by their brothers in Cuba. It would appear from the peculiar open position of the city that it will be but little trouble to take it when we once start. The Baltimore can shell the entire city front, while the Petrel can effect a disastrous flank fire from the river. The natives have some old-fashioned artillery, muzzle loading, smooth bore cannon, with which they can do but little, even if they understood their use, which is not at all likely, so you see the probability of loss to our troops is not great. The officers fear more than the actual battle, the outpost duty which must follow occupation. The natives have the American Indians' skill in sneaking silently on a sentry at night. The Spanish learned a severe lesson from them in this respect. No danger of any of us going to sleep on post under these circumstances.

Back of the city some ten miles away runs a high range of mountains. On the side of the peak is an active volcano. It seems the moulten lava, at some inactive time, cooled, thus stopping up the crater, resulting in a break on the side. At night it sends forth a volume of fire and smoke, lighting up the adjacent hills with a lurid glare.

Guimaras island is a beautiful and fertile spot. They say some large sugar plantations are located in the interior. From our ship we can see cocoanut and banana trees with their fruit, also a good crop of wild monkeys. On the island is a village containing some 10,000 people. Some of the soldiers have landed there and received good treatment. They were invited to return and trade as long as they come

unarmed. A fine spring of pure water is near the village, and from this we get our drinking water in boats. An incident occurred one night which shows the Filipinos' treachery. Two members of G battery were guarding a water boat on which was a native crew of three men. One native asked a soldier for a cigarette, and while attempting to comply with the request, another native split his head open with a machete. In the meantime the other soldier was severely cut on the arm and knocked overboard with a heavy cudgel. All this took place while the boat was tied along side the Newport. A guard saw the man in the water and gave a shout, "man over board." The tide was running out at a terrible rate, the wind blowing with it. Chas. Arnold showed presence of mind and nerve by jumping into a boat with another soldier and going to the rescue. Signals were flashed from the Newport to the Arizona, which ship turned on her search light. Chas. Arnold soon picked up the almost unconscious man. One of the natives took to the water and escaped. The other two were arrested and are confined in irons on the Newport. One of them is the most pronounced degenerate type of mankind. His head is small and flat on top, high cheek bones, with a hard, cruel countenance. His arms reach below his knees. They say that there are many of this breed on these islands. The soldier whose head was cut has been operated on, but may not live.

We had a scare last Sunday. A boat crew, composed of Companies L and M boys, in command of Lieut. Moore, of L, left the Pennsylvania early in the morning intending to spend a few hours on the island. Ernest Dennis, Roy Gassner, John Gillmore and John Hallett were the M boys. They failed to return when night came and every ship was signaled to look out for them. Much alarm was felt for their safety, as we feared they had fallen into the hands of some bad natives ashore. All were rejoiced next morning to learn that the Petrel found them out beyond the island where they had drifted with the tide and were unable to pull back against it. They were back to the Pennsylvania at 2 a. m.

The Fifty-First is receiving universal praise from other soldiers here for their soldierly manner of taking the long confinement on the ship. This makes the 78th day and still not much prospect of landing. It is really remarkable the patience

the men show. The kicking is almost always of a comical nature. I fail to remember any other regiment with whom we were camped that would have stood the confinement as well as the Fifty-First. So far we have been singularly free from sickness, but the ship is getting foul and badly in need of a thorough cleaning and fumigation. Her provisions are holding out first rate. We had four months' rations for 1000 men when we left San Francisco. I am afraid that many of us would have been disconsolate had we been told at San Francisco that we were to stay aboard for three months.

I learn from good authority that the Fifty-First and all her detached men will be sent back and landed at Cavite within a few days. It is also said that Gen. Miller told Col. Loper that we might have to wait here two months before landing. Pending this we will go into barracks until needed, when we will return to assist in taking Ilo Ilo. This news is just out, but I think it is correct, as it would be very risky to keep the Fifty-First on the Pennsylvania much longer.

Private Nicoll is known by that humble title no longer. It is now Corporal Nicoll, he being appointed to take the place of Corporal Harry Cook. The boys call him the baby corporal. Corporal Jas. Windsor is holding a responsible position on the ship. He is in charge of the fatigue duty, that is, seeing to keeping things clean.

Company M's academy is now started, under the management of Prof. Martin, formerly of the Clarinda high school, Corp. Nicoll assisting. They will teach all the regular branches, giving the boys who left school a chance to keep up their work.

We enjoyed a visit from the paymaster last Friday, the 19th. This is our first pay day since we started on the trip and it was a very welcome event. Old debts were settled, and a general all-around good feeling pervaded. Captain Clark told me that, with the money sent home in paymaster's checks, that left on deposit with the paymaster, and that left on deposit with himself, amounted in all to \$2,450; rather a good showing for the boys of Company M. It shows that they do not squander their pay. One thing we did and that was to make some purchases of food for the commissary.

Otis Tyson and Sergeant Nordquist heard from the states that their letters from Honolulu required additional postage to

the amount of 30 cents for each letter. This is hard to account for. One thing is certain, and that is that it will require a Miss Dividend to receive and pay for their correspondence. Lieutenant Logan is not looking his best, as he has been the victim of a slight malaria fever. He is taking quinine in large doses and soon hopes to be better. Chas. Goldsberry and Ed Merritt (the parson) preside over the distribution of our mess. Once in a while they relieve the monotony of the diet by making potato salad, at which they are experts.

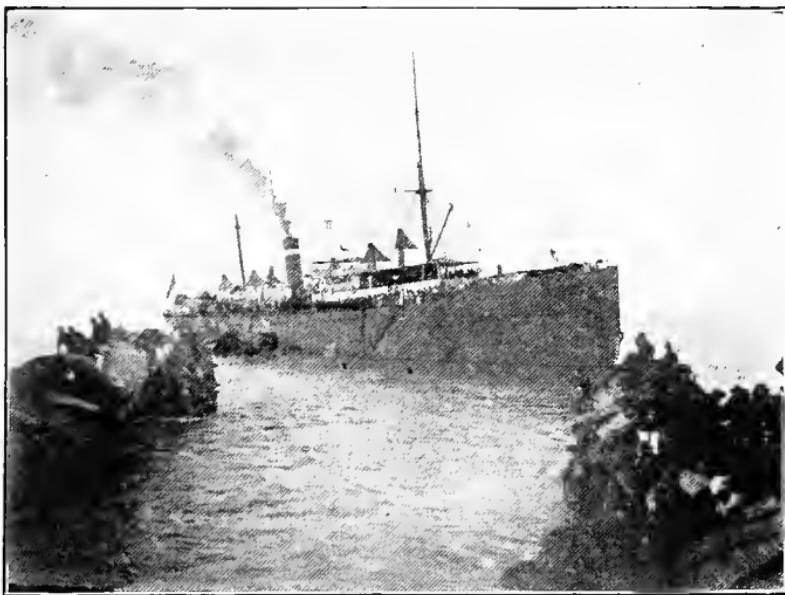
Ed Pitner has been confined in the hospital with fever, the result of vaccination, which was very severe on him.

Corporal Zuber is hale and good natured. It is amusing to hear him attempt to talk Spanish to the natives. After all attempts fail he turns away in disgust, and says that these natives don't know their own language. Corporals Palmer, Elwood, Lane, Privates Sandell and Chas. Olson visited Guimaras island the other day. They found much of interest, among other things, a collection of our civil war generals. This was in the house of an old Englishman who was married to a native wife. The whole family had visited America, and some of the children talked our language. They also saw some native wild soldiers. These were the regular savage type, having rings in their noses, and armed with spears. They offered no violence whatever to the boys. The island natives have learned that there is profit in friendliness. At first none of them came out to the ship. Now they are here by the dozens selling eggs, fruit and cigars. The prices have been raised enormously since our arrival. One native actually wanted 25 cents for a single egg. The former price was about 10 cents a dozen.

Sergeant Ed Rose is in line with this climate. At least it suits him physically, as he is growing very fleshy. Sergeant Wm. Hiett is also looking well. He enjoys himself conversing with the natives. He is getting a stock of Filipino to use on the boys on his return.

The boys are, we are happy to say, all in good spirits, and are looking forward to the happy time when we land; also to a day, sometime in the future, which will be one of the happiest of our lives—the day when we put foot on good old Iowa soil again.

FORT SAN PHILLIPPI, CAVITE, P. I., February 3, 1899.—The ocean wanderings of the Fifty-First Iowa, we are thankful to say, are at an end. This body of troops has long since passed through all the stages of despair of ever putting foot again on good solid ground. For a long time it seemed to us that there was no spot on this wide world where we could lay down our mortal self and call it land; no spot of green earth where we could pitch our tent, be welcome and stay even for a short time. All things have an end; so did our long voyage.



UNITED STATES TRANSPORT PENNSYLVANIA ARRIVING AT CAVITE AFTER ITS CRUISE OF NINETY DAYS, FEBRUARY 2, 1899.

We passed down the gang plank of the Pennsylvania, boarded the cascacos and took our "adios" from the ship that we had learned to hate, with no feelings of regret. This was on Thursday, February 2. We left San Francisco November 3, so our time on the transport was over ninety days. This record stands without a parallel in our country's history of transporting troops, and so far as information can be obtained, is unequalled for time by any other troops of the world. The record is remarkable from the additional fact that when we

landed, only one man was sick in the hospital out of over 1,000 troops. German and English military attaches who were on Gen. Miller's staff at Ilo Ilo consider it marvelous. They have made reports to their respective governments, giving account of the time and all the conditions that surrounded us on board the ship. The Fifty-First feels justly proud of this record; also of the fact that we have been farther from the United States than any other volunteer troops.

We left Ilo Ilo the morning of January 29, after a month's stay in that harbor. This stay was made doubly long by the every day anticipation of landing, which always resulted in disappointment. It was no pleasant feature of our long wait to see the Filipino flag floating in the breeze as if in defiance of us. The Filipino flag has the same colors as our own, the design, only, being different. It has a blue bar on top and a red underneath, with a small white triangle in the center against the flag staff. We left Ilo Ilo for the reason that the campaign was temporarily abandoned at that point. The Eighteenth regulars and the artillery remained. They may have to stay a month yet before things open up there. In view of our long stay on the ship it was thought advisable to land us for fear sickness might break out. Before leaving, Col. Loper had the assurance of Gen. Miller that we would be sent for just as soon as hostilities were opened.

The trip up was pleasant, but uneventful. When we pulled into Manila bay we received attention from all the boats in the harbor. As we passed the Olympia her band played in our honor. The sailors seem to regard our regiment as part of their own organization from the fact of our long water experience. We reached land about 1:30 p. m. Lieutenant French, who was in command, gave us a few minutes to rest, but we didn't rest. We acted like colts turned from a dry lot into a clover field. The boys were rolling on the grass, chasing each other around and going through all manner of childish capers that might have been undignified for soldiers, but it was the vent for feeling which could be expressed in no other way.

After the frolic we lined up for the march to our quarters. Each man took the place in which he had formerly drilled. This was another pleasant occasion; smiles were passed all along as each fellow regarded his old marching partner and remembered the long drills they had measured together. With

the order "right forward, fours right, march!" we went into the cadence of long ago for our quarters. Fortunately, we had not far to go, only about half a mile, which we did, with our heavy loads, with the greatest ease. The heat was awful in the sun and you will remember that we had no land legs. A long journey would have been very severe on us. Our dogs, Bob and Dewey, were badly affected a few moments after landing, Dewey especially so, as he fainted three times and we thought he was dead. He pulled through. Through the gate of the walled city and across the parade ground we marched, then through a sally-port and into another enclosure and we were in our quarters.

The quarters are far better than we expected. In fact, they are first-class in every respect. They were built for the Spanish soldiers and are well appointed for the purpose. The privates of Companies E and M occupy a long stone building, 160x65 feet. This building is fitted with racks for guns, hangers for clothing, etc. Outside the building are the mess outfits, wash rooms and other items of convenience. Our non-commissioned officers occupy the upper story of a fine old building, the lower floor of which is used for an army and navy powder magazine. Our officers and those of Company E live in another building, formerly the home of Spanish officers. This building is very fine outside and in. Between the officers' building and our own is a large court or plaza. The walks are lined with borders of cannon balls and blank shells of various sizes. Flower beds and tropical trees are scattered through the plaza, giving it quite a homelike appearance, were it not for the deadly look of cannon balls and the savage muzzles of some twenty dismounted cannon that are scattered about the place.

This place, while inside the city walls, has an additional protection in the way of a rampart or fort which runs at an acute angle with the city wall, which makes our quarters a walled enclosure, the walls being about ten feet thick, of solid masonry, and about twenty feet high. The fact that the powder magazine is located here accounts for the wonderful strength of the fortifications. In the center of the plaza is the well, which is fed from pipes connected with the waterworks. That is the Spanish method of doing things. They build elaborately but lack ideas on convenience. A wash house is located near

the well for the purpose of fresh water bathing. Near the officers' building is the grawsome evidence of what was not long ago an execution wall, against which, the natives say, many of their number met speedy death. For the Filipino residents our little court and its ancient buildings have many superstitions connected with the departed spirits of their dead. These things are out of line with the prosaic, practical ideas of Americans who are at present more on watch for the living than the dead. It does, though, seem out of the fitness of things to see a big American guard walking the tops of the old walls that a few months ago seemed to the Spanish as invulnerable as Gibraltar.

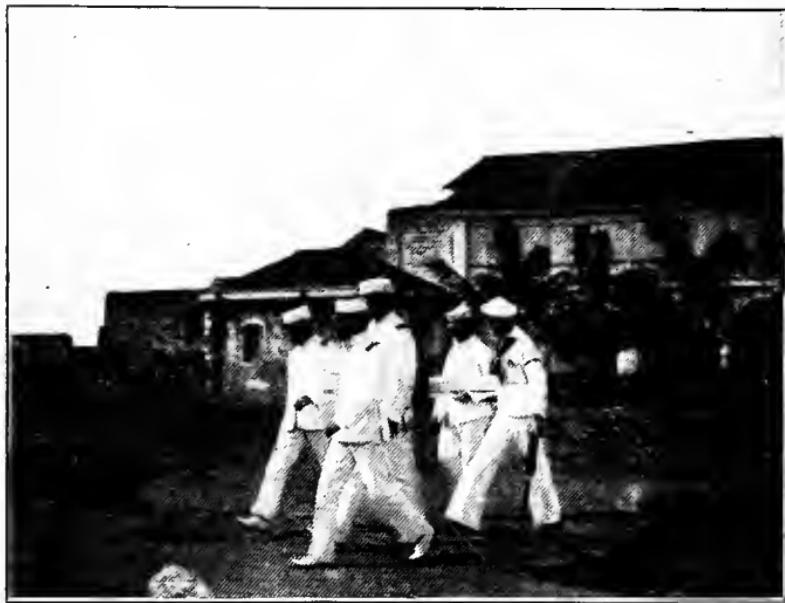
The first night of our landing we turned in very tired, after carrying all our baggage from the landing (no other means was at hand) and we rolled in our blankets to enjoy our first night ashore. But our enemy, the mosquitos, thought otherwise. They began their work early and kept it up till morning. Very few slept at all. Most of us walked in the court smoking and indulging in some choice epithets on this most vigorous breed of insects. The next night, through the combined efforts of Lieut. French and Sergt. Rose, we were issued mosquito bars, and in consequence enjoyed some sleep.

We are living again, that is, we have commenced to eat. Corp. Pitner is at work again and our stomachs have begun to assure us that they are not empty. Another blessing for which we are thankful is that we no longer have that direful word "Gangway" ringing in our ears. On board ship, where we were crowded like cattle in a car, some tramp ship officer would hurl his unsteady person at a group of men, then shout "Gangway." These pleasant gentlemen have not made us a visit as yet. If they do we will see that they are warmly entertained. At present we are sleeping on the floor, but today Captain Clark went to the city to try and get us bamboo cots. These are made in the Manila penitentiary for the use of soldiers.

So far we have been too busy to see much of the city or surroundings but will do so at the first opportunity. The other companies of the Fifty-First regiment are quartered in other parts of the city and all report themselves well pleased with the outlook here. Cavite has the reputation of being a much healthier place than Manila or Malate and for this reason

all the troops desire this as a location. It was given to us on account of our long and severe trip. Tennessee and one battalion of the Wyoming regiment moved from here to make room for the Fifty-First.

Col. Loper is in command of this post, having charge of the Nevada cavalry, the California heavy artillery and D battery Sixth regular light artillery. Cavite is Admiral Dewey's headquarters and also headquarters for the naval station. They occupy, in connection with our regimental officers, the



ADMIRAL DEWEY AND NAVAL OFFICERS PASSING THROUGH COMPANY M QUARTERS, CAVITE.

palace of the former Spanish governor. The navy yard is situated just back of us. I have not visited it yet but will do so.

Admiral Dewey, while on his way to the city, passed through our court. He stopped Ernest Dennis, who was drawing water from the well, and told him in a most pleasant manner, to be sure and boil it before using. He also stopped a guard at the sally-port and asked to what regiment he belonged. When told the Iowans, he pleasantly remarked, "Well, then you belong to the marine corps." Admiral Dewey is as great

a man in peace as in war. He is universally loved by all his men in spite of the fact that he is a strict disciplinarian. The soldiers here say that he has done everything in his power to help them in every way. He is by far the most popular American this side of the Pacific.

A TRIP TO ISLAND OF CEBU.

Before leaving Ilo Ilo the gunboat, Iowa (Samar), accompanied the transport St. Paul (which arrived from Manila with 650 prisoners, Spanish native soldiers, called "Rurals,") to a landing place 100 miles south of Ilo Ilo. These prisoners were a burden on our government, as we had to feed them. Most of them came from the neighborhood of Ilo Ilo but their people refused to allow them to land there as they were ex-Spanish soldiers and enemies of the insurgents. They had to be landed some place so the St. Paul with the "Samar" and her mountain battery were sent along as an escort. Corporal Will Jeffers and myself were with the detail. We were down in the hold several times watching the prisoners, many of whom had their wives and families with them. Before they left Manila they received their discharge from the Spanish army and three years' pay, which amounted to the munificent sum of five dollars (Mex). With this capital they were employed in backing their luck on the monte game, the women and children taking equal interest. All seemed happy and thoughtless, although they were soon to be landed on an island of which they knew nothing or nobody. The "Samar" being very small, was taken in tow by the St. Paul. The trip was made in good time and we were soon at an island that had a long sandy shore that would make a good landing place. Before reaching it we cleared our guns for action, not knowing what we were to meet in the attempt to land. This precaution proved unnecessary. As we drew nearer we saw only a few naked natives along the beach. These seemed too lazy to make resistance. The prisoners were landed in small boats without difficulty. We left them a few provisions and next morning said "adios." They seemed perfectly unconcerned as to their future prospects. The island is prolific, as are all others here, in growth of wild bananas and cocoanuts, so they probably fared all right.

We spent the night at anchor off shore. I never remember such a night. We were in a narrow strait with densely covered mountains on each side. The moon lit the whole scene with splendid light and we could hear the birds singing and the monkeys chattering on shore the whole night through. Next morning we started on our return. About fifty miles out we ran into a heavy wind which caused the "Samar" to plunge and tug fearfully at the tow line which broke three times. Finally the wench to which the line was tied broke. This resulted in our being cut adrift and then we had some sea experience. The St. Paul left us and we started back with our own steam, Ed. Pace being at the engine. We had some rough riding and no mistake. The waves were running very high and a driving rain poured down on us. The "Samar," being of Spanish vintage, showed all the submarine tendencies for which Spanish boats are famous. At times the water was dashing over her decks and her prow was entirely submerged. An Irish sailor who was with us, said, "I have crossed the Atlantic in a coal barge, but this is the first time I was ever sent to sea in a tin wash tub." We were very glad to reach the Newport in safety.

The boys of Company M are all in splendid health. Chas. Dillon has reported for duty from the Manila hospital, which makes our company complete again and every man on duty. We received our mail the day of our arrival, also the papers, which were eagerly searched for the home news. A mail here means something. It brings a glad smile to the faces of those who are lucky, and to the unfortunates who are not, a cold look and a curt "well, I didn't expect any."

CHAPTER X.

FIRST CALL TO ARMS.

FORT SAN PHILIPPI, CAVITE, P. I., Feb. 15, 1899.—The anxious strain of months is over and no one is more glad than such is the case than our soldiers. Since May 1, 1898, they have done duty within a few hundred yards of this motley gang of revolutionists who have the effrontery to call themselves soldiers of the Philippine Republic, which republic existed only on paper. For a time the press and public of the United States have tried to make themselves believe that Aguinaldo and his followers were our friends and allies, but the soldiers who have watched their daily preparation for war, were not for a moment surprised at the action which culminated in a battle on the night of February 4th, thus opening for us another struggle, "The American-Filipino war." The conditions which have existed for these months could hardly have ended otherwise. Two armies, like two jealous women, could hardly occupy the same ground long without difficulty ensuing. Peace might have been established had Aguinaldo been less like Caesar, "ambitious," and his followers intelligent enough to realize that our government meant only their good. Aguinaldo had dreams of a kingdom, and his men, lately flushed with what they considered their own victory over the Spanish, had begun to presume that the kind treatment that they have received at the hands of the "Americanos" was due to the fact that we were afraid of them. How wrong their estimate was of the American soldier can best be attested by a view of their rice fields covered with the bodies of their dead brothers.

For the past month the insurgent forces have gradually assumed the aggressive and as far as I can at present learn the fight was started in this manner: The Nebraska regiment was in camp up the Pasig river at Santa Mesa doing outpost

duty. They were continually bothered by the insurgents crossing their lines in spite of repeated orders not to do so. On the night of February 4th at 10:30 a squad of iusurgents started through the Nebraska outposts. The sentry, obeying orders, first called, "halt." This was unheeded, whereat the sentry fired a shot into the air. This was answered by a volley from the insurgents. Soon a general fire was opened on all the outposts, the Nebraska men retiring to their reserve. With the insurgents this was undoubtedly a premeditated move. Another thing that goes to show that they were only waiting for a chance to open hostilities is the fact that but a few days before all the Filipino clerks and laborers employed by our government were not to be found at their accustomed work. They had gone out to take their places in the army. I simply state these things to prove to those whose views might be Puritanical, that what followed the opening of this battle was not slaughter, but simply the price the perpetrators paid for ignorance and fanaticism.

I shall not try at the present time to tell much about the battle of Manila. In fact in the states you know more of the details than do we who were only seven miles from the scene of action. The papers here are very poor affairs and from them we can get but little information and that extremely unreliable. The first intimation we had of the fight was at 10:40 in the night, we were awakened by the voice of Captain Clark and First Sergeant Hawkins. After all were thoroughly awake Captain Clark informed us that a battle was on in Manila and that his orders were to wake his men and tell them to put on their clothes and have equipments at hand so as to be ready for a hasty formation should we be called. A few whispered words and well pleased smiles passed around while we were getting into our clothes, after which most of the boys calmly fell to sleep. A few of us went to the top of our wall and from the ramparts viewed the silent fleet of Dewey and watched the fires which were already wiping out the native dwellings which surround the city. We could hear once in awhile the rattle of volley firing from musketry. That was all of the tragic drama we could witness until daylight.

The sound of reveille was not necessary next morning to awaken the men. At 5 o'clock all were on the wall in time to see the fleet, which was lying at our feet, move over to the city

front. The monitor Monadnock took her position near the shore line of Malate, the Charleston and Concord went to the left of Manila in front of Malabon, and the Olympia, Dewey's flagship, went directly in front of the city where signals could be seen by the entire fleet. A dim mist hung along the shore, so the ships could be seen only in outline. Through this haze we caught a glimpse of the first shots of the bombardment. First a puff of smoke, an interval of several seconds, and then a muffled roar of the Monadnock's 10-inch gun which seemed to make the wall on which we stood tremble. The shots from the Monadnock were soon followed by more from the Charleston and Concord. A wind came up by this time which cleared the fog and before us was a thrilling scene, to witness which paid one for the hardships which we have passed through. The city was burning in a dozen places; the shells from the ships were throwing up great clouds of dust and debris at every shot. In the cessation of cannonading, field artillery could be heard. When their reports ceased the patter of infantry firing rang out clear and distinct. All this time we were anxiously waiting to hear of the actual condition in the city to know if our comrades were dying and needed our help. Of one thing we were certain, that Admiral Dewey and his men were not wasting powder and shot. We knew that nothing in the way of life could exist in that rain of shot and shell.

Orders were issued to allow no one, even officers, out of Cavite, but by special permission, however, Chas. Binns and myself were permitted to go over to the city on the government launch. We left shortly after noon and by this time the Charleston had moved to a position near the Monadnock. The government boat passed near her bow and on deck we could see the men at work at the guns. They had more the appearance of men at target practice than men from whose guns every shot was dealing awful death. From this point we could trace every shot and note the effect of the shells as they bursted over on the shore. Tons of earth was thrown into the air, the whole, together with smoke from the shells, would tower skyward impelled by awful force. On shore General Otis was signaling the exact position of the enemy, so that every shot was put with deadly accuracy. We reached the city expecting to find it all excitement, but in this we were disappointed. The streets were almost deserted, most of the native population

having joined their forces. A few soldiers were patrolling the streets. In front of the public buildings were groups of clerks and officers, mostly detached men who were disgusted at not being able to be at the front. All of them were armed, as were the English and American civilians, the latter having their favorite Winchester lying across their laps. All wore a determined look. They were ready at any time to cut loose should the occasion require. It seems that at first the natives thought our troops would nearly all be required at the front and this would give them an opportunity to sack and kill in the city. This they tried in the forenoon and as a result some fifty were strewn about the streets. One major of the quartermaster's department, while driving through the streets with his wife, was tackled by two Filipinos, both of whom he dispatched without stopping his horses.

In an attempt to get out to the front we were told that no one was allowed to leave the city as many insurgents had fallen into the roads behind our troops and these were located in trees, picking off all passers. From wounded soldiers returning from the firing line we received the information that gallant old Colonel Smith, of the First Tennessee regiment, had died of heart trouble. He had ran at double time out ahead of one battalion of his regiment, ordered "halt," then dropped dead. He was a large, portly man, unused to such violent exercise and so he gave up his life for the country he had once fought against, but now loved. Many stories were being told among these groups of men. One Kansas sergeant, while conducting a detachment of wounded men to the city, was attacked. He escaped uninjured after killing five of the enemy. A Wyoming soldier had the thumb and first finger nearly cut off by a machete. He killed his man and then tried to reload his gun, but it fell from his hands. His wound was dressed by the use of a first aid bandage and he refused to go to the hospital. He started back to the city with a revolver, captured a native's horse and wagon and was busy all day hauling tobacco to the men who were fighting.

Many incidents like the above are told of this battle and its heroes. The Filipinos fought with the desperation characteristic of the Malay race. They had no regard whatever for the customs of civilized warfare. Red Cross nurses and the wounded were fired on whenever the opportunity presented.

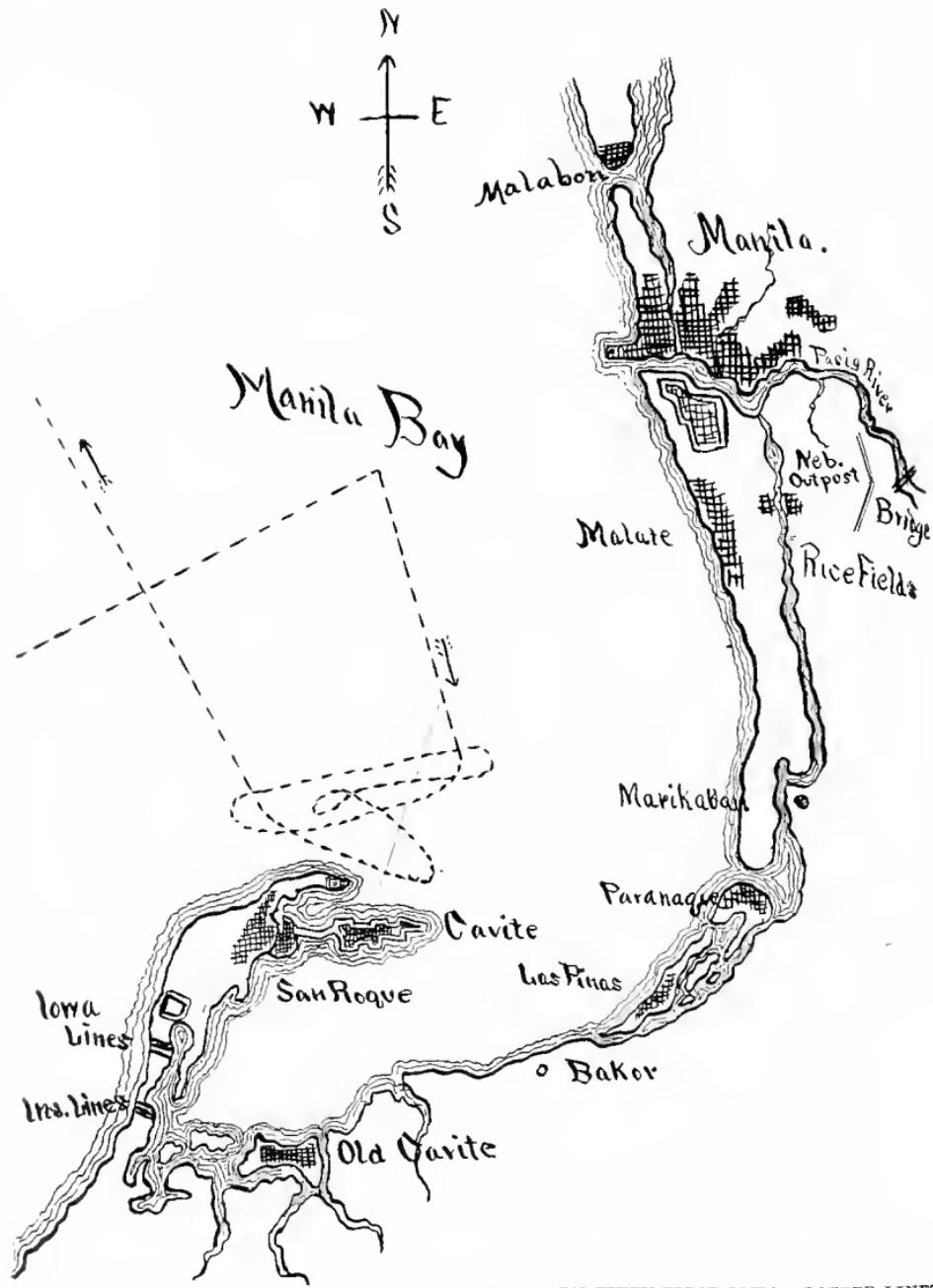
In more than one case they put the white flag over their trenches, only to stop the firing, then shoot at our men who would expose themselves. A major of the Fourteenth regular infantry was killed in this way with a squad of men who were with him. This made the Fourteenth frantic and it is said that in a charge that followed 1,200 natives were left on the field dead or wounded. A captain, Dr. Young, of the Utah battery, was killed and his body mutilated in the most horrible manner, and this while bending over a wounded man. The natives show all the brutality learned from the Spaniards with the added cruelty suggested by their own savage nature. Our troops have always thought that they hadn't the courage to stand before artillery but in this they were mistaken. It is possible that no body of men ever before stood the gallant fire from land and sea that these men did in the rice fields back of Malate or the woods at Malabon to the left of Manila. For nearly three whole days our ships poured shell into them, only stopping their fire for the guns to cool. Think of what this means when a great body of men were huddled together, mostly in close order formation, for that is their favorite way of fighting. A captain at the custom house told me that he saw a battalion numbering some three hundred men literally annihilated by one shell from the Charleston. One moment he saw them manouvering, the next all were down.

For the first three days the battle raged furiously but now the fighting is mostly skirmish work. Our men gained every day and at no time did they lose a position by retreat. It is said that the insurgents are in such numbers that to kill them only means an instant vacancy in their ranks which is filled by other men waiting for their dead comrades' guns. Our troops have charged them repeatedly with fixed bayonets, the flash of sharp steel having more terrors for them than the more deadly shot. They fall back and mass together, then the artillery is used on them with deadly effect. How long this battle continues depends entirely on Aguinaldo. Every day he sends word to General Otis that he wants to quit. Invariably he is answered that his request will be granted whenever he is willing to march his army in and have them stack their arms in front of our arsenal. To desist now means to lose all we have gained by these tremendous efforts, to have the sacrifice of these brave young Americans who lost their

lives in this battle count for naught. Should General Otis listen to the whining plea of Aguinaldo, matters would again remain the same as before the battle was fought and in the meantime the insurgents would have a chance during the lull to reorganize their scattered forces and possibly receive further help from Germany or some other power who has, without question, already supplied them with arms, ammunition, and perhaps money. They are savages like our Indians and our government has learned from that source that a thorough whipping is the only remedy for their trouble.

I enclose a map drawn by Chas. Arnold from Admiral Dewey's map of Manila bay. This map shows the east and a portion of the south side of the bay and may be useful in giving a correct idea of the battle ground and the part the Fifty-First Iowa played in the affair. The battle started opposite the bridge, marked "Nebraska outposts." From that point the insurgent forces have been split, part of them driven toward Malabon. The greater body, however, are now being driven by our troops past the town of Paranaque. It is presumed that they will try to make a last stand at or near Cavite, the birthplace of Aguinaldo. Once there it means utter extermination or an attempt to break into San Roque or flee to the mountain range back of the sea coast, some twenty miles distant. From Cavite to Manila along the shore line is thirty-five miles, though by water it is only seven miles, so our troops are about half-way between the two places. The dotted lines on the map show the evolutions made by Dewey's fleet in the battle with the Spanish fleet on May 1, 1898. The wrecks of the Spanish boats are scattered around Cavite's seaboard.

The Fifty-First Iowa were an unsettled, uneasy lot of soldiers during this week of continuous battle. Officers and men chafed under the impression that we were to have no part in the affair, other than to guard Cavite and the magazine. In this we were agreeably disappointed. We heard our first "call to arms" Sunday evening, the 5th, and the cheerful, ready way in which the men responded was gratifying to witness. For four days we waited after that, sleeping with our clothes on and arms near at hand. On Wednesday evening the 8th, Admiral Dewey came into Cavite to confer with Colonel Loper, and as a result they informed the insurgent forces of



PORTION OF MANILA BAY—EXPLAINING PART TAKEN BY FIFTY-FIRST IOWA. DOTTED LINES SHOW EVOLUTIONS OF DEWEY'S FLEET MAY 1, 1898.—DRAWN BY C. E. ARNOLD.

San Roque that they must either evacuate that city by nine the next morning or the city would be shelled. San Roque was an insurgent stronghold, some 5,000 infantry and 700 mounted cavalry holding the place. It was important also from the fact that they were the insurgents' reserve to assist them in making their last stand. A glance at the map will show plainly the position of San Roque and Cavite. The two places are connected by a narrow strip of land about sixty feet wide and three hundred and fifty yards long. From our end of this causeway we could see the insurgents' sentries walking their posts in front of a strong block house; we could also see their cavalry going through their mounted drill.

The night of Wednesday was an anxious time for Iowa soldiers as we knew that next morning we were to see trouble. Shortly before nine o'clock Cavite was all bustle. Sweating men were pulling heavily loaded ammunition wagons to the headquarters of the various companies; mounted orderlies were furiously riding native ponies back and forth carrying orders. The band had laid aside their instruments and were going through a litter drill with the hospital corps. One was thrilled with all this dash, this spice of military preparation for battle. A soldier first felt exultant, then his thoughts changed to the realization of what all this meant. It was war in reality. Perhaps by tomorrow he would be dead. But, somehow, even this didn't seem to him as it would in private life. The thought lacked its former dread. From across the parade ground comes the bugle call "assembly," and the next instant his company was lined up, "fours" counted, the order "fours right, march," and then the soldier forgot that he was a man and realized that he was only a small part of a great machine. He knew then why the suggestion of death lacked its former terrors. In those months of drill and military instruction his brain had been trained as well as his body.

Captain Clark told me next day that he was never so proud of Company M as on this morning. Every man sprang to his place; every gun and bayonet was shining, and on every man's face there was that look that told me he was ready to do his duty. The Second battalion marched to the outposts at the end of the causeway and then halted for half an hour waiting orders. Companies M and L were ordered to cross. Arriving at the San Roque end of the causeway we came in contact with

fire which the insurgents started in all parts of the city before leaving. On each side of the main street the buildings were fast being consumed. The heat from them was so great that our companies were required to take to the beach to make headway. As we marched down the beach we encountered piles of burnt debris which fell from buildings. This compelled us to resort to wading in the water. In front of our little column was the California heavy artillery slowly dragging a machine gun battery through the water, the men submerged to their



THE BURNING OF SAN ROQUE.

waists. Once on solid ground again we had a chance to look around and view the conflagration which was fast eating up what was once a fine, well-built city. Flames were everywhere; the sky was clouded with dense black smoke; buildings were falling on all sides. Added to this was the spiteful crack of exploding cartridges left in the deserted houses. The wind shifted and we caught a blast of this awful heat full in the face. The position we were to take was at the other side of the city, and for this point made at double quick. In this run

we passed through streets so narrow as to allow only four men abreast and here we actually ran a gauntlet of fire. Houses on each side of us were ablaze, the air was stifling. For five blocks this continued and then we arrived at a cross street where it was comparatively cooler. A halt was ordered. The men looked like they had come out of a furnace. Gun barrels were so heated as to make them uncomfortable to hold. A few minutes, only, we rested, when the officers discovered that we were liable to soon find ourselves in the center of another line of heat. Another rush was made and we were in a lane leading to the suburbs where we stopped for a rest, and right glad we were to escape the terrible heat. We took a good drink of water from our canteens and ate a few hardtacks.

This point was by no means the better part of San Roque, but even here the deserted houses we visited showed many marks of luxury. In some were the finest mahogany furniture, heavy carved tables and beds, the walls were hung with pictures and valuable trinkets of all kinds were scattered about the floor, showing that their owners had made a hasty retreat. These houses were of native construction, made of thatch and bamboo, yet in many of them were fine pianos of Spanish make. Martin, of Clarinda, secured a fine Italian harp, a bass drum and several fine brass horns—rather a valuable collection. These he managed to get over to our quarters. Many of our boys got souvenirs of some value. It seemed a shame to leave all this property at the mercy of the flames, which were fast coming that way.

At 12 o'clock we were again on the move, and marched to the former palace of the Spanish governor. This splendid building was just in the act of falling as we reached it. Here we met the Third battalion of our regiment, under command of Major Moore, Companies C and E of our battalion, the California heavy artillery and the Nevada dismounted cavalry. Our further movements were directed by Major Rice, of the artillery. An amusing thing occurred here. Several dozen prisoners had been captured, and when asked what disposition should be made of them, Major Rice said: "Take them along as 'tasters.' Make them drink the water, wait ten minutes and see if they live, then our men can drink." A rumor was out that our enemy had poisoned some of the wells before leaving. Rather a trying experiment on prisoners. From this

point the peninsula of San Roque was thoroughly scoured for insurgents. The command was thrown into a skirmish line which reached from water to water. Company M had an important position, the extreme left of the line. Our third and fourth sections, under Sergeant Hiett and Sergeant Ed Rose, with Lieutenant Logan in command, formed our skirmish party, the balance of the company following as a reserve. This skirmish line passed through some places that seemed almost impossible. The ground was a perfect tangle of wild growth; vines and trees were entwined together so that the men were required to crawl, break down and climb over all manner of obstructions. Some places were swampy, and through these they waded as best they could. During all this time we momentarily expected to come up with the enemy and possibly be ambushed by them. Major Hume was at the front of the line at all times, even helping the men through difficult places. Several prisoner were gathered in the round-up.

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon we reached the San Roque end of the next causeway that connected it with the district of Old Cavite. This was the point of vantage aimed at, but no one anticipated that it could be so quickly reached by so small a force. The insurgents had passed over this same four miles of ground but a few hours before. The point as indicated on the map, (Iowa lines) is a position of the greatest importance, being a narrow neck of land about a mile and a half long. Should the insurgents be driven out past Cavite this causeway is their only possible outlet on this side of the bay. The narrowness of it makes it an easy place to guard, as well as a splendid place to work a gatling gun battery, which we planted at its entrance. Went into camp that night in a small deserted village. At its entrance was a decorated arch constructed fancifully of bamboo, which was intended to adorn the pathway of the conqueror, Aguinaldo, when he returned from his victory over the Americans at Manila and passed on his way to assume control of the cities of San Roque and Cavite. If he passes through this arch any time soon the gay decorations will give way to crape. This village had a goodly stock of razor-back hogs and a few chickens. These we appropriated for Uncle Sam's commissary department. Our only food washardtack and we needed meat. We were rather tired in the evening, but when a call to arms sounded every

man was in line, our station being some two hundred yards distant. When the whole command was in line Major Rice smiled, looked at his watch and said: "That's pretty good; it took only four and one-half minutes to make the formation." He also complimented his forces on the perfect work of the afternoon and then dismissed us. Captain Clark was officer of the day. He was up all that night personally seeing to the outposts, also conducting a complete patrol of the camp so as to insure its safety.

On the very spot where we camped the insurgents surrounded 800 Spanish soldiers and killed them. Company M was honored next morning by being selected to furnish a scouting party to make maps and give information of the enemy's position across the causeway. The party consisted of Corporal Wm. Jeffers, Privates Martin, Enfield, Nelson, Binns, Evan Evans, Moulton and myself, with Lieut. Logan in command. This party went cautiously across the causeway, and taking notes of every important feature of the surroundings through which we passed. We went so close to the insurgent lines that we could hear them in conversation but a short distance away and could see their sentinels walking their different posts. In that way we got splendid information as to their position. It was a ticklish place to get in and more so to stay in, which we did for over an hour and a half. The intrepid Lieut. Logan was calmly seated on an empty ammunition box giving Martin directions about the map which they were making. This map was sent to Admiral Dewey. It gives him an outline of the enemy's position which he will shell when the troops from Manila drive the insurgents down our way. The Second battalion was temporarily relieved the next night, when we returned to our quarters. We will return to the trenches as soon as needed there, the battery and the Third battalion being amply sufficient to guard the place until the ball opens at this end.

The boys of M are in fine fighting condition, not a man off duty and all in splendid spirits. Many of them are the sons of men who have seen lots of war, and, like their heroic sires, they are capable and willing to fight or work for their country. Guard duty in Cavite is of a dangerous order. Nearly every native is an insurgent soldier. Our government has some 300 of them in the navy yard. Most of these have

joined Aguinaldo's army and the balance are ready to sneak up on our men and stab them. Carl Cook had such an experience one night recently. While on guard along the pier he caught sight of a native crawling up on him from behind. He wheeled and called, "halt!" The human reptile not obeying, he gave him two shots, one of which took effect. The body dropped over into the bay and was not found. Next morning blood stains could be traced on the pier. The guard book shows one man killed. Carl is to be commended for his cool-headedness in that trying moment. While no man takes pleasure in killing his fellow man, yet there are times when self-defense requires it. Carl's action was highly commended by all the officers. From letters received from Red Oak it is evident that the folks thought about half of Company M were exterminated at Ilo Ilo. The campaign there is not yet opened and may not be until things are settled here. From what we know of Filipino marksmanship they are not very dangerous. The result of the battle here shows that. It is reported that our total loss in seven days fighting so far has amounted to only seventy-five killed out of some 18,000 engaged. The enemy's loss is variously estimated to be from four to seven thousand. After the fight here is over I will try to get the best information possible and write of it.

CHAPTER XI.

GUARD DUTY.

FORT SAN PHILIPPI, CAVITE, P. I., March 1, 1899.—San Roque has been the mecca of souvenir hunters since our capture. Every chance of a visit to the ruined city was eagerly taken, with the result that our quarters look like a prosperous second-hand store. Every conceivable article from jewelry to bedsteads were secured; machetes and knives enough to stock a large Filipino army; Spanish and insurgent uniforms and rich Panay clothes formerly worn by the señoritas.

San Roque is a charred and blackened mass of ruins. The only things standing are the remnants of some old-fashioned Moorish-built houses and a grand old church, which dates its construction back to the year 1639. These fine buildings stand roofless, their solid old walls still erect and defiant. It was a strange sort of frenzy that possessed these mad people when they fired all this valuable property. The bent and twisted frames of many fine pianos are lying around, and most curious of all is the remains of a late model Miehle printing press of American make. At first the boys hunted in the ashes for things, but some one discovered that the articles of value had been buried. In most cases these were found about three feet under ground and the small articles, like china and clothes, were nicely packed in chests. The provost guard confiscated the things of real commercial value for the government, but many articles that will be valuable as presents and relics we secured to present our friends on our return.

It seems strange at first that the natives were living in such luxury, but this was easily accounted for. Cavite is a large arsenal, fort and naval station, and San Roque was the home of all the officers and their retinue. Spanish officers in the Philippines spent the "pesos" sent by Spain for island im-

provements in surrounding themselves with every luxury. After Dewey sent the Spanish ships to "Davy Jones' locker" the lordly Don failed to even fold his tent before his departure. At his heels were the long abused Filipinos, thirsting for revenge. The Spaniard moved out, the Filipino moved in, and thus acquired his enemy's home.

A small tramway, formerly used between San Roque and Old Cavite, has been restored and is now being used to transport supplies to our outposts. Major Duggan had the work in charge. Corporal Tom Zuber was acting as a section boss, with Ad Hockett, Kneedy, Robb, Goldsberry, Hoover, Merritt, Fisher and Gillmore. The boss gave orders in true Irish style, warning his men once in a while that he wanted them to hustle, as he was expecting the roadmaster along. The gang, when I saw them, were busy holding up a "Chiny" for smoking material, which act, they said, hurt their consciences terribly, but they had to do it for the benefit of Uncle Sam's soldiers. This army life is truly giving the men a varied and checkered experience.

The Third battalion of the Fifty-First, with the Wyoming light artillery, is doing duty at the outpost. Their position is now very strong and it is thought impossible for the enemy to cross the causeway; besides they have the assistance of two gunboats, which command the narrow strip from both sides.

Our First battalion was sent to Manila last Tuesday in command of Major Duggan. They reported to the colonel of the Fourteenth regular infantry, and are now on the firing line near Paranaque. This leaves the Second battalion and one light battery of the California artillery the sole force holding the city of Cavite, with the navy yard and navy and army magazines to guard—about 400 men in all to do this duty, that should have at least a regiment. We are nightly expecting an attack from the main body of insurgents by way of the bay, which is only a mile and a half wide from Old Cavite to our station. This channel is so shallow that none of the boats can navigate it and their guns cover a strip only about 200 yards wide. Should the attack be made the native residents of Cavite are expected to burn the city, thus destroying the navy yard and magazines. Most of the natives are employed in the navy yard and the government cascos. That they are not to be trusted is shown from the fact that nearly every night

some are caught sending flash signals to the insurgent army ashore. While our position is very unsafe, all feel able to take care of any attempt to land. The city walls are only open at short landing places, and these can be effectively guarded by infantry and gatling guns, leaving enough force to quell an uprising on the part of the native residents. Should this fight grow too warm for us, it is likely that marines will be landed from the ships to assist. One thing that is largely in our favor is that Cavite contains no native built buildings, being mostly stone and brick structures. In the navy yard are buildings that are more combustible. In Manila the natives have adopted the plan of firing buildings. Every night huge volumes of fire and smoke can be seen there. Most of the outskirts, formerly the home of natives, have been destroyed. The English commander kindly sent ashore an unarmed fire department to assist in quenching fires in the business portion.

Our men are very nearly worn out with guard duty, one battalion doing duty for the whole city. We are on guard every other day and night, which gives us very little rest. Guard duty now requires the greatest vigilance, not only to protect the city, but also to protect one's own life from sneaking natives. All the boys are tired and worn, but we look for more troops from the States, which will relieve us from so much hard duty.

In the trenches of Manila things are the same way; men have been on duty for over three weeks and are nearly worn out. The firing line was thirty-six miles long, but this was found to be too much territory for so small a number of troops to hold, and in consequence the lines have been withdrawn temporarily until more troops arrive. The Twentieth regulars arrived from San Francisco and went to the front the same day. Manila papers say that Aguinaldo is not at present with the insurgent army. General Montenegro was left in command and it seems has so well pleased the horde that their cry now is "viva Montenegro." It is predicted that on his return Aguinaldo may find that the insurgents have set up a new hero to worship. Aguinaldo is thought to be somewhere along the coast trying to land a filibustering expedition which was sent out from some Japanese port. The warships Charleston, Boston and Concord were sent out along the coast to intercept the expedition.

The sentry on post eighteen of our guard made a capture of two Spanish insurgent prisoners. While walking the wall he saw a boat approaching. His challenge, "halt," was answered by cries of "Espano." This being unsatisfactory, the sentinel fired into the boat. The men were then secured,



THE EFFECT OF ONE OF DEWEY'S SHELLS IN THE WALL—FT SAN PHILIPPI.

and taken to the guard house. They were in nearly a starved condition and showed the effects of insurgent treatment which they have received for the last seven months. Martin, of our company, acted as interpreter for Captain Davidson. Much

valuable information was received in regard to the insurgents. The unfortunates are two rather good looking Spanish soldiers. They have reason to remember well the terrible sufferings they have passed through as prisoners and gave their information cheerfully. They belong to the Seventy-Fourth regiment Spanish infantry, the crack regiment of the Philippine garrison. One is a corporal.

Some seven months ago, while the Spanish were yet in possession of the coast towns, this corporal and fifteen privates were sent out a short distance inland to procure fresh rations. They were ambushed and captured by a party of insurgents. The rest of the party were executed, but by some stroke of good fortune these two were taken to Malolos, the seat of the insurgent government. From there they were taken with the command who effected their capture, in all their various expeditions. With other prisoners they were required to do all the hard work. In their journey they saw comrades of their own butchered, mutilated and starved. It is really miraculous their own lives were spared. The command they were with have been fighting near the town of Malabon, north of Manila. On the evening of the 26th of February, they made their escape in a small boat. This was at 8 o'clock. The boat soon filled with water and they were required to hang on to the sides in order to keep her afloat. In this way they drifted across Manila bay and landed as already told, at five in the morning, having been in the water all night. They were almost as terrified by falling into American hands as they would be into insurgents. They had never seen an American and were told awful tales of our brutality, and seemed much surprised to receive such good treatment. When they were handed bread their eyes fairly glistened with joy; it was the first they had tasted since their capture. They were in the midst of Dewey's bombardment of Malabon, and say the insurgent loss was something terrible, whole companies being killed at a time. They report the insurgents as being determined to hold out till the last.

Their factory at Malolos is running night and day, turning out a very poor grade of black powder, and with this they reload Remington shells, a great quantity of these shells having been obtained from Chinamen who followed in the rear of our troops and picked up all the empty shells and carried

them through to the insurgent lines, where they easily disposed of them.

According to the prisoners' story the insurgent leaders have hood-winked their men into believing that they are daily gaining victories, and that their loss is not as great as ours. In this way they keep up their spirits. Their whole talk and hope is that they will be able to take Manila, Malate and Cavite before the rainy season sets in. They even promise the men that this can be done easily, after which they will give their attention to the capture of Dewey's fleet. What a farce this seems, yet the insurgents are so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of conquest that they will believe anything. Their supply of rations is very short, as this is the winter season and fruit, rice, etc., is very low. The supply of men is unlimited, so a few deaths don't trouble them any, as for every armed man killed there is a half-dozen ready to take the gun. The prisoners were sent today to General Otis at Manila, where their information may prove valuable.

The mail from the States arrived on the Scandia, which brought the Twenty-Ninth regular infantry. It would do you good to see the boys' eagerness for news from home—the papers were eagerly read. The city papers, containing speeches made in the senate on the question of expansion, were of interest to every soldier. The large majority of them are against expansion. They don't believe it well to inherit a revolution, nor do they think the natives are the kind of people we would want to fall heir to, even if we received the best country on earth, which is very questionable. The speech of Senator Mason and others strike the soldier as being too sentimental by far. They compare the continued struggle in which the natives have been engaged for the last hundred years with our own fight for liberty. The instance is no way similar. The native Filipino is far from being a lover of liberty and peace. If he were offered it tomorrow under the best governmental system on earth, next day he would be busy starting a revolution. He doesn't want peace—what he wants is war. It is in the piratical blood he inherited from his ancestor, the Malay. The kind of liberty the Filipino most desires is to be turned loose with his trusty machete to kill and plunder. The restraint placed on them by General Merritt when they assisted in capturing Manila, caused our first trouble with them. They

thought they should be permitted to loot and sack the city. The tears and eloquence wasted on these people by the senators would be used more worthily if given to the soldiers of the Eighth army corps who are now receiving volleys from guns given the insurgents by Dewey to help win their liberty. Nine out of every ten Americans here are heartily against expansion, but they can see no other way than to hold our own for the present till the matter is adjusted.

The authorities in Manila have found the official papers containing a complete plot to start an insurrection in the city the day the fight was started on the outposts. These papers give the names of prominent Filipinos who were to take charge of the different plans of murder and arson. All of these men were placed under arrest.

The 22d of February, Washington's birthday, was celebrated in a gala manner on board the ships of Dewey's fleet. - Every ship was decorated with flags and bunting, and colored signal flags stretching from stern to top mast and down to bow. This gave them a gay appearance and a strange contrast, this festival gaiety, with the grim work of death they have been engaged in nearly every day. Some of the ships gave aquatic sports, swimming, rowing, sailing, etc.

The crew of the Manila, a United States gunboat captured from the Spanish, celebrated the feast in rather an exciting manner. The Manila was on duty opposite our outposts at San Roque causeway. Shortly after noon a detachment of insurgents left their fortifications and moved forward toward our lines. The movement was at first taken for a charge, but the enemy soon dropped into an old sand fort, lately abandoned, where they prepared to make a stand. They hoisted the insurgent flag over their works and apparently took a breathing spell. The Wyoming battery was ordered to try a few shots in their direction, which was done with some effect, a portion of the enemy retreating. Up to this time the Manila was a silent observer. It must have occurred to them that George's birthday would be a good time to add a new "color" to their flag-locker. A boat was hastily lowered over the side; down the ropes came three blue jackets who were soon rowing lustily shoreward. The soldiers stood bewildered when the little party landed. Two held guns while the third ran to the top of the breastworks, hastily cut the halyard that held the flag

to the pole, and with easy grace he waved the Filipino colors over his head, then coolly the three shoved off and rowed back to the ship... This little incident was as pretty an exhibition of nerve and courage as one would want to see. The men knew that every second on shore meant danger, but then the danger was the element of excitement and capturing colors is an experience that even the American sailor doesn't get every day..

For the last few days we have been waiting for a report on four men who have been confined in the quarantine hospital with what was thought to be smallpox. Today Major Fairchild pronounces all the cases genuine smallpox, but in mild form... The men are from Companies C and E of our battalion. They were taken from their companies before the disease broke out and it is hoped that it will not spread through the entire battalion. All our men were re-vaccinated before we left the ship and in most cases with success.

Evan Evans has been busy building a large bakeoven and furnace for the cooking department. "Pitt" has tried the oven by baking some pies, and all the boys pronounce it a success. Robt. Cook is doing duty as an engineer at the ice plant. Chas. Binns is again on duty in the company. He has been detailed on the commissary department. He worked very hard on the Pennsylvania and will get a good furlough as soon as things quiet down.

A call was made to the company to have five men sent to Manila to act with the signal corps. Sergeant Wm. Hiett, Privates Byers, Uvary, Robb and O. M. Olson have volunteered for the corps. All of them have a knowledge of line work.

Corporal Elwood snapped some fine pictures of the burning city of San Roque. Sergeant Ed Logan is attending a Y. M. C. A. missionary just returned from India. The gentleman, a Mr. Munger, is well known in Red Oak, having attended several meetings there. He is nearly dead with kidney trouble. Captain Clark has secured some fine relics from the wrecked ship, Maria Christina, which he will present to the armory. Lieutenant Lane, Sergeant Hawkins, Corporal Lane and Morse Moulton visited the battlefields at Manila. They saw many interesting things, especially the effect of shells from the ships. The boys of the company are all well and on duty.

FORT SAN PHILIPPI, CAVITE, P. I., March 5, 1899.—Nine months ago today the Fifty-First broke camp in Des Moines and started on its eventful tour. It seems much longer when we look back and recall all the events that have transpired in that short time. This regiment at times seemed singularly fortunate and at others singularly unfortunate. When in Camp Merriam we several times dispaired of ever seeing actual service. Other regiments were rushed out ahead of us, and we felt ill-used. Our three months on a transport also seemed at times almost a neglect on the part of the war department. Now we look back and realize that all these things were for the best. Soldiers are largely thrown on the providence of God. I believe the men of the Fifty-First realize this fully. In a spirit of true Christian fortitude they have taken all their trials with due submission. The regiment has belied the army maxim, "Volunteers will kick." This soldierly conduct has won the regiment a reputation and a good word from every other organization, volunteers and regulars, in the Eighth army corps. I noticed this the other day while on a visit to the battlefields and outposts of the army at Manila. When we told them we were from the Fifty-First they would say, "You fellows are sure all right"—a little blunt, nevertheless expressive of their entire good will.

Lieutenant Logan and myself visited the city yesterday for the first time since Sunday, February 5, the memorable day the battle was the fiercest. Manila then and now is by comparison like a country graveyard to a theater. At no time in its history has the city assumed such a crowded, busy air. It was like a western boom town or a shopping day on State street, Chicago. The streets were packed with busy, moving people. Shops and cafes were filled with buyers. The dark, scowling faces of natives were missing, but their places were well filled by prosperous looking people who seemed intent on matters other than begging, peddling and loafing. On inquiry we found that this stir was caused by the presence of a large number of newly arrived people from the States, also many foreigners. The larger influx, however, is caused by the return of nearly all the former Spanish residents who departed shortly after Dewey's arrival. These people left under the impression gained from the Spanish press that life under American rule was unbearable.

They will resume their business pursuits and try to heal the wounds of finer Spanish honor by the application of the gold cure. They probably found Spain on their return to be no "continual round of pleasure" and are now content to associate themselves with the American pig raisers.

In a few weeks the erstwhile festive native warrior will drag in his poor, whipped body, stack his empty Mauser, and confess that he has left the temple in the search of a false God and pray our forgiveness in a meek and humble way. In this case we will bury his dead, sing the doxology over their graves, give him the sturdy, honest hand of Uncle Sam and say, "Thou art welcome, brother, go and sin no more." This may come about any day. The Filipino, like his brother in every tropical clime, is as quick to depose a leader as he is to make one. His disposition is as changeable as the climate of Iowa. He has days of violence followed by a calm as of spring, and in this time he may harken to the dictates of reason and realize who is his friend, the leader who is leading him to death or our government which offers him its protection and a home. From captured prisoners escaping from the insurgent lines we learn that the natives no longer believe the story daily told them by the leaders that they are winning victories and in a short time will occupy the goal, Manila, and its adjoining towns. They see their dead around them and note the fact that they have not gained an inch of ground, and as the war progresses they are made to retreat through the ashes of their former homes. All this makes even a native realize that the contest is unequal and soon will be a lost cause.

Developments of the last week throw light on what was almost a mystery. General Blanco, a former colonel in the Spanish army, who afterwards assumed command of the hill tribe, known as the Macabebes, has just returned from Spain where he took refuge when our army and their insurgent allies took possession of Manila on August 13. Blanco and Aguinaldo, with their tribes and armies, have been at war for years, and he took refuge in Spain, thinking he would be refused American protection. He returned to gather his scattered band and was at once returned to the leadership. At a meeting held the night of his arrival, the Macabebes passed resolutions discrediting the government of Aguinaldo and offering their services to Gen. Otis to assist in putting down

the rebellion. As we have had a full dose of insurgent assistance his offer was refused, but the action accounts fully for the seeming suicidal policy of the insurgent army failing to flee to the hills and adopt guerilla tactics on that vantage ground. Their old time foe, the Macabebes, would be there to meet them.

The army officials have reason to believe that the present insurrection is confined only to the "Tagalo" tribe. This would condense the matter down to almost a local affair. The Tagalos occupy the valley from San Roque to a point about thirty-five miles north of Manila. This territory is about seventy-five miles long and about thirty miles wide in some places. It is bounded on the north and east sides by a range of mountains and on the south and west by Manila bay. Another thing that is favorable to an early settlement of the war, also proves that the insurrection is not general throughout the entire group of islands, is the fact that the inhabitants of the islands of Negros and Cebu voluntarily raised the American flag and sent delegations to Gen. Otis to ask for troops and the protection of our government. One battalion of the Twenty Third regulars was dispatched to Negros on the transport Pennsylvania, and one battalion of the First California going a day later to Cebu. These islands are situated some 450 miles south of Manila. It was thought that the character of the inhabitants was such as to make it necessary to go to war with them in order to hold them. Germany has had two warships cruising around there. They have made every effort to prejudice the islanders against the United States, but in this they failed.

We were in Manila with the intention of visiting the troops on the outposts. After numerous attempts to secure a vehicle to make the trip, we finally asked a Minnesota guard what was the trouble with the native drivers. He laughed and said: "They are afraid to drive out of town. If you want a caromette, just hold up the first empty one that comes down the street." This we proceeded to do, Lieut. Logan taking a horse smaller than himself by the bit and holding him while I crawled upon the seat beside the much scared native, who grew eloquent in describing the impossibilities of the trip. A little suggestion in the way of a Colt's revolver and he was soon on the road to Malate.

Near Malate we met some recent American arrivals, a herd of 150 government mules just landed from the sailing ship, Tacoma. The sight of even these mules brought thoughts of the good country from whence they came. It was like meeting old friends. A group of natives were gazing at them with the interest a small boy shows at sight of a circus elephant. In size they out-class the native horses as much as the American soldier out-classes the insurgent. We passed these honest, complacent mules with a "good-bye old fellows, we are sorry for you. We have a chance of leaving this oriental prison, but you must spend your days here."

Past Malate was the first evidence of the recent fight. Flanking the road on each side were the deserted insurgent trenches. They are something interesting, being built entirely different from our own. The ditches are about two feet wide and six feet deep including the dirt left on top of the bank. The natives stand erect in the trench, raise their rifles at arm's length above their heads and fire, with no idea of the possible range of the enemy. In consequence, the greatest danger is not on the firing line but in the reserve, some distance in the rear. It is claimed that the insurgents have fired over five times the number of shots our troops have and only a few stray ones have landed. About a quarter of a mile past the first trenches is an old Spanish burying ground, filled with many graves and marble tombstones. As our troops advanced on this place they were treated to a surprise. Every tombstone had behind it a squad of insurgent soldiers from whom came a rattling fire. It was a complete surprise. As our men were entirely exposed the only defense was a charge. This was executed as only an American soldier can. The dash that followed resulted in thirty-eight insurgent dead, with only slight wounds to our brave boys, who pushed on after burying the dead, who, poor fellows, had marched to their own graves.

In this section the surface of the ground makes a slump of several feet and here begins the rice fields. The fields are laid off in patches of ground containing each about an acre of land in square blocks, surrounded on all sides by a raised border of dirt three feet high. This is for the purpose of holding the water when the field is flooded. At this season the fields are perfectly dry. They extend from the coast eastward

towards the hills. No ground prepared on purpose could be better adapted to the skirmish tactics of our army than are these rice fields. Over them the men rush in double line of skirmishers. The first section would advance, fire a volley under cover of the banks and continue firing until the second section advanced under their fire, they ceasing fire only when the second section struck the line and advanced to the next bank. The movement is one that is continued in this manner with great effect, the advancing column being under the unanswered fire of the enemy only when crossing the short space between banks. This method of advancing by rushes gained all the open ground across the rice fields, and this with little loss on our side. How the enemy fared is easily noted. Scattered over the ground are ditches covered with fresh earth, telling the sad story more plainly than words. They speak of the desperate nature of these unfortunate people who, until now, thought themselves capable of defeating disciplined troops of a great country.

There is so much suggestion of utter ruin and desolation about a recent battle ground that the mind grows sick with wonder. Why must this evident barbarity be practiced between man and man? Why could not these people take the lesson of kindness learned from nearly a year's experience with our army and foresee that we meant them only good? Ambition and a desire for fame on the part of the leaders so blinded the ignorant natives that they believed the story of easy conquest and rich booty. They made the attack fired with this delusion, hence these rows of fresh covered ditches..

Across the rice fields lies the little village of Paco, where the natives made a stand, deserting the trenches for the protection of bamboo huts, from which they were dislodged in short order. The country around Paco is of a wonderfully defensive character. Years ago the natives having in mind the usefulness of this section as a place of retreat when hard pressed by the Spanish troops from Manila or troops from Old Cavite, wisely planted trees running in rows at right angles. The naturally quick growth of the tropics has made these into almost a line of palisades. Dirt is thrown up at the bottom so that it gives them an admirable defense on all sides. It needs no expert in military knowledge to appreciate the wonderful defensive nature of a country like this. In spite of

all that, our troops have pushed through this solid tangle and drove the enemy before them some miles into the interior. No prettier compliment could be paid troops than that spoken by an English military attache. He said: "To command the troops of the Eighth army corps, the greatest effort required is to restrain their impatience to push forward."

IOWA TROOPS IN TRENCHES.

The fighting Fourteenth regular infantry and Companies A, H and D, of our regiment, in command of Major Duggan are in Gen. Ovenshine's brigade occupying about a mile of line between Paco and Paranaque. Major Duggan has shown himself to be worthy of the high regard in which he is held. He and his men have made many friends among the regulars with whom they are brigaded. Major Duggan is an untiring worker and constant in his attentions to his men. He takes the lead in scouting expeditions and the boys say is a regular fighting Irishman. Company F, of the Fifty-First, is on the line at San Pedro Macati in conjunction with the Washington volunteers and the First California. For the past two weeks no fighting to speak of has taken place. Our troops have thrown up a system of splendid trenches in which they sleep at night, making themselves very comfortable by use of bamboo mats. Each man is provided with a large sack of sand. When fighting the men lie down on their stomachs with the sand bags on top of the trench as protection to the head. The insurgents keep pounding away nearly every night, doing no execution whatever. Guards are stationed at intervals along the trenches, sitting behind raised sacks of sand. Their orders are to pay no attention to the firing and not to awaken the men unless an attack is made. The American soldier lies sleeping peacefully while his enemy is wasting ammunition in puncturing holes in the dark night air.

Some comical tricks have been resorted to by the insurgents in order to strike fear in our men. When the woods were first charged our men caught sight of a large cannon being served by two insurgent soldiers. They dashed forward and captured the gun, when a great laugh went down the line. The gun was made of painted bamboo set on a stump, against which rested two old cart wheels. Leaning over the gun in the act

of loading were two insurgent uniforms stuffed with straw. A dough face, with cigarette in its mouth, completed the outfit. Our boys have found an effective method of making the enemy waste his ammunition. They carry a stuffed uniform on a pole along the trench and the marksmanship of the enemy is thus exposed, for after one hour's shooting a figure was only struck three times.

The Fourteenth boys have a cook of whom they are justly proud. One day when they were fighting fiercely, making an advance at every opportunity, this cook thought it a good time to feed the boys a mess of "plum duff," of which he knew they were very fond. He started out to the line with two Chinese carriers. Arriving at the lines of the night before, they found the company gone forward. Nothing daunted, the cook followed until he reached a point where the high going insurgent bullets were zipping over the heads of the troops and landing in close proximity to the food consort. The "Chings" declined to go further forward whereat the cook unlimbered his artillery and ordered an advance. When within a couple of hundred yards of the firing line things got so warm that flat on the ground was the only safe place. From that point on his cookship went forward on his hands and knees amid a rain of bullets and cheers of his admiring comrades, towing the pans of duff. The boys asked him how he had the nerve to do it. He replied in rich Irish brogue, "Sure, do you think I was going to show 'cold feet' in front of a couple of haythen Chinese?" The army is full of these brave men. To be in front of the enemy with the soldiers you would get very little impression that war was on. The men are perfectly cool and light-hearted, going about as if excitement and danger were some hundred miles away. Across in the insurgent lines men were visible, some were running, gesticulating, waving arms and hats. Compared with our cool men they were like lunatics escaped from an asylum.

No forward move will be made until the arrival of the Transport "Grant" from New York, which brings the new commander, Gen. Lawton, and 1800 regulars. The plans are to then organize two flying brigades, one to the north of Manila and one to the south. The present lines will remain guarded with nearly the present force. The flying brigades will undertake to clear the country for miles each way from Manila,

thus forcing the insurgent army to a decisive battle or making them lay down their arms.

Manila bay is full of war ships. Yesterday the English battleship, "Powerful," arrived. She is said to be the largest war ship afloat. The Japanese, French and German navies are all well represented in the ships present. The Japanese cruiser is a fine vessel lately built by them in Japan, the first of their own make turned out.

Dewey was officially notified of his recent appointment as Admiral. The blue field flag with four white stars was hoisted over the Olympia and a splendid ovation followed. Every foreign ship in port saluted with seventeen guns. The natives ashore must have thought another naval battle was on. The Oregon is expected today. We are anxious to see this famous ship. She will rather take the shine off the Powerful.

Our battalion, the second, is still on duty in Cavite and I believe doing the hardest duty of any troops on the island. The foolish, almost senseless methods of the volunteer army are shown here. Men are on guard twenty-four hours out of every forty-eight, and all of us are tired and nearly worn out. The officers know this, yet all the niceties of dress and guard regulations are observed as in time of peace. For instance, a tired man coming off guard in the morning, half dead and badly in need of sleep and rest, is required to spend the greater part of the day in shining his equipments and washing white duck trousers to appear spotless at next morning's guard mount, there to stand at attention for nearly three quarters of an hour while the officers go through the ceremony or picking out the colonel's orderly. This is where the volunteer service is lame. The regulars throw aside all formality in time of war. They know that the best military tactics are those that save the men every unnecessary detail. It is a very poor private soldier that fails to notice and remark on these absurdities that needlessly tire him and unfit him for the vigilant service that is absolutely necessary. Captain Clark and Lieutenant French have used their efforts to have this remedied, but so far have not been successful.

Old soldiers will best understand what night guard duty means in a country where one is surrounded by the enemy. Here in Cavite we are expecting the large native population to rise at any moment in connection with their army, which

lies only a mile across the bay. In addition to this, we have 700 insurgent prisoners to watch. The situation is surely one that requires none of the trimmings of dress parade. At night the boys go out on some dark, lonesome post, tired out. Then begins that struggle between the mental and physical nature for mastery. Lulled by the soft beating of the sea waves against the walls under which he walks, the guard fights this battle against sleep. He plods on until tired nature asserts herself; his eyes grow dim with ceaseless watching and finally close. This makes him stagger, sometimes fall. He uses the whole force of his mind to forget this languid enemy and prays for the relief to come. When it does he throws himself down to welcomed sleep and dreams of the good old country so far away where there is no war, no stealthy enemy, no post to walk. His sleep is broken by the voice of a corporal—"second relief, fall in." Another instant he has taken some tired comrade's place, assumed the responsibility and is left to go through the fight over again, always conscious that to lose or fall asleep means not only his personal danger, but that of his sleeping comrades in the city. Thus the fight goes on. The outside world never knows that such men are heroes, only themselves and comrades are concerned.

Our prisoners are a sample lot of what the insurgent army is made up of: old men, middle aged and young, a pretty hard looking lot altogether. A man would hardly trust them to anything. When captured they entertained the idea that they would be shot at once; their whole expression showed that, some dark and scowling, defiant, others wore a look of meek supplication. One couldn't help pitying them for their condition and their ignorance. Instead of being shot they are better fed and housed perhaps than ever in their lives before. All that is required of them is some light work, such as cleaning the streets and grounds. For this work the guards ask volunteers and the whole lot at once line up, anxious to get out to work. It is amusing to see the boys guarding them at work. We have a party of them every day doing fatigue duty around our mess and quarters. Jess Fisher, John Gillmore, John Enfield and Guy Briggs have a gang out now. The other boys are joking them with such things as "what would your folks say if they knew you had turned slave driver?" They answer: "We intend to take one each home with us and

make them work." Some of the prisoners try to learn English. A few things we tell them they won't believe. One of the most incredible is about water freezing so solid that we can walk on it. They take this for pure fun.

Out at our outpost at San Roque everything is comparatively quiet, only a scattered fire at intervals. The natives sometimes get within range, but hastily retreat when fired on by the California artillery. Warm times may be expected there when the advance is started from the north side.

We had the laugh the other day on a squad of the Twentieth regulars. They came over as guard for some prisoners. About twenty of them marched over to our quarters to take dinner. The corporal in charge gave order, "Halt, left face." About half of them left-faced, part right-faced, and others didn't know what move to make. Volunteers rather enjoy the mistakes of "rookee" regulars. The Twentieth is nearly all new. After the campaign in Cuba, most of the regiment was mustered out and it was then recruited.

Vaughn, of Company C, died of small pox. This is the first death the regiment has sustained since it left San Francisco. The three other cases of small pox are doing nicely. No new cases have developed in the last two weeks, and it is hoped that the plague will stop. Every man has been re-vaccinated since it broke out.

Swimming and boating have been our only pleasures here. At San Roque the boys captured several fine native boats. Frank Throw and Harry Stevens have one; also Corporal Palmer and Mont Byers, Binns, Gillmore and Moulton. Sergeant Rose is sewing a large sail for a splendid craft owned by himself, Corporal Smith, Hockett and others. Surf bathing is a delightful enjoyment indulged in by all. The only drawback is the presence in the water of numerous jelly fish, a contact with which gives one a stinging shock like electricity.

Frank Arnold and John Enfield made a capture of a native, with a boat-load of fruit, eggs, etc., while on patrol duty. We purchased the food for the company mess. Such things are a rarity at present in Cavite, as the garden country is cut off by the war. Eggs sell for five cents each, Mex. All the men of the company have agreed to pay \$1 each into the mess fund next pay day. This will be placed in the hands of Harry Chamberlain as purchasing agent, and he will do the shopping. It will greatly improve our mess.

The boys are nearly all employing their spare time in making walking sticks from the masts of the Spanish ship, "Marie Christina." These they will give to their friends on arrival home. For the ferrule a Mauser cartridge is used and at the tip a Spanish silver coin.

Lieutenant French is conceded to be the most popular officer of the guard in our battalion. He does every part of his duty, but makes things easy for the men by eliminating many of the fancy moves which unnecessarily tire.

Sergeant Henry Nordquist has lately removed his whiskers and had his hair clipped and shaved. He is the subject of much joshing on account of it.

Mail from the States arrives with regularity at this end; however we haven't so many opportunities of mailing, as most of the ships are coming this way.

Harry Stevens is sick in the hospital; quite severe at first, with a very high fever. He improved much yesterday, his temperature being lower. Nothing serious is looked for in his case. Jesse Lyon is also sick in the hospital with a touch of malaria fever. Chas. Dillon is not yet on duty but is fast mending.

First Sergeant Hawkins acted as sergeant major for several days, during the absence of Sergeant Godfrey. Hawkins is a very graceful figure in that position.

The boys of the company are in as good condition as the trying circumstances will admit. All hope that the trouble here will be settled soon and the tension of things relaxed.

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE FIGHTING LINE.

FORT SANTIAGO, MANILA, April 1, 1899.—The monotony of guard duty in Cavite was temporarily broken, I mean we thought it was to be broken, last Sunday. We received the welcome news that Companies M and C were ordered to report at Manila. The news was received with the greatest rejoicing. All the boys thought it meant being sent to the front with the invading army that was fighting its way to Malolos. Shortly after 12 o'clock we were assembled and Captain Clark informed us that later advices from Manila were to the effect that we were to report for duty with the Twenty-Third regulars and that our duty would consist in guarding the arsenal and adjacent streets. You may well believe that this information was not very well received. We were again confronted with the wornout prospect of guard duty with which we have grown so very familiar. The only consolation we had was to know that at least we were to move a little closer to the scene of battle and perhaps would get a chance to get in it.

After marching to the water front we boarded cascós and were towed across the bay to the mouth of the Pasig and landed in the old or walled city. That evening we mounted guard with the Twenty-Third regulars and that night were scattered on the various posts; some at the arsenal, which contains all the rifles and field artillery captured from the Spanish, besides the guns and ammunition belonging to our government; others were patrolling streets in the vicinity, doing duty as civil policemen. A strange kind of duty this for a soldier. Among the orders to be obeyed are to see that none but English speaking people are on the streets after 7 o'clock p. m.; that all native stores are closed at that time, and all saloons and cafes close promptly at 10 p. m.; search all suspicious looking people

for weapons at any time; stop the gambling usually indulged in around the markets and native quarters and take all money in sight in such games being played. This order is especially hard on the natives who are inveterate gamblers. They are pretty cute, sometimes stationing a line of guards along the narrow streets to give the signal when the patrol is coming. Carolettes or carriages are allowed to drive out in the evening but each must be supplied with a light on each side and the occupants subject themselves to a halt for search whenever demanded. Spanish prisoners, soldiers and sailors have the freedom of the city in the day time, but are put in close confinement if caught out after 7 p. m. These orders are rather hard on the Spanish youth and maiden in their system of love making. Their custom is to play and sing 'soft nothings' beneath the balcony window of their fair ones, their reward being admiring smiles of encouragement from the señoritas above. This mountebank system of love making is temporarily stopped. The dark-eyed, beautiful señorita is waiting there, but below walks the rough, brown-ducked American soldier, sometimes heaping abuse on himself for youthful neglect of his musical education.

Our place at Cavite was taken by marines landed from the war ships. Admiral Dewey gave us some very high compliments on our work in the naval station. He said no troops ever on duty there did as efficient work as did our battalion. Here we are with one of the best regular regiments and their Colonel French told Major Hume that we were more like soldiers than any volunteer regiment ever under his command. These compliments are very good in their way, they go to show that the eleven months of careful, conscientious work under good captains have done much to raise the men to a high point of military excellence. If it is true that "virtue receives its reward" we should soon see ours in the attainment of the ambitions held by every man in the regiment (with possibly one or two exceptions, and they are not in the ranks of company officers) that we will be sent out to the fighting line.

Other soldiers console us by telling us that we are doing our duty and that is all any soldier can do. This may be true, but it is a balm that does not soothe or palliate. Other soldiers are at the front winning honors for themselves and the states they represent, while we are performing this guard duty,

which, of course, must be done by someone. In the name of justice we claim that we have done more than our share of it. If the appeal that is daily being made for service at the front is not answered I think the boys will do duty with bad grace. The little brush we had at San Roque is our only experience and in that we showed good metal, but would like a further test. When the censorship which surrounds the soldier is removed by his again taking equal rights with his fellow man, things may be told which at present can't be explained of this regiment.

The boys of the Eighth army corps enjoyed a kind of restful breathing spell for ten days previous to the resumption of hostilities on March 24. During this lull very few moves of importance were executed. The men were indeed grateful for the rest, of which they were badly in need. The interval was spent along the lines in making themselves as comfortable as the means at hand would permit, in front of trenches which at best are far from being a picnic ground. To the south of Manila is located the First division of the army under the lately arrived Gen. Lawton. The First battalion of the Fifty-First is in this division, brigaded with the Fourth cavalry, the Fourteenth regular infantry, Hawthorne's battery of the Third artillery and one battalion of the Washington regiment, under command of Gen. Ovenshine. This brigade were in trenches from the coast inland to the village of Pasay. Next to them on the east stretched as far as San Pedro Macati, was Gen. Chas. King's brigade. On the 18th of March this entire line moved forward towards the south, driving a force of the enemy ahead for some eight miles until the outskirts of the village of Paranaque were reached by the forces near the shore, while those on the east of the line swung around in the form of a flying column, sweeping the country for some twelve miles. Very little fighting was done on this trip, mostly of the slight skirmish order, until the latter end of the long march. Here, for the first time in this war, mounted cavalry was used. Two troops of the Fourth cavalry were mounted, one on selected native ponies, the other on the big American horses recently arrived from the states on the sailing ship, Tacoma. Those who had the pleasure of witnessing this charge say that it was a grand sight. The natives were entirely unused to this kind of warfare, especially to the sight

of the noble beast from America, which they were viewing for the first time. They simply lost all organization and took flight like any frightened mob. The cavalry rode in the midst of them, doing terrible execution with Krag carbines and Colt's revolvers. The result of this expedition was to develop the fact that the insurgents were very weak to the south of Manila, and that most of their troops had left that section for the north where were located the insurgent cities of Malabon, Polo and Malolos, the capital city of the so-called insurgent republic. In view of that knowledge the larger force of our troops were sent into the north territory under the direct command of Maj. Gen. Otis.

An advance was started on March 24 and since then the fight has raged almost without cessation. Night and day the brave boys have met the enemy at nearly every point of the line. In every instance they have gained ground, but unfortunately not without a terrible loss of good American blood. They met a different class of soldiers here than in former fights east and south of Manila. Aguinaldo had his best troops around Malabon. They were splendidly entrenched and stubbornly resisted every attempt to dislodge them from their vantage ground. The country they occupied was mostly rice and paddy fields (the paddy fields are similar to our own meadows), intersected at short distances by deep, swift streams which played no small part in delaying the progress of our troops, as it was necessary to seek the bridges as a means of crossing.

To gain an idea of this country it must be remembered that the workers of the rice fields and other agricultural industries, unlike our own people who have their residence on the land they work, the Filipinos invariably live in villages. In the country in question the villages are almost continuous from Manila to Malolos. The principal towns so often mentioned in dispatches are Caloocan, Malabon, Marilao, Polo, Caballeros, Guiquinto and Malolos. This grouping of residences was a useful precaution during the many years' war with Spain, as it enabled the insurrectos to fortify and defend their town with their entire force. Through this rice country runs the Manila & Dagupan railroad, owned by English capitalists. Running parallel a mile from the railroad are two splendid wagon roads, bridged in most cases where streams are crossed.

Aguinaldo has for some time had complete control of this railroad from Malolos to Dagupan, a distance of over ninety miles. The Manila end of the road was taken charge of by our government when the present trouble started, and since then it has been operated as a military road. Soldiers detailed from the different regiments manage and operate the line. To see a blue-shirted, brown-ducked soldier armed with a carbine step from the cab, it would suggest a strike more than anything else.

The railroad has been a great factor in successfully pushing the campaign against the enemy. Ammunition, food, hospital supplies, and other things hard to transport, but necessary to an army in action have been moved as speedily as possible, then distributed to the regiments flanking the road. Bull teams, or water buffalo, hitched to native carts driven by Chinese, are used for this distribution. With all this splendid means of transportation at hand it was impossible to keep all the troops engaged, in food and water. They advanced over the country fighting desperately for every foot of ground, not stopping to rest or take food in the eager pursuit of the enemy, and many times were miles ahead of the food supplies. For this reason they suffered severely. The days were scorching hot and the nights always rainy. When water failed to come from Manila it was obtained from rivers into which the tide backs, making the water very salty, and only adding to thirst.

The tropics, at no time a place for violent physical effort, is doubly exhausting at this time of year, when the rainy season is just commencing. The night rains leave the ground damp, and the hot daytime soon turns this dampness into vaporish steam which fairly melts a white man. These are some of the adverse conditions under which our troops fought, yet they never flinched. With every man it was an individual as well as an organized struggle to reach the vaunted insurgent stronghold, Malolos. Every obstacle was met and swept aside as only chaff. In one week American troops have gained more territory and given the insurrectos more severe defeat than the Spanish troops were able to accomplish in the last two years of possession. The insurrecto has learned that a new style of fighter is on his trail, that knows no tactics but "advance." Spanish troops used to fight these people for a day, then retire to the city to lounge around the cafes and boast of successes.

These fights, like the "up-to-date" French duel, or a mouthy exhibition in the United States senate, resulted in more noise than execution.

But to return to the battle, or better, series of battles which started on the 24th of March, just at the north limits of the city of Caloocan. Brigadier General Otis commanded the wing which flanked the railroad on the left, consisting of the Utah battery, First Montana volunteers, Twentieth Kansas, Third regular infantry, Third artillery and Thirteenth Minnesota. General Hale, former colonel of the Colorados, had the right wing, consisting of the South Dakota, First Nebraska, Tenth Pennsylvania, Twenty-Second regular infantry and Sixth artillery. This was the fighting line. Back of them as support were several detachments of troops of which at this time I have no knowledge. This line advanced in skirmish formation, their front extending from the coast inland to the high ground or foot hills. The insurgents had the entire country strongly entrenched. Charge after charge was necessary to route them. One great drawback to the advancing column was the rivers, nearly all of which were unfordable, making it necessary for the entire line to draw in skirmishers and make a march to the nearest bridge. When reached they had to form columns of fours to cross and while in these solid masses the enemy could easily fire into the whole crowd without a return of fire. In this way many brave boys were killed, and from all accounts it is strange that the number is not greater. Bullets fell around them like hail. When the bridges were crossed it took much time to again deploy the entire line into skirmish formation, and while this is being done the men were entirely exposed to a deadly fire from Mausers, a fire they were not in a position to answer.

Along the railroad line the insurgents kept their trains, backing out with loads of soldiers every time a retreat was made. They also had large parties tearing up the track and attempting to destroy bridges. Their efforts in this line were mostly futile, the bridges being well built iron ones which resisted the effect of bamboo fires built under them. The railroad rails proved equally stubborn. They were not posted on the confederate trick of supporting rails at each end by piles of ties and building a huge fire in the middle. In some cases they loaded the rails on flat cars and took them away. One

grand stone wagon bridge, said to be the finest on the islands, they attempted to blow up with dynamite, but only succeeded in wrecking the central span, which was quickly replaced by the engineer corps, assisted by hired Chinese laborers. The engineer branch of the service, much abused in time of peace for their uselessness, showed on this occasion their heroic bravery and courage in time of war. Under the fire of long range Mausers they worked on the track and bridges until some would fall from sheer exhaustion, only to rise on revival to continue their efforts.

A fine account of the days' fighting which ended in the fall of Malolos, is here given by Chas. E. Arnold. The incidents were written from notes taken by himself on the battle-field:

"March 29.—Through the kindness of Captain Clark and Major Hume, I was granted a five days' leave of absence to go to the front with the flying brigade to Malolos. I left the quarters in Old Manila early in the morning with "Old Bez" (not yet has she had an opportunity to speak out her mind to either Spanish or Insurgents), my belt full of shells, my canteen and camera strapped on my back. At the train I fell in with a group of Nebraska boys going from the hospital to join their regiment. Some of these fellows were not in a condition to fight.

"The supply train soon arrived at Caloocan, four miles north of Manila, where the Thirteenth Minnesota regiment climbed aboard bound for the front. The train passed through the country so lately taken from the insurgents. I wondered how it was possible for our boys to advance and do such effective fighting over marshes, through almost impenetrable thickets of bamboo and thorn bushes and across deep, muddy rivers. Saw the well-built insurgent trenches so easily taken, though they might have been almost impregnable if brave hearts had fought behind them. But a few of our brave boys gave up their lives before these trenches.

"The train stopped at Marilao. On the depot platform lay a long row of dead and wounded soldiers, most all Nebraska boys. They won a brilliant victory away over on the left flank, where they waded a river under the shower of Mauser bullets and captured the insurgent's trenches. The boys found

the "niggers" lying in piles behind their trenches and the rice field beyond was scattered over with dead and wounded insurgents. The sight of that row of dead and wounded men brought the facts of war most vividly before me, and scattered to the winds all lingering feelings of pity for and tolerance of these misled insurrectos. I photographed that row of men. One fellow, shot through the lungs, motioned to me, and when I bent down to hear what he had to say he whispered, "I want one of those pictures." I took his name to please him, but had my doubts that he would live to see the photo. A noble woman, with a clean white apron, was bathing the bloody hands and faces of the boys and cheering them up. The Minnesota troops were unloaded and the wounded men were sent back to Manila.

"I struck out on foot up the track after the army and soon caught up with the "reserve," the Third and Twenty-Second regulars. They had just stopped in the woods on a hill for rest and coffee. Away across the rice fields I could see the firing lines.

"The country here was fine, hundreds of acres of level rice fields, broken in places by patches of marsh and lagoons of salt water. I photographed a dead insurgent soldier as he lay after having answered the summons of some soldier's Springfield. I caught up with the main army at Caballeros. Here the enemy have torn up the railroad track and burned the depot. The engineers were working like heroes repairing the tracks. So far these engineers have kept the track open so that the supply train has been with the army. In case this train is delayed by a destroyed bridge, the "bull train" will be present with the army. This bull train consists of native carts drawn by water buffalo. There are hundreds of them, all loaded with ammunition and provisions. Besides these carts there were army ambulances and provision wagons drawn by mules, long-eared mules. Four troops of cavalry are guarding this supply train and scanning the country for straggling insurgents.

"About two miles further up the railroad the army halted for rest and coffee. Each squad of men had their rations of coffee, corned beef and hard tack. Thousands of little fires were lighted in the shade of spreading trees and the tired fellows were soon brewing coffee in their tin cups. The coun-

try is absolutely deserted. Have not seen a living Filipino all day. The boys that were not too tired went after the native pigs and chickens and they soon came in loaded with plunder. I helped stew some young chickens in a native pot. Chicken broth and rice never tasted so good. Soon the boys lay down to sleep. They are all very tired. The 250 rounds of ammunition with their rations makes a heavy load to carry in this heat, yet you hear no grumbling. They vie with each other in telling you of their fights, and many are the jokes they spring.

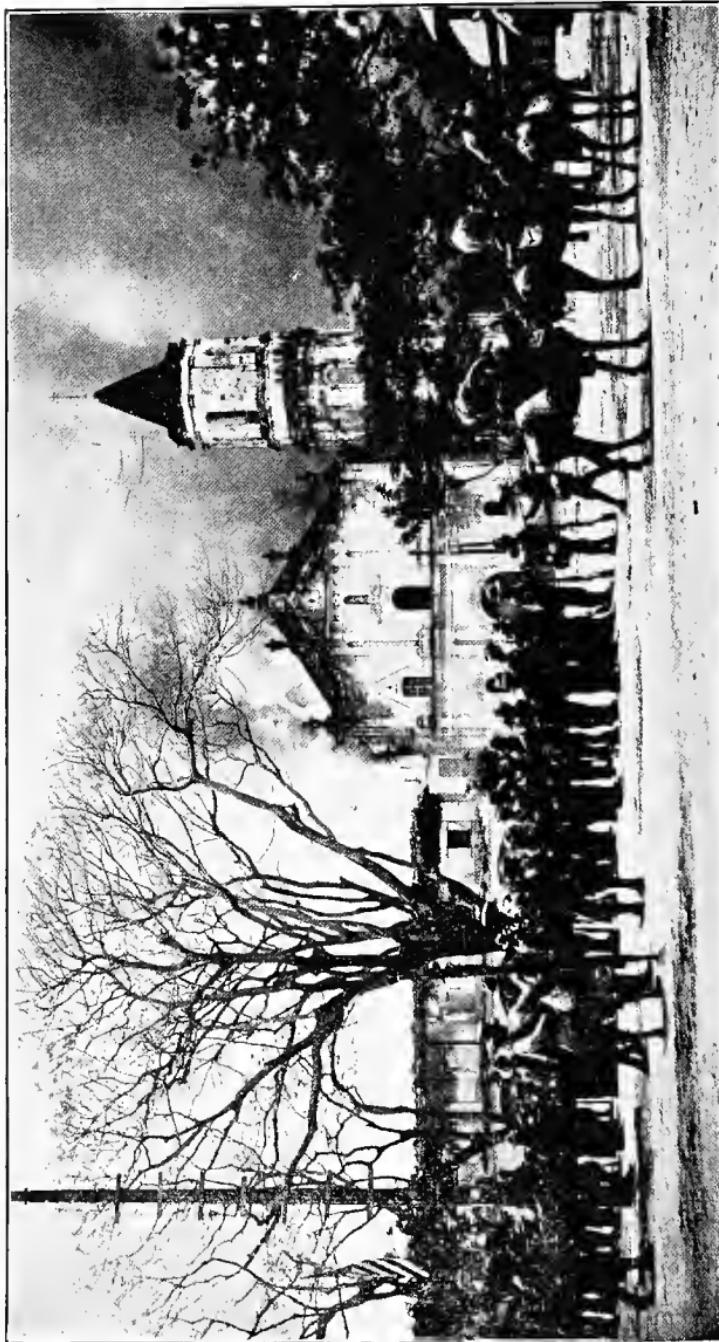
"At about 3 p. m. the army advanced with the Tenth Pennsylvania regiment on the skirmish line. These skirmishers stretched out over the rice fields for a mile or more on each side of the railroad. The firing line advanced about 500 yards in the rear. That line was a fine sight—a solid line of blue-jacketed and brown-trousered men, one yard apart and at least two miles long, at each end of the line the "flankers" following. About 300 yards in the rear of this firing line was the "support," and in the rear of all, two regiments in the "reserve." About 4 o'clock p. m. the army came up to the town of Guiquinto. The insurgents had left the town but a short time before. The river being too wide and deep for the firing line to cross, the lines were drawn in and sent across the bridge. The insurgents had attempted to burn the bridge, but they do not seem to understand how to destroy railroad bridges. They had piled up a pile of rice straw and bamboo poles under the iron bridge and set it afire. The bridge was not injured.

"I went over the bridge with the Pennsylvania skirmishers. Ahead of us was a rice field about 1,000 yards wide. Beyond this was higher ground covered with heavy timber. The firing line was just filing across the bridge and I was on the railroad grade with a squad of skirmishers with their colonel, when suddenly we saw the insurgents swarm out of the edge of the woods. The air was full of singing Mauser bullets. I never moved so quickly in my life. I rolled off that railroad into the ditch and the skirmishers fell on their faces behind the embankments on the rice field and answered the fire from the woods. The Twentieth Kansas and South Dakota regiments came across the bridge and took their position on the firing line along the river. Soon the regular volleys began to

answer the rattling fire from the woods. We were in a trap, for the river was at our rear and the insurgents' lines were much longer than ours, so that we were exposed to a cross fire from the right and left. This was my first battle. I experienced that trembling, fainting, fearful sensation that takes hold of the soldier not used to fighting. I took a pull at my canteen to cool my parched throat and then ran to the firing line at the edge of the woods and fell down behind the ridge among the fighters. I felt safe here, and shoved in the shells and fired with them in their volleys. The air was full of those terrible singing bullets. They struck the ridge of earth in front of us and threw clods in our faces. The men began to draw up their legs and lie closer to the ridge, for the bullets were ripping in on us from the sides. Soon the little Colts' rapid fire gun began its tap! tap! tap! — — ! from the bridge. The boys gave a great shout when they heard that, for the natives know she shoots two miles and that the little steel bullets come to them in perfect showers. Then the six-pound guns of the Utah artillery began to send their screaming, bursting shells into the woods. The insurgent fire ceased almost as rapidly as it had begun and the officers had much trouble in restraining their men. They started to charge across the field for those woods, but the army was ordered to camp.

"Some of those Mauser bullets found their mark. I saw several men fall as we advanced from the river to the ridges of earth on the rice field. Their comrades would turn about and carry them to a safe place. The surgeons and hospital corps did nobly. When a man was hit the boys would pass the word along the line and immediately the hospital corps and doctors would come up on a run and carry him away to a safe place. Soon the camp fires far up and down on both sides of the river showed where our army was camped and where the tired fellows were cooking their supper. I helped a wounded man back to the depot where the hospital had been established. The train carried thirty-nine wounded and five dead men back to Manila from here tonight. A heavy loss for our little battle of two hours.

"March 31.—The bugles of the Twenty-Second regulars back behind us on the reserve awoke me at 4 o'clock. I crawled out of my bed of rice straw so stiff and sore and lame that I



ARRIVAL OF FIRST TROOPS AT MALOLOS—CITY IN FLAMES.

could hardly walk. This hard tramping is hard on a green hand. Took my canteen and walked about half a mile up the track to the supply train and filled it with good water from the tanks there. When I returned the Kansas boys had breakfast of coffee, boiled potatoes and hot corn beef ready. Many of the boys had also cooked side dishes of various kinds. By daylight the army was on the move. Malolos is within two miles of us. All are expecting a hard battle for we have heard much of how well defended the insurgents' capital is. We had not advanced more than 500 yards when the Mausers began to crack from the insurgents' outposts. This showed where they were. The artillery opened a terrible fire and the rapid fire guns kept rattling away from the railroad. The insurgents' fire ceased and the lines advanced again rapidly. We came to the insurgent trenches within half a mile of the city and found them deserted. These trenches were splendid defences. Trenches eight feet deep in front and ditches from the breastworks to the marsh in which to retreat. The artillery fire had filled the "niggers" with fear and they had "vamoosed."

"The lines now began to close in on the city rapidly. The city is surrounded by rice fields from one-fourth of a mile to a mile in width. The Montana and Kansas regiments closed in and entered the city from the south, as they were on the left wing of the army. The Nebraska and South Dakota regiments closed in and entered the town from the east and northeast. When these troops reached the edge of the rice swamp on the right of the railroad they saw a swarm of insurgents tearing up the track. Here the only fight of any importance during the day took place. The insurgents boarded a train and left the town. The train was exposed to a fierce fire from the Nebraska boys but a Springfield bullet will not quite stop a locomotive. The artillery could have captured this train but the nature of the country made it impossible to get into position.

"When I entered the town with the Kansas boys the Montana troops were already in the center of the town helping the Chinamen fight fire. They already had the stars and stripes flying from a bamboo pole on one of the principal buildings. The city covers a large tract of low land and is surrounded by canals and swamps. At the center of the town was a fine church and monastery and school, all surrounded by a stone wall. By this church is an open court surrounded by good

stone and wooden buildings. From this open plaza the streets of the town radiate in all directions. These streets were lined with native houses packed close together. I stood on the porch of one of the Chinese houses and watched the different regiments pass into the square, through the streets. As the insurgents left the town they set fire to the church and palace. They had also looted the houses of the Chinese and other inhabitants. Four Chinamen were killed for their money. The fire spread from the burning church and in a very short time had burned nearly one-half of the town. The native houses are built of very light inflammable material and the streets are so narrow that nothing could stop such a fire. I photographed the troops in the plaza, with the burning church in the background.

"I inspected the old prison, where we found the names of five American prisoners written on the walls. How these fellows must have hated to leave with the insurgents. I was in the house used by Aguinaldo and saw newspaper men pocket many reports and papers. I looked about for a souvenir, but nothing movable remained. This house burned down soon after this. The troops were moved out around the city and camped. The Montana regiment and batteries took up quarters in the city, the former being ordered to guard the city. The orders were very strict about entering houses, but as no one was arrested the boys went in and took everything of any value. The officers were kept busy smelling canteens. The boys found "vino" by the barrel. This vino is terrible in its effects, so the soldiers were searched. The town was not as well fortified as we expected. The population is estimated by the officers to have been from 20,000 to 50,000. The insurgents have retreated up the railroad and it will be a hard task to capture them. I think the volunteer regiments that have done almost all the fighting in this campaign should be relieved and regulars with long range guns put on the firing line. I think Uncle Sam has a "big job" on his hands out here with these misguided people."

Across the river from the arsenal is the railroad station. An early morning visit lends some good ideas of the horrors of war. A train arrives with wounded soldiers, our own men mostly, laid on rudely constructed bamboo litters, these set on

the bottom of the box cars. The wounded of our army have their wounds taken care of by use of the first aid bandages which are carried by every soldier. Then they are placed on the trains and brought to the reserve hospitals in the city where they are operated on. The insurgent wounded are laid on the straw-covered bottom of box cars and brought in in that way. These cars present a terrible sight, clotted blood smeared over everything. I saw some sixteen natives dead lying in a row along the track, horrible gaping wounds in plain sight. They had died on the way in and were left for burial. Within ten feet of them were a group of native boys and girls at their favorite pastime, throwing pennies at a line; happy, playing children, all unconscious or unmindful of the dire results of war in evidence so near their play ground.

The insurgents seem to know that their wounded will be taken care of and for that reason they are not loth to leave them where they fall, while the dead they attempt to carry to some concealed place for burial.

An armored train has been fitted for service in pursuing the enemy in their fighting along the track. Box cars are used with heavy steel plates five feet high on all sides. The armament consists of one 1898 model Hotchkiss rapid fire gun, using six-pound shrapnell ammunition. On the front and rear of each car is mounted a late model gatling gun. It is the intention to run these cars in front of the engine right through the insurgent trenches which line the track, and in this way get a flank fire direct into the enemy which will, without doubt, be very effective.

The hospital corps have earned the grateful thanks of all the troops for their speed and courage in attending the wounded. Chinese litter bearers are used. Attended by surgeons they reach the wounded as soon as possible, then carry them to the temporary hospital in the rear, where the wounds are dressed hastily to make the trip to the city hospital.

A courageous lady, who has a son in the Colorado regiment, has been on the line all through the fight, utterly heedless of bullets. She tenderly dresses wounds and kindly ministers to the poor fellows who need a mother's care in their last hours on earth.

The absolute worthlessness of the Springfield rifle and black powder as a modern arm and ammunition has been

thoroughly proven in this war. The insurgents with the Mauser have some 800 yards the better of us in the matter of range. That means that they can use an effective fire on our volunteers armed with Springfields, while we have to make an advance of 800 yards to reach them, all the time under a fire which we can't return. Besides this the smokeless powder enables them to hide in trees and bushes and do deadly work without uncovering their position. All the ammunition now issued for the Springfield is smokeless, but the arm was not



NATIVE NIPA HOUSE AND ITS OCCUPANTS—PULILAN.

built for high power powder, and in consequence many guns are made worthless by having the breech block blown out with great danger to the shooter. The Morgan City brought down enough Krags for all the volunteers here. Why they are not issued when so badly needed is an enigma.

A new and deadly rapid fire gun is being tried for the first time in land battles. This gun is of Colt's make, so light that one man can pull it anywhere. It shoots the same ammuni-

tion as the navy rifle (Lee, straight pull) about 23 calibre steel bullet, nickel coated, range 4,000 yards, speed about 1,000 shots per minute. The gun was in use before Malolos and did some terrible work. It is manned by marines in charge of a naval ensign from the Olympia.

A German Prince, a military attache sent by his government to observe the methods used in the present war, was killed near the town of Polo. It seems he was warned by officers to keep back of our lines, which admonition he disregarded. When the body was found it was half way between our lines and those of the enemy. Our officers feel very badly over the affair, but don't blame themselves, as the Prince should have used better judgment than to advance in so dangerous a position.

War truly has strange effects on men. Of some it makes heroes and patriots, willing to accept any sacrifice to do good to their country, of others it makes rascals, fiends and traitors. Of the latter class I heard of one from an acquaintance in the Colorado regiment. Two companies of that regiment were ordered out in the night to protect their outposts, which were being attacked by the enemy. A few shots were fired which made the enemy fall back for a time. As a precaution against a repetition of the attack on the outposts the companies went to sleep on the hill where they were. In about an hour they were awakened by a fusilade of shots and the wild yells of a charge. They realized in a moment that they were being surrounded. On three sides were the flashes of guns. Their officer ordered them to flatten out on the ground and return the fire. Suddenly they heard a derisive laugh from the enemy's center, followed by a loud American voice urging the insurgents to close on them. While waiting for the charge a spell of quiet came and an American traitor taunted them about the desperate position he had them in and said that this was his revenge for getting a dishonorable discharge from the United States service. Presently from out the darkness came the welcome sound of an order, "forward—guide center—charge." The next instant a Minnesota battalion was up the hill and upon the enemy who were quickly forced to retreat, leaving dead and wounded on the field. From a wounded man they learned that the traitor soldier was now a lieutenant colonel in the insurgent army. This is not the

only case of the kind. Among the enemy's killed have been found half a dozen Americans wearing insurgent officer's uniforms. A just and timely end for their worthless lives.

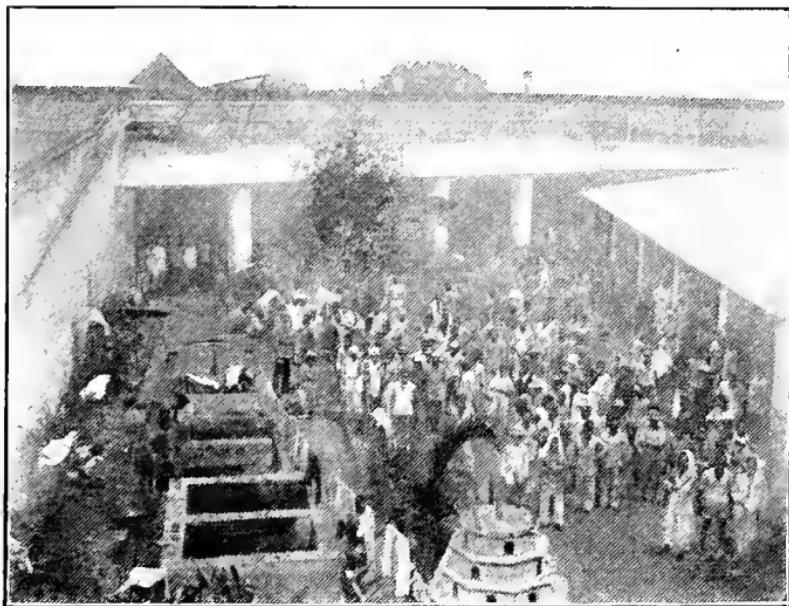
The arrival of the morning trains from the front, its load of passengers and their line-up preparatory to a march to quarters, where the poor, tired, hungry fellows will rest and mend, is an event that shows the fighting men after the excited tension of nerves is relaxed. To a soldier these men present the very acme of war. Begrimed with mud, blotched with blood from rushing in contact with countless thorns and briars in the woods, clothes torn to tatters, unshaven and haggard, yet glorious are these fighting men. In three days these men have aged as many years. Although spent by excessive physical effort, their whole expression showed that indomitable spirit that is America's own.

A very sad case of death by small pox occurred in Cavite, that of Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant Wally Bolin. Wally was a general favorite, a handsome, gentlemanly soldier whose death came especially hard on Company L, of which he was a member before receiving the appointment of regimental sergeant. His mother died suddenly while we were in Camp Merritt. An aged father and young sister survive to mourn the loss of this good soldier, buried in San Roque cemetery.

A few days before leaving San Francisco we were joined by a young man from Ottumwa, F. E. Strong. He accompanied us on our trip across and has been with us ever since. He has quite a history as a traveler, having started on a wandering career when very young. We found him to be a fine young fellow, exceptionally smart and very willing to work and be useful. Although not in the service he has been as one of us on every occasion. At San Roque he was right on the line. When the campaign opened on Malolos he obtained a pass and was in all the battles of the South Dakota regiment. While crossing a bridge during the fight his company was badly cut up, "Slim," as he is called, being one of those struck by a Mauser. The ball struck him on the left side of the head, passing through his hat and out again. It is little short of miraculous that he wasn't killed. The bullet tore along the rounding part of his skull and glanced off, inflicting a wound some four inches long. He was knocked unconscious but managed to recover and make his way to the wounded train. He

came to our quarters after careful dressing by the surgeon. He is now able to be about, none the worse for what might have been instant death.

Chas. Arnold has been employed by a company that is getting up a book, "Campaigning in the Philippines," to take pictures of actual battle scenes. For this work he was excused for three days which he spent on the fighting line with the great fighting Nebraskas and the Kansas boys. He returned today and gives grand accounts of what he witnessed in the



PRISON AT CAVITE CONTAINING 700 NATIVE PRISONERS. MANILA BAY
IN THE BACKGROUND.

taking of Malolos. His pictures are very valuable. Edwin Merritt, Ernest Dennis and Whitney Martin were also in the three days' hardest fighting. Not being able to secure passes they went out on their own account. We are glad to say they returned safe and sound today with a splendid report from the Kansas captain in whose company they bravely fought. The boys may receive a fine for absence without leave but I

am sure that their experience is more than worth what little trouble they get from it.

The boys had much enjoyment in the small hours of this morning. "Pottery" Palmer was corporal of the guard at the prison where some 1200 insurgent prisoners are kept. Before retiring we were ordered to leave our clothes on as an attempt to liberate the prisoners was expected from their insurgent friends in the city. About 3 a. m. I was awakened by the quiet voice of Chas. Dillon who told me to hasten to the prison as Pot had been assaulted by the inmates and badly hurt. It was not long before I had my gun on shoulder running at top speed through the dark streets prisonward, filled with the idea that I would get a few niggers anyway. Arriving there I met Pot and the squad and they asked what day it was. Then they gave me the laugh. The joke was successfully perpetrated on Otis Tyson, the Adjutant (Pace), Corporal Ingram, Clyde Hoober, Chas. Goldsberry and Pitt. The last named, in his kindness, took occasion to take a bucket of hot water along to wash Pot's wounds. Arriving, he said unkind words about the first of April.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON THE FIRING LINE.

CALUMPIT, P. I., April 29.—Events have come thick and fast to the Fifty-First in the last two weeks—events which the regiment met as soldiers should. It is with no small sense of pride that every member of the regiment records his doings. The last few days fighting in which we took part resulted in the complete rout of the main body of the insurgent army and the fall of the splendid fortified city of Calumpit. Today we are enjoying a well earned rest after the greatest physical efforts of our lives. We have time now to look back on the scenes of blood and human suffering of the last few days and thank God for his preservation of our lives.

In gaining Calumpit the enemy has lost the strongest city on the islands and from all indications today it would appear that the rebellion is nearly squelched. There may be much fighting in the future, but not in a general way, as the insurgent army, as an organization, will be dissolved. Gen. Luna, cousin of Aguinaldo, and secretary of war of the Philippine republic, in command of some 7,000 troops, today sent two representatives through our lines under a white flag. These men, Col. Manuel Arguelles, adjutant general to Aguinaldo, and Lieut. Jose Vernal, adjutant general on Gen. Luna's staff, were taken to Manila to confer with Gen. Otis as to terms for a surrender of their army, guns, and ammunition. The army is at rest today waiting the result of the conference. Every soldier has a sincere hope that it may end a struggle which has cost the lives of so many American boys, and made a graveyard out of a rich and beautiful country.

To begin our part of the story it is necessary to say that the Second battalion of the Fifty-First was relieved from guard duty in the walled city of Manila on the afternoon of April 14. We proceeded by train to Malolos, the former insurgent

capital, where we relieved the Tenth Pennsylvania regiment, they going to Cavite. Company M spent the first night in the field doing outpost duty in front of the firing line. Next day the Third and First battalions joined us and we went into shelter tent camp on the right of the firing line. Col. Miller was in command, Col. Loper being at Corregidor island under treatment for nervous prostration. The fighting line around Malolos was then in the form of a horseshoe, the toe of which pointed north and rested on the railroad track. The left curve of the shoe was held by Gen. Wheaton's brigade, consisting of the Third artillery acting as infantry, occupying the left heel of the shoe; next to them the First Montana, then the Twentieth Kansas, the Utah artillery holding the center position on the track. The right curve was held by South Dakota, Nebraska and the Fifty-First in the order named, Gen. Hale commanding. The horseshoe position of the lines was taken to prevent the enemy from making forays on the rear of the line while waiting the advance on Calumpit.

Company M's camp was situated in a beautiful grove of tropical fruit trees. The spot at some time had been the "hacienda" of some rich planter, whose land stretched in a level plain for a mile in every direction. This grove contained banana, pineapple, guava, cocoanut and mango trees, all heavy with fruit, unfortunately green, except the mangos, which we found delicious food. No one accustomed to the flat, low country around Manila could dream of such a country only thirty miles away. It would remind one of an Iowa prairie but for its rich growth of tropical trees in little clumps about the plain or bordering the banks of swift clear streams, which flow from the distant hills to the bay below. One can readily realize the rich possibilites of the splendid valley in the hands of progressive American farmers. One might have been lulled by this seductive country into the idea that peace pervaded the land, but over in the direction of the blue line of mountains we could occasionally hear the sound of insurgent bugles, and very often have our trees been pierced by long range Mausers. We built our breast works some four hundred yards from the camp, these as protection against a night attack. Our outposts were within close range to those of the enemy, they taking frequent shots at us which we had orders not to return. Every morning we sent out a scouting party to ascertain the position

of the enemy's works. One party in charge of Captain Clark with Corporal Binns, Privates Enfield, Dennis, Evan Evans and Thomas, went quietly into the insurgent territory. Corporal Lumb, Privates Frank Arnold, Guy Briggs and myself acted as outpost support to prevent a flank attack. The little party were exulting in having a good report to make of what they learned of the enemy's position, when suddenly they were treated to a volley of shots from two directions. They fell to



LOOKING FOR SHARPSHOOTERS, CALUMPIT.

the ground and returned the fire, retreating by short rushes. Fortunately none were hit but several had close calls.

We were a week in this camp waiting orders for the advance on Calumpit. The plan of the campaign northward was to swing the two curves of the horseshoe around, using the railroad as the pivot, until the whole line was in skirmish formation at right angles with the railroad track. The extreme left and right regiments were to start one day ahead of the others. On reaching their line the two brigades under command of

General Arthur McArthur were to advance on Calumpit. A circumstance occurred on Sunday, April 23, which somewhat changed the plans and caused the advance to be started one day too soon. Major Bell and a troop of the Fourth cavalry had gone on a scouting trip in the enemy's country. All went well with them until they passed out of a clump of timber into the open about a mile beyond our lines. Here they dismounted, sending the horses back to shade in charge of a squad. They advanced about half a mile when they received a terrific fire from sunken trenches on three sides. They fought nobly and were out numbered and nearly surrounded. The firing attracted the attention of scouts from our regiment who reported the situation to General Hale's headquarters. Major Hume was at once sent to the rescue with companies L, E, G and I. Major Moore, with companies B, K and M, was ordered to act as support. We had no idea whatever of a general fight starting. Company M left camp at 10 o'clock a. m., all thinking we would be back in time for dinner; in consequence we took nothing along in the way of food or equipments, only guns and ammunition.

A scouting party from M, composed of Capt. Clark, Corp. Binns, Privates Hockett, Thomas, Smith, Evan Evans and Sergt. Hawkins, were out early, the captain and Sergt. Hawkins leaving the party in order to bring the company out. Major Moore marched the three companies out in the direction of the firing. A short halt was made while the major reported the command. Here "Stub" Evans ran to meet us, telling the captain that Adrian Hockett and Bert Thomas were lying wounded a short distance from us. The scouting party had joined Company L when the firing commenced and in a few moments were in the thick of it, besides sharpshooters were getting bullets all around them. One of these struck Adrian, making a wound through the fleshy part of the leg. The boys tried to improvise a litter while waiting for the hospital corps. This they did, then they bound the wound with a first aid bandage. The Chinese litter bearers arrived by this time and started with Adrian for the rear, Bert Thomas going along as guard. This same sharpshooter kept busy putting Mausers all around the litter and when about half way back Bert was struck, the bullet entering the leg near the thigh, ranging downward along the bone and was found just under the skin

two inches above the knee cap. His wound was very painful but not serious. Both were taken on the afternoon train to Manila. The boys who met them reported both cheerful, making light of their wounds.

While listening to this misfortune to our comrades we stood in column of fours, watching the furious battle over to our left. A few bullets passed high over us. Another instant and we received a volley from our front. Quickly we fell into skirmish formation and advanced to a handy rice ridge. The bullets were cropping grass all around us. The enemy evidently had our range down fine. This first fire rather takes the nerve out of a man. I know every fellow flattened out very close to the ground. The Mauser has a sharp "ping" sound and the Remingtons sound like sawbucks thrown through the air. Our orders were not to fire. It was soon evident that we were being used to draw the fire while the Nebraska regiment, lately arrived on the ground, could get in good position. By the time we were ordered to advance, we were used to that "mournful sound," and jokes were being passed along the line. Once up and going, even if towards the fire, one feels freer and less helpless.

Our officers won the confidence and admiration of every man in that first fire. Old Col. Miller and Adj. Davidson rode back and forth along the line, joking about the way the bullets were shredding the sod. Things like this give men a world of confidence; they would follow such leaders anywhere. The boys over on our left were busy putting in volleys and the din was terrific. We knew then that the little brush we expected had turned into a general fight and that thousands of the enemy were on hand to protect the town of Quingua, on which the line was advancing. The line kept advancing and at the right end we were effecting a flank on a large party which continually had us in range of their Mausers but were too far away for us to reach them with our antiquated Springfields. They left trench after trench as we advanced, always leaving behind new Mausers and shells.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon the Utah battery arrived. I know of no sweeter sound than that of your own artillery in battle. There is so much of awful strength and destruction in the sound of artillery; first the sharp report of the gun, the long, shrill, sweeping sound of the passing shell and then the

dull muffled roar of shrapnel as it bursts. No wonder it is so terrifying to these "niggers."

The town of Quingua was in our hands by 3:30 o'clock p. m. Just as our detachment arrived at the Quingua road a sharpshooter fired right within 30 feet of M company, and, strange to say, missed. The big four, without orders, opened on him as he fled across a field. He fell with two bullets in his leg before running far. We had a rest in the road and received the sad news that the Nebraskas had lost their gallant Col. Stotsenberger, one lieutenant and four privates, besides some twenty-four others wounded. Our own regiment had seven men wounded. It seemed we had good fortune in getting off so easy as the Nebraska boys say it was the sharpest fight they were yet in.

Like they always do, before leaving Quingua the insurgents fired it, but the conflagration was stopped, however, before reaching the better portion. Companies M and L, of the Fifty-First, passed through the town, then down a wooded road, where the insurgent sharpshooters were still playing. We threw out flanking parties and reached in safety our position for the night. It was a natural ditch or creek bed, about one mile from the city. Here we lay down to rest, but without any supper. Still the boys took the hunger in good part, very little kicking being done. The night passed without incident. Next morning, Monday, we were up at 3 o'clock, filled our canteens, and were ready for another day's work, pretty hungry but ready to move. About 4 o'clock a detail showed up from somewhere, we didn't stop to inquire. Each man got a hardtack and every eight men a can of antique canned beef. This we ate and in half an hour were on the march. The night was not a "feather bed of rest" by any means. The Utah battery kept up the fire through the adjacent woods, kind of shelling a road for the next day's work. Three inch shells going through a heavy wood sound like a number of runaway teams, cracking and knocking down brush and trees. We passed through the town again, where we met our whole regiment and received our haversacks, shelter tents and rubber blankets. We had a march of a mile and a half, when we halted for a time, then advanced in single file along a bluff path eighteen inches wide. At the lower end of the path every man seemed to involuntarily halt, sometimes requiring a sharp

order to wake him up. The cause of their stop was plain when the spot was once reached. Before the eye was one of the most inspiring pictures ever viewed. A broad clear stream wound in graceful curves until lost in the blue distance, its banks fringed with a fleecy border of bamboos, the foliage of which seemed like green lace. Royal palms grew to the edge of a yellow sandy beach, on which was lined the Nebraska and the Dakota regiments. The latter had their guidon and the national colors floating in the breeze. Four guns of the Utah battery, drawn by mules, were just leaving the river ford. The ambulance train, with shouting, urgent drivers was still in mid stream, their horses seeming reluctant to leave the cool water. The enemy in their retreat had constructed a hasty bamboo bridge. This was filled with soldiers crossing. Others were enjoying a bath. A strange mixture, this whole scene! Lazy, languorous, beautiful southern nature wakened with the energy and spirit of the northern warrior. This is war. For a moment it presents scenes that thrill the soul as if in recompense for days of danger, hunger and hardship.

We spent an hour at the ford, during which the artillery moved on and Nebraska and Dakota deployed in line of skirmish through the adjacent woods. Our regiment started its march in columns of fours to reach our place in the brigade to the right of South Dakota. We went perhaps a mile in this way when the battle opened up. We could hear a heavy fire all along the line. Soon we went at double time through a heavily wooded road. The road was narrow, our fours filling the entire space. Instinctively every one felt the danger of the position should we be fired on while thus massed. Our fears were not unwarranted, for those most dangerous insurgents, the sharpshooters, commenced to fire from the trees. Colonel Miller then ordered us into column of file. As our battalion went forward we passed a litter on which lay Norward, of Company D, shot through the body, and another man shot through the arm. We heard a furious fire from Dakota, and soon reached the point where they did deadly work. At a turn in the road litter bearers passed with five silent burdens, two with faces covered, which we knew meant death, the next, a poor fellow on whose face was depicted the most intense agony. I heard afterwards that he was shot through both lungs. A

short distance brought us to a gruesome sight of death. The bodies of thirty-nine Filipinos lay behind a short breastwork which faced the road. A flanking party of sixteen Dakotas had come on this fort. In surprise they charged it, losing the two men we had just met and the others wounded. The insurgent loss was total, as the brave boys mounted the breastworks and fired at a few yards' range.

Our regiment, still in column of file, advanced into the open and was about to deploy as skirmishers on the right of Dakota's line when we received a fearful volley from the insurgent trenches on Dakota's right flank. It is difficult to remember orders or even one's own actions in such a contingency. It must be the soldier's training that supplies the instinct of what to do. Anyway the Iowa regiment fairly flew into line of skirmishers and some way a yell was started which was soon a prolonged cheer. Stung with the memory of recent roasts by disloyal veterans, who questioned the courage of the soldiers of their own state, the Fifty-First Iowa went to the charge. The words of Gen. Chas. King, in referring to a similar charge, best describe it: "There goes the American soldiers on the charge, and all hell can't stop them." It was no pell-mell, haphazard mob, but a well formed line of cheering men who knew it was impossible to answer this hail of long range Mausers with their Springfields. The distance was made and then this line dropped to a prone position and began rapid fire.

In the charge our good comrade, John Behm, was struck, the ball, a ricochet, passing through the left leg. When he fell Ed Merritt stopped, leaned over him and coolly proceeded to dress the wound with a first aid bandage, although bullets were thick around their exposed position. This act shows the courage of a family that has given three sons to this war—one forever.

Our first range was given as 1200 yards. After a hot fire at that range we rose and advanced. An incident occurred then which shows the intelligence of the American soldier. From the woods on our right the enemy commenced a raking cross fire on our line. Without an instant's hesitation and, as far as I can learn, too quick for orders, the right of our regiment swung around at right angles to the line facing the woods. They simply riddled it with lead, not ceasing until

the enemy's fire was silenced. As is their wont, the enemy in front couldn't stand the advance, so they left their trenches for retreat. Then we got orders to volley them. Two mounted troops of the Fourth cavalry caught the remainder as they scurried away and our line swung to the left on its northward course.

The heat was something awful during the day's march. Many men dropped from exhaustion. The ground was partially swampy and very heavy to walk over and our regiment, being on the flank, was required to make many right and left flank movements. At noon we halted to rest and refill our canteens with water. Here we learned that in our eagerness to go ahead we had outstripped our brigade by a mile and a half, and this after covering nearly twice the distance made by them. They are old timers and take it slow, while we were too eager by far. With a few slight skirmishes we ended the day's work by taking a splendid set of trenches at 5:30. The line was advancing on a heavy line of timber when they opened on Dakota's front. Dakota and Nebraska and our first battalion charged through the woods, the enemy falling back to their trenches, our second and third battalions covering the right flank. While the main line charged we sent in volleys in fast order. Major Duggan was wounded in the arm, but grimly continued to lead his men. This engagement lasted about thirty minutes, after which we advanced to the deserted trenches to spend the night, too tired and worn from heat and hunger to care for anything.

No food was on hand that night, but Captain Clark produced from his haversack a few cans of beef extract. This with warm water was made into beef tea, which did us much good. Around our resting place were the bodies of dead insurgents, and a few still alive. One of these begged for "chow-chow" (food.) In pity we turned away, unable to tell the poor fellow that we had none for ourselves. All that night the tireless Adjutant Davidson hustled to get information on the wagon train. About 5 o'clock Tuesday morning, when we were ready to move again, the train showed up, and gladly we broke our long fast and were away on another day's terrible march. The country passed over was even heavier than the day before, large swamps with heavy growth of wild grass and stunted thorn bamboo, which had to be trampled down, torn, any way

to get ahead. The sun's heat was something terrible, and the water full of salt and alkali. The enemy was not met until near the Calumpit river.

A word is necessary about Calumpit. The town is on the Dagupan railroad, forty miles north and west of Manila. Three large rivers flow in as many directions past the city. These connected by cut-off or smaller streams, makes the place difficult of access. Spanish history of recent date says that Calumpit has not been under Spanish subjection for over ten years. Its situation between the rivers rendered it compara-



BOMB PROOF TRENCH ON THE BAGBAG RIVER NEAR CALUMPIT.

tively easy to hold. This history tells of the last Spanish attempt to capture the city in 1880, which failed, they losing 3,000 men near the mouth of the Pampanga river. At this very point Hale's brigade found the enemy, and the hardest fight yet put up on these islands was given.

Near 11 o'clock, when within range of the river, the enemy opened on us from the opposite bank. The fire opened all along the line of the entire brigade. The insurgents took occasion to cut off the railroad connections across the Calumpit by letting one span drop to the river below. An armed train

had been pushed by hand ahead of Wheaton's brigade on its march up from Malolos. They opened a terrible bombardment from the train on the enemy's flank. Nebraska and South Dakota were putting in a fearful fire at the junction of the two rivers; three guns of the Utah artillery were doing terrible work from the same position, besides several small Hotchkiss mountain guns were kept playing on the enemy's works. A dense wood covered the other shore which concealed the effect of the fire. Our regiment on the right took advantage of a receding bend of the river and poured a withering fire into a partial flank of their trenches. The fire we put in was of the most rapid order, each man keeping a handful of shells on the ground in front of him, enabling him to keep his piece loaded with the rapidity of a repeater. The roar of the cannon and the rattle of small arms was deafening. Added to this awful noise was the fire of the enemy so near at hand, and the breaking down of large trees struck by shells. This din of awful sound was grand, but I believe no man would care to hear it more than once in his life. The enemy behind their splendid trenches, were desperate in their effort to hold their stronghold, but at 2:30 their fire was so subdued that two companies of the brave Nebraska regiment swam the river and charged a shore fort. This was the signal for evacuation, the enemy retiring on the town.

During the shelling fire, shrapnell shells from the armored train passed screaming over our regiment, one bursting directly in front of our company, a piece striking Samuel Tilden in the side, making a great tear in his coat and cutting the flesh on his right side. Clarence Kneedy was also struck by a small piece which passed through his coat sleeve near the wrist. For a moment this shell caused a waver in our ranks, but a word from Captain Clark and Lieutenant Logan and the boys fell back to work in good order. Samuel's wound was quickly taken care of by the surgeons and he positively refused to go to the rear or leave the ranks. Half an hour after the firing ceased we removed down the river and went into camp.

Wheaton's brigade, which had a peaceful march up from Malolos, consequently fresh, moved up from the left side of the river and crossed on a temporary span quickly added to the bridge by the engineer corps, next day, Wednesday, April 26,

took the firing line, and Hale's brigade acted as support. We remained in camp, getting a much needed rest. Wheaton's brigade, on their advance, found that Calumpit proper was located on the railroad track near the bank of the Pampanga river. They advanced on the place and the enemy again put up a fight in a position so strong that our field artillery was found inadequate to the task of driving them out. Another terrible shelling was given with little effect. Their trenches were simply invulnerable, but Colonel Funston and the brave boys from Kansas were equal to the occasion. A large railroad bridge spans the river just in front of their works. This bridge the insurgents stripped of all its ties and girders, leaving only the skeleton structure, to cross which was impossible. Two companies of Kansans reached the river bank and commenced rapid fire from their Krags on the opposite trench. So close were they that the enemy found it impossible to raise their heads on a level with the port holes to fire. This done, a brave Kansan volunteered to swim the river and carry a rope across. This he tied to a tree. A raft containing Colonel Funston and a small party of men pulled the raft over, hand over hand. Reaching the opposite shore they charged the trenches from end to end, completely routing the enemy, who retreated and were cut down with rapid fire guns. We visited these trenches next day and were simply awed with their strength. Railroad iron was used in their construction, and it is safe to say no army in the world could drive American troops out of them.

South Dakota and ourselves crossed the Calumpit at low tide by wading. It was surely a queer order, this command to strip, which we did, carrying our clothes on our heads. We went into camp in a deserted village, but just received orders to start before daybreak tomorrow morning to join General Lawton's brigade some fifteen miles to the northeast. Our movements from there we don't know.

The Fifty-First is justly proud of its record in three days of the hardest kind of fighting. We have received great praise from our Dakota and Nebraska friends, who pay us no doubtful compliment in saying that we fight faster than Tennessee. We feel that we have done our duty as we have always tried to which is all any soldier can do. Company M fights like so many tigers. We had the largest company in the regiment on the line, and not one showed a desire to quit or back down.

Lieutenant Logan left a sick bed against the orders of a doctor to joint the fight, and we are glad to say is now better. Lieutenant French was sick all the time but gamely stayed with it clear through. Yesterday he was taken to the hospital. Our wounded boys are all doing well in the Manila hospital except Sam Tilden who is with the company, his wound giving him no trouble. I have no chance to give a list of wounded of the regiment, but will give more facts later. Company M boys are well and full of fight, all ready for tomorrow's march. All join in greetings to our friends and thankfulness that matters didn't go worse with us. Captain Clark proved as good a field officer as he has always done in other places. In haste to try and catch an outgoing boat.

CHAPTER XIV.

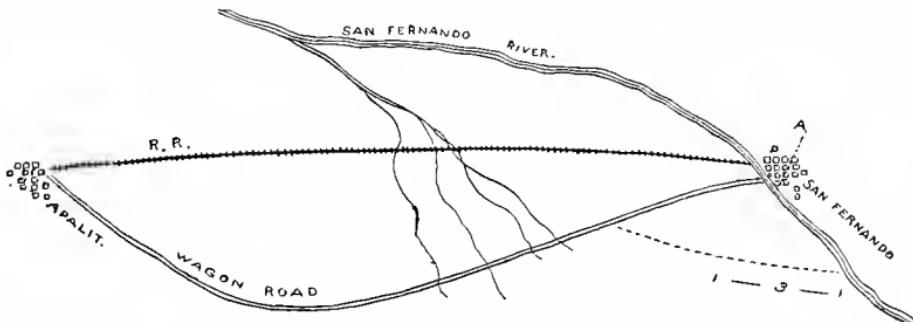
CAPTURE OF THE INSURGENT CAPITAL.

SAN FERNANDO, PAMPANGA PROVINCE, P. I., May 9, 1899.—After the hardest and most exhaustive campaign ever made in these islands, General McArthur's division is resting. That is, getting as much rest as men can whose body and mind have been taxed to the utmost limit of human indurance. To these broken and worn men a backward glance at the work of the last few days, seems almost like a nightmare. At Calumpit the opinion was universal that the insurgent army had received its coup-de-grace. This opinion was strengthened by the arrival of commissioners from General Luna, whose mission was to ask terms of surrender. This was taken in good faith as a surety that the enemy realized the folly of further fight and were willing to accept a merciful settlement from our government. It developed, however, that the move was only a hypocritical farce to gain time. In this they were successful, but in the end it did them little good.

In the three days' armistice following the fall of Calumpit and Apalit, the enemy took advantage of the respite to fortify the towns of San Tomas and San Fernando. The position of these towns, they figured, rendered them safe from invasion. It is ten miles from Apalit to San Tomas by the Dagupan railroad, and several miles farther by the wagon road, which winds through the lowlands and makes the only dry passage through the swamps that surround San Tomas on three sides. The railroad they rendered useless by dropping spans from the bridges into the rivers and tearing up a great portion of the track. The wagon road was treated in a similar manner. With these roads destroyed they thought the only means of transit across the almost impassable swamps was cut off. They reckoned nature's barriers and those they built on the higher ground to be sufficient to discourage our army in its

northward march, or at least force it into the morass while the natives circled on the higher ground and made pottage of "Americanos." In planning this one-sided victory they estimated the swamps impassable because they always blocked their former foe, the Spaniards. That evening, those who could, drearily skulked towards San Fernando, repeating to themselves the philosophy learned in past meetings—"Americano soldado mucho malo; mucho boom, boom." We crossed that swamp, we waded their rivers, stormed their trenches and landed in their capital city, San Fernando.

In my last letter, written from Calumpit, I spoke of our expected departure to join Gen. Lawton's forces which were thought to be some ten miles to our right near the foot hills, advancing into a position back of the enemy. Gen. Lawton left the railroad with some 6,000 men about the same time we

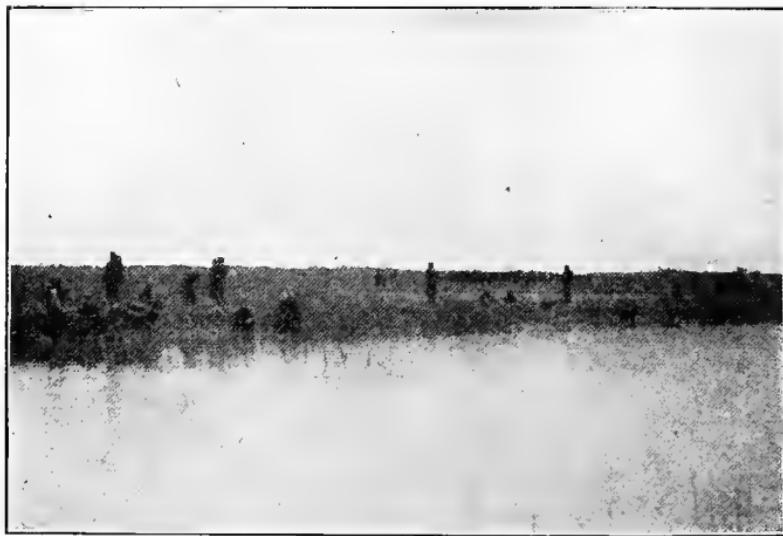


MAP SHOWING ADVANCE ON SAN FERNANDO.

left Malolos. Since then his movements have been the mystery of the campaign and the whole topic of conversation among the troops. Speculate is all we could do, as no one had the least information as to his movements. The morning of May 2, South Dakota, the Fifty-First and three guns of the Utah battery headed by one troop of the Fourth cavalry, left Calumpit presumably to join our line to the left of Lawton's. We stopped and waded the Rio Grande river, then resumed our clothes and started the march, the cavalry acting as advance guard with the Fifty-First next in columns of fours. In this way we marched without interruption some nine miles which brought us to the outskirts of the village of Pulilan. A halt was ordered during which we could hear firing on our front. The Fifty-First went into line of skirmishers and advanced

through the village and the surrounding thicket. A few scurrying insurgents were sighted and a slight skirmish followed in which a Lieutenant Colonel and a dozen insurgent soldiers were added to the death list. After waiting the balance of the day for orders, we finally went into camp for the night. The pleasantest reflections of that camp is the memory of a fine heifer calf which gave up her young life to supply veal for Company M's men, however, without her own or her owner's consent.

We spent that night trying to make a cheap government poncho keep out a deluge of rain, which they didn't. Next



SWAMP AT SAN TOMAS. SQUAD OF CO. M ON THE LEFT.

morning, sore and cramped, we marched at nearly double time back to the Rio Grande river, recrossed, passed through Calumpit and three miles up the track to Apalit. Bad tempered, tired men cursed army management which run a man up the hill, then down again without telling him the reason for it or accomplishing anything by it. We spent the night in a house, lately the home of some patriot. Apalit is a rich and prosperous villa. Many rich sugar planters resided there, and in consequence there are many fine homes. Gen. Luna, of

the insurgent army, also lived there, and his house, splendidly furnished, was deserted. A guard was placed over it to insure its protection. Major Moore's battalion (the third) was sent to the Calumpit bridge to relieve the Nebraskas who were guarding it.

The morning of May 4th Hale's brigade had reveille at 3 o'clock and at 4:30 were ready for the road. The Fifty-First again led the brigade, with Company M acting as advance guard some three hundred yards in front. In advance guard a company is divided into four sections. One squad acts as the front or point, some two hundred yards ahead, with squads to the right and left, the main portion of the company acting as reserve. Wheaton's brigade started their advance up the railroad track at the same time Hale's started up the dirt road. Our march was made for six miles without the least sign of black men. On nearing the swamp country our scouts reported natives ahead. Our company was ordered to advance as skirmishers on the left of the road, our orders being not to fire unless fired on. Shortly after deploying and while moving cautiously through a wet cane field, we came directly upon a large body of insurgent soldiers quietly moving down the road in column of fours. They were within four hundred yards range, with no possible chance of cover. In some manner we managed to obey orders and withheld our fire. Afterwards we regretted it, for this same band of soldiers made us a world of trouble. Captain Clark reported the enemy to General Hale who was not in position to see them. Orders were given to deploy the battalions of the Fifty-First, and while they were executing the move the Utah battery was brought up and advanced with our line. Our advance soon took us to the swamp. In the meantime the battery on the road suddenly halted, and for good reason. The party we sighted had just finished what they thought a very fine piece of engineering. The road was mined for a hundred yards, great round holes having been dug all along, from the bottoms of which protruded sharp pointed bamboo poles. A covering of palm matting, then a dressing of dirt, well tramped down, left the road an inviting but dangerous passage. An artillery officer, marching ahead of his battery, stopped and broke into a fit of laughter the moment his feet struck it. He said afterwards he was amused at the nerve of men to think that a Missouri mule could be made to

start over such a pitfall. Every forward step we took in that swamp we seemed to sink in further. While thinking of this the enemy opened fire on our line. We couldn't answer the fire for the reason that we were armed with flintlocks that wouldn't half reach their line. They knew this, for away ahead on a narrow strip of high ground we could see their skirmish line boldly standing up, giving us thunder. Half civilized people, armed with a modern, long range gun—soldiers of a great nation required to march through fire in order to get a shot at them. Rather a sad commentary on our war system. The Utah guns unlimbered and went into action. Their shell passed over our heads with an awful sweep and swirl which ended in the enemy's lines. A short second of quiet and then they burst, we wonder with what result.

A swamp is repulsive to even think of, and more so to move in. This one was a muck of foul mud mixed with decayed vegetation. Its tangled, rotten dirt and grass would hold and pull at one's legs until it seemed almost impossible to go a step forward. Added to its discomforts was the terrible sun overhead. We literally broiled. The only thing that saved us from utter exhaustion was the crossing of frequent water holes. Here we could get down to our necks and get some relief. Even in that most discouraging position the boys never gave up to despair or lost their good nature. Down on the road that morning it was very slippery and one fellow was constantly kicking because he didn't get his shoes hob-nailed. In this swamp, up to the waist in mud, one fellow shouted down the line, "Wonder if Bill's hob-nails would do him any good here?" Other fellows were joking about bullets splashing mud on them. We finally got in range and went to firing. That was a relief. For two hours the Iowa battalions fought that line. Our canteens were empty and we had to resort to swamp water, which only increased our thirst. We had one pause and that was when our ammunition ran out. A supply was brought up from the pack train and we made another advance crossing a stream some fifty yards wide. While in this stream we were terribly peppered with bullets. They seemed to have measured each range, at least they had our location down fine. The Utah guns unable to get over the mined road, couldn't advance but they gave them plenty of grief from their position at the swamp's edge. Three Hotch-

kiss field pieces and one rapid fire were in constant use and I can say truthfully, nothing ever sounded better than did that awful din of exploding shells. Gen. Luna, in person, was directing the insurgents. It might have been his presence or their desperation, but it is certain that the insurgents made the longest stand and the best fight they ever made on the islands. To us it seemed as if it would last forever. Twice we were nearly out of ammunition, yet they stayed and gave us shot for shot. Over on our left, two miles away, Wheaton's brigade came up and engaged them on a partial flank. We



UTAH ARTILLERY IN ACTION, APALIT.

could see the burning huts, started from his shells. A mile back of us Nebraska waited as a reserve. At the moment most useful they were ordered to deploy around the edge of the swamp on our right flank. This they did. Soon we had three lines from as many directions advancing on the enemy's trenches. They had to vamoose then and at the same time we ceased our fire for fear of hitting our own troops. The sound of firing died down like the light of a summer day and at last was stilled entirely.

Through those long hours of battle we watched that swamp

road, high and dry, reflecting the awful heat. Not a few wondered if they would be spared to set foot on its dry surface again. At last we were upon it, we thought to rest, but an order came for Company M to skirmish a strip of high grass that had not yet been searched. We took to the swamp again and soon ran out a number of insurgents. The grass was high and very thick. We advanced with cocked rifles and in many cases ran upon insurgents kneeling, with their Mausers pointed at our faces. in every instance they wilted when drawn on with a Springfield and begged for mercy. These prisoners were sent to the rear in squads, their guns being mostly rendered unfit for use and thrown into the mud. Through the grass we came to the bank of a large river where we were treated to a volley from some small trenches on the opposite shore. A few shots and we had them going through an open meadow where wing shooting was in order.

Hale's brigade formed again and crossed the river on a bamboo pontoon bridge. While waiting our turn we had time to look over the field and note the result of the day's work. Chinese litter bearers of our hospital corps were carrying back the unfortunate wounded natives, while other Chinese were busy collecting the dead for burial. It matters not how badly wounded or how painful the wound, the Filipino never groans or shows the least sign of pain. Their fortitude is something remarkable. Sometimes they show distrust. Griffith, of our company, found a sharpshooter who had fallen from his perch in a tree. A springfield bullet entered near his heel and came out near the knee; the wound was bleeding badly and Griffith, not being in call of the hospital corps, kindly tied his own first aid around the poor fellow's wounds. His back was hardly turned till the fellow had the bandage torn off, evidently in fear of poisoned gauze. There were many sights on that field which made a man sick to look on. In the heat of fight one sees the same thing with a kind of exultation, but in the evening when the glamour is past and the hush is on, one wonders if, after all, there can be such a thing as justice in deadly human conflict.

South Dakota and Nebraska moved into the city of San Tomas, already occupied by Kansas and Montana, while we were permitted to rest in the woods after we were moved into some deserted houses in the outskirts for the night. At

10:30 that night we had some food, the first since that morning at 3:30. We were so worn and tired that sleep was nearly impossible, and most all spent the early part of the night in trying to scrape mud from tattered clothes. In summing up the day's work, which the generals estimated to be the hardest done in this war, it was found that the Iowa battalions had but three men wounded. This seemed providential, as we were exposed to the fire for nearly two hours before the others came up. Nebraska, always unfortunate, had one man killed while in the reserve and two others on their advance, besides several wounded. Kansas and Montana fared about the same way, Colonel Funston, of the Kansans, being among the wounded. General McArthur, on hearing the report from the Fifty-First, said: "Why, those men must be bullet proof!" In all our engagements we have had but twenty-three men wounded, and none of these have since died. Fifteen of the number are in the second battalion, and five of them, including Fred Strong, were in Company M.

The morning of the 5th we had reveille at 5 o'clock. Our ammunition was reported on and found very short. The wagon train with supplies and ammunition was unable to reach us on account of the bridges being out, and the artillery was also left behind. We hoped this would give us rest, but about 8 o'clock we got "fall in," after which we left San Tomas for the north, accompanied by a small Nebraska Hotchkiss gun, and after a march of two miles we found ourselves approaching San Fernando. It looked like suicide for only two battalions to attempt the capture of such a place, but then there was our General Hale looking all confident, so we forgot our short supply of ammunition and trudged on. A wide detour was made and we crossed the San Tomas river by wading. A halt and reconnoiter and we found ourselves in the rear of the city, and advancing directly towards it. The insurgents, taken completely by surprise by this manoeuvre, were forced to leave the south side of the city, where they prepared to defend in strong trenches, and were thus forced to seek refuge in the unprotected open, where they are always disorganized and cowardly. It was simply a stampede. The enemy, devoid of all order, had only the instinct of flight. They scurried out in bunches, pairs and singly. From a cane field our boys gave them a regular old-fashioned Iowa rabbit hunt. Some were so

terrified that they threw away their guns and rushed into our lines as prisoners. Others took off their shirts and used them on their guns as flags of truce. At noon the proud Iowa boys passed into what was yesterday the Filipino capital, but is now a deserted city but for themselves. Still some Iowa editor will feel sore because we weren't all killed.

San Fernando is a city of 20,000 to 25,000, sixty-five kilometers from Manila by rail. It is a rich and beautifully built town, located on a plateau, high and dry, with good climate and splendid water and surrounded by the best sugar country on the islands. We are, perhaps, the first Americans to walk its streets, and for many years the Spaniards have been unable to venture so far from home. As is customary, the niggers fired all the public building before leaving, among others a magnificent old cathedral, as substantial, and I believe more picturesque in design of architecture, than any in Manila. A public hall, the scene of yesterday's meeting of the Filipino congress, was also in ruins. We took dinner in the court of a splendid private residence, the interior of which is finished in carved native wood, beautifully executed. After dinner we moved into quarters in the suburbs. Our house has a fine piano, but otherwise the furniture has been removed.

To show what effect this campaigning has in the awful heat of the tropics, the Nebraska regiment is a good sample. The entire division moved here yesterday. Nebraska has only 320 men out of 1,000 a short time ago. Of these, 173 were reported sick the morning of arrival here. Other regiments have fared about alike in proportion to the amount of service done. No one will ever know what the Nebraska men have suffered, and no eulogy will ever do justice to their service in this war. Some of their companions haven't a corporal's squad left on duty. Our regiment is also on the down hill run. It is only a question of how many days' service in this terrible day sun and night rain, to figure how long a regiment can stand it. Of Company M, nineteen are down. The wounded boys are doing well, also Harry Stevens is much better at Cavite.

The railroad is out between here and Calumpit. The wagon train and artillery will be here tomorrow. We have no knowledge of our future moves, but don't see how it will be possible, until the railroad is fixed to carry supplies to us.

CHAPTER XV.

IN CAMP AT SAN FERNANDO.

FIRST RESERVE HOSPITAL, MANILA, June 9.—Since my last letter from San Fernando, I was so unfortunate as to come in contact with a bullet, and in consequence I am now nursing a wounded leg. The month of May passed at San Fernando in a continual round of guard duty. The pestiferous natives almost surrounded the city and required a strong and vigilant guard. Our outpost was about a mile and a half from town, where an old sugar house made a most convenient place as shelter for the reserve, and was also used as a lookout station in the day time. A guard was always on watch in the gable of the roof where a small hole was cut in the thatch so that with a pair of field glasses the country for a mile in front was in view.

The insurgents' trenches were just four hundred yards in front of us, they taking much enjoyment in occasional shots should a man expose himself. At meal time this was especially troublesome. When we lined up for mess they were unkind enough to shoot and cause much spilling of coffee and not a little bad language. We had a fortunate escape one evening while digging a trench for protection. Companies H and M were engaged in the work, about fifty men being exposed in broad daylight busy with picks and shovels. The lookout in the eaves of the sugar house had instructions to keep a sharp eye on the natives and report any move they made. He was probably taking a nap, for without warning we received a volley from about a hundred guns. They had our range perfectly, the bullets striking at our feet, between our legs and all around our heads. A scramble followed for our guns which were stacked some twenty-five yards to the rear. Each man glanced back on getting his arms, and every one seemed surprised to find no one hit. A hearty laugh

passed around, but no more digging was done that day. The rainy season was just setting in and outpost work was getting very disagreeable.

On the afternoon of May 25, we were treated to a surprise. Company M was on outpost. The mail had just been received from the States and all except the lookouts on the different posts were enjoying news from home. A few suspicious moves were reported from our extreme left outpost and shortly a message from the South Dakota outpost on our left reported the enemy as about to make an advance. In view of this all the outposts were reinforced. We were still busy with the mail when the top of a temporary shelter on outpost No. 6 was riddled with bullets and the next instant letters and papers were thrown to the wind and we were making tall steps for the trenches. Over in front of South Dakota a skirmish line of about five hundred insurgents were advancing steadily with all the nerve and presumption of intending to march right into San Fernando. An advance guard of about twenty men were thrown out in skirmish formation about 300 yards in front of the main body. Occasionally they halted to fire a few volleys and then advance.

While this movement was being made the South Dakota regiment arrived from town in support of the outpost, and back across the rice field we could see the Fifty-First coming to our aid. Dakota opened fire on the advance at very short range and one volley completely wiped them out. This brought the main body to a halt. General Hale was on the line and ordered the South Dakotas to charge. Presently Captain Clark, with eighteen men, was ordered to try if possible to effect a flank fire on the enemy's line pending the arrival of our regiment. Captain Clark led us forward and to the right of the insurgents for perhaps two miles. We passed through a dense tangle of growth, bamboo and wild vines and in this thicket lost all sight of the enemy. In the meantime the South Dakota boys were advancing with a heavy fire. The Utah artillery was also in action far over to our left, and we began to feel the isolation of our position, over a mile ahead of our troops and only eighteen men. After skirting another thicket we found ourselves in South Dakota's fire and for the first time heard the spiteful crack of Krag-Joergensen bullets fired at long range. Our flank movement succeeded so far as to give us a

few shots, which had the effect of causing the insurgents to beat a retreat. Eight companies of the Fifty-First arrived in a short time and we took a "hike" through the swamps and cane fields, finding only a few armed natives. South Dakota had two men killed in this skirmish and about nine wounded. The insurgent loss was very heavy. Tired and weary, we marched back to San Fernando and again went on the outpost.

The lesson learned by the insurgents in the afternoon attack was thought to be sufficient to last them for several days. Not so; about 1 o'clock the next morning they attacked again and from that time until morning poured in a very heavy fire. At 5 o'clock the Fifty-First and South Dakota regiments were ordered to advance and again came the hike over the same ground as the day before. We got in some heavy firing and at every stop found the effects in dead and wounded. Our last charge was made across a large rice field, Company M acting with the South Dakotas, who were on our immediate left. The whole line was running forward and firing at will. It was while crossing this field I was shot. My first realization of it was in seeing my gun rolling some yards in advance and having a strange sense of shock. Several of the boys stopped and assisted me in cutting off the trouser leg and applying a first aid bandage to the wound. The ball entered my right thigh from the side, turned and passed out through the cords at the back of my leg.

Our regiment had no hospital or ambulance corps that day and in consequence the boys had to carry me back to San Fernando, a distance of four miles. That trip was rather hard on all concerned. The sun was burning hot and no food had been eaten since the night before. I remember some very strong remarks that were made in reference to my size and weight and some equally strong language on the subject of the hospital corps.

From San Fernando to Manila by rail is about forty-five miles, but the train on which we were taken to that city took exactly twelve hours to make the trip. There were two cars of wounded men from the different regiments. Straw was spread on the floor of box cars and on this the wounded lay. The suffering of some of the poor fellows was dreadful, and was added to every time the train stopped with a series of jolts and jars. No operations or dressing is done on the field except

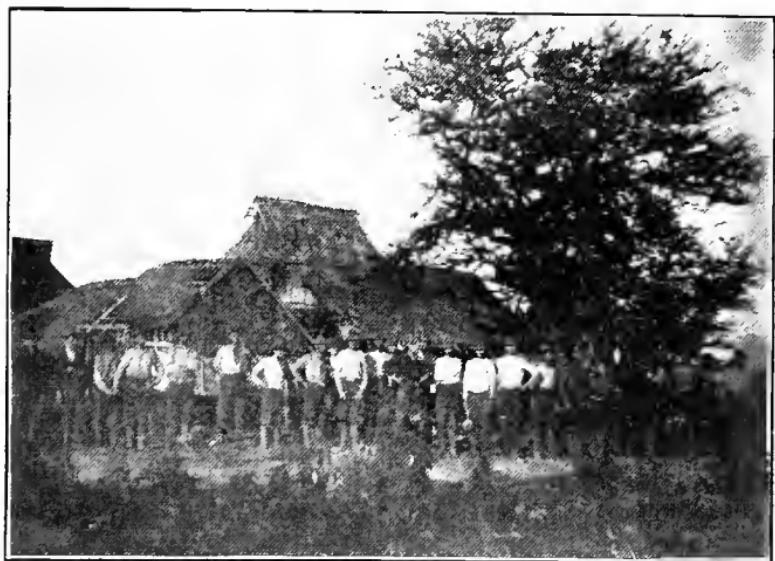
temporary bandages, on account of liability of blood poisoning. When we arrived at Manila it was 3 in the morning.

A long line of litters, each with a pale-faced sufferer awaiting his turn on the operating table, lined a large room in which three surgeons were busily engaged. To some this first critical examination was a death sentence. In as kind a tone as possible they were told the small chances for their recovery and their parents' or relatives' names were taken and the boys would say, as they were carried by, "cheer up, old man, perhaps it isn't so bad."

After the operating and dressing is over native litter bearers remove the wounded to an assigned ward. To the soldier who has been exposed to the elements for weeks and months and had only the wet and swampy ground for a bed, the white, clean cots of the hospital are a luxury he so long has conjured in his dreams. The hospital service at Manila is excellent in spite of the fact that every ward is crowded with sick and wounded. This hospital alone contains one thousand men and the second reserve has five hundred. The third reserve is used as a kind of convalescent home for wounded men who are unfit for duty. About five hundred are there. On the hospital ship Relief are three hundred patients, and a like number are on Corregidor island at the entrance of Manila bay. My wound is somewhat painful and requires dressing once a day. The hardest feature of being wounded is being required to rest in one position all the time. Then there are the weary hours of the day and night to kill in the company of fellow sufferers, many of whom are worse than oneself. There is, however, a certain cheerfulness among soldiers that overrides even this monotonous hospital life. Everyone seems inclined to make the best of a bad situation.

SAN FERNANDO, P. I., June 14, 1899.—Yesterday morning at 6:15, at the call of First Sergeant Hawkins to "fall in," Company M was lined up in front of quarters for their day on outpost duty. The men, for from their bewhiskered faces they are boys no longer, take their places. Each man is clad in brown—worn and tattered from ten weeks of hard service on the line. The brown coats have their pockets bulging full with ammunition and many are reefed up all around at the bottom, which, when packed full, gives their wearers a peculiar knicker-

bocker appearance. From each shoulder hangs the essential canteen to whose strap is fastened a tin cup and half a turtle, and from many a hip pocket projects a spoon, which forms the entire table service. On each belt hangs a folded rubber blanket, which performs at once the duty of shelter-tent and bed. At "march" the fours swing and each discolored and tarnished but trusty old Springfield is swung over the right shoulder, hanging by the strap in front with the stock in the air, and with the clanking of tinware, the officers ahead, Company M moves down the Maccabebe road toward the sugar



COMPANY M ON OUTPOST DUTY AT THE OLD SUGAR HOUSE, SAN FERNANDO.

house. In those firm but easy-going five fours you would scarcely recognize the crack M Company of past drill fame. They are changed, greatly changed, but it is the metamorphosis that service in the field has produced in all the men who have fought from Malolos, Quinga, Calumpit, Apalit, St. Tomas to San Fernando, and it is a change which would arouse in you feelings of patriotism and pride never inspired by the tame scenes of armory and drill ground.

The march of a mile and a half along the road and through the fields is quickly made and Company M halts before the

sugar house, which forms the center of the Iowa outposts. Three men, a corporal and a lieutenant are sent to the left to post six and likewise to the right to post one. The sugar house is high and at the very top, peering through an opening in the thatch, is placed the outlook, who, during his two hours until relieved, scans, with powerful glasses, the opposite thickets and trenches in front, to the right and left, and reports below every suspicious movement that the insurrectos make.

Adjoining post six are the outposts of the Seventeenth regulars, and beyond them, encircling the city, are those of the Twentieth Kansas and First Montana. Thus is San Fernando rendered safe throughout the day.

The assignments made, Company M scatters to the nipa shacks, which were formerly the homes of the mill workmen, and each man seeks to wear out the long hours as best he may. About 11:30 a cry is raised that dinner is coming and Quartermaster Sergeant Rose, with a Chino and bull cart, arrive. In an incredibly short time the line is made, each cup and half turtle filled and the men scattered about in the shade eating as only soldiers can. To see them thus—each, perhaps, cracking a hard boiled duck egg with his spoon—suggests indeed a rough outing, but the groups of guns and suspended belts belie the suspicion.

Dinner over, the shacks are again filled and the “bamboo reports” and arguments begin afresh. At present books and papers are above par through scarcity, and talk, everlasting talk, is the only resource. It matters not what the subject may be—anything from the historical sequence of the books of Moses to the habits of the Filipino, and from the mistakes of the administration to the virtues of osteopathy.

Supper time comes and with it night and the assignment of the pickets. Under cover of darkness the intervening posts are filled. Six men and two “non-coms” are sent to each; the reliefs are formed and the lonely picket takes his post, hidden in the corn or tropical undergrowth. Back at the sugar house the captain remains with the reserve, ready to rush instantly to any post which may need assistance. It is now that one of the real hardships of army life begins. Alert, and with pent attention, each sentinel watches out his two hours. Every sound and every movement of vegetation in front he scans with closest concentration. Upon him depends the safety of the city

behind and at this moment he becomes supreme. Often during these silent and slow-going hours of darkness, nature seems to awaken in her dreams throughout the bamboo thickets along the creeks. It is wonderful. There comes first the mournful hooting of the tiny Luzon screech owl; then the bittern's boom; the pretty little brown mudhens add a subdued cackling; the grass finch gives a rising chromatic, made out of four tones of three semi-tone notes each; the Filipino cuckoo gurgles forth a song like the tones of an emptying jug; the linguistic lizards mutter amid the chirping, querulous calls of the toads and frogs and the quercking of the tree snakes (yes, snakes), and the whole picture of sound is draped, as it were, with the humming of mosquitos and myriads of tropical insects which are always abroad. It is at once indescribable, weird and grand. This wild symphony will be ended as soon as it began. Over across the clearing a Filipino picket imagines that he has located our listening sentinel. His Remington gives forth its shotgun-like report and the ill-made and ill-fitting leaden bullet comes twisting and moaning through the air, perhaps over our picket's head and then, excepting the irrepressible humming of mosquitos, all is again wrapped in silence.

Last night there were heavy rains throughout the entire night. Wrapped in their rubber blankets, but soaked and re-soaked to the skin, Company M passed a sleepless night, giving vent to many quaint sayings on the subject of expansion. It is, indeed, one of the dismal realities of soldier life in the tropics. Before daylight the sentinels are drawn in and at 7 all return to the sugar house where the company is relieved. This is the program for one day and night out of every six, and if you can picture it, you can see and perhaps realize this part of our military life.

At times the firing is kept up all night by the hostiles, our men never, or rarely, returning it, and the mournful wail of the Remington has become so usual and common as to cause no comment. An adjoining battalion of the Seventeenth regulars has lost, so far, one man killed and one wounded on picket duty; Company M none. Perhaps, as one of the boys said this morning coming in, "the Lord is with Company M."

Our present home is a large L-shaped building facing two streets, the one to the north leading down through a portion of the residence district to the depot, which is nearly a mile dis-

tant; the other, to the west, is shadowed for a block by the ruins of the burned cathedral, an edifice which, by its still standing walls, even yet reflects its former grandeur. At one time it was the seat of a bishopric and before the late Spanish insurrection it supported four "padres." The marble baths and other evidences of luxury found amid the fallen tiles and debris show how royally these fathers lived. The recollection of years of tax extortion and exorbitant tithes may be the reason the belligerent Filipinos burned it before the victorious oncoming of our troops. In front of the cathedral lies the city plaza, faced on the opposite side by the ruins of a once beautiful but now burned building which, according to the natives, was the city hall and later the senate chamber of the republic. In the plaza, a few days before our arrival, Aguinaldo is said to have soothed the rebellious followers of Luna, and cheered up again his discouraged troops by the magnetic power of his personality and the eloquence of his thrice bilingual tongue, concluding with the heroic climax that "they would never surrender while a man remained." The plaza, now with its surrounding ruins, and in fact the entire city, is but the ghost of a place. Its native inherent life is gone and at pensive moments in the silence of night it gives and deeply sets the truth that war is indeed not heaven.

But to return to quarters. This building was formerly a large Chinese department store, the ground floor being divided up into small stalls, which are each matched above by a room on the second floor. The boys have joined all these rooms above by making doors where necessary and thus all the rooms are thrown together with space enough for a battalion. Lootting was forbidden at first but by those secret and occult methods known to the soldier, many rocking chairs, beds and tables found their way to the Company M hostelry, so that it almost bears the stamp of home comfort. We were never before so cosily arranged in quarters or camp. The five days intervening between outpost days are spent in Capuan ease. The policing takes about twenty minutes each morning, and if you escape Sergeant Painter's detail for city policing or the kitchen police you are through for the day. Unfortunately Company M's library is at Cavite and so, excepting the papers and magazines which friends send from the States, reading has been denied. Yet with the regularity of routine life, the days are flying by with unwonted speed.

June 24th.—Company D, with fifty men, of the first battalion, under command of First Sergeant Woodford, were at the outposts the morning of June 16. The night had been cloudy and dark, and with little to attract the sentinels except the unusual silence in the hostile trenches. At 4 o'clock, just when the morning star was whitening the eastern sky, the sergeant noted the sudden rising of rockets all around the city. He was hastening to send a man back to headquarters to report it when from all parts on the front a blaze of fire opened upon him and his men. It was appalling, but Sergeant Woodford was equal to the crisis. His little reserve of fourteen men was immediately lined up in the trenches before the sugar house, and they returned the fire as fast as the Springfields could be worked, firing between their outposts. All along the line the little squads of six men each gave evidence of what Iowa blood can do. Under cover of the fog the enemy, in detachments, had crept upon each outpost, hoping, just at daybreak, to drive them back and gain entrance to the city, but they counted without their host.

Post two is located on a sunken road which leads from the city over toward the trenches. Along this road a company of natives crept upon the squad. The picket fired and in an instant the little garrison was lined up across the road holding them back. The "niggers" flanked them on two sides, but the gallant little force fought without a waver. The corporal received a wound in the face and one private was down with a bullet through the thigh, but still the Springfields did action, covering every bush that moved. The hostile seemed to think they had struck at least a platoon and waited the coming of reinforcements, but massing on the right flank with their backs toward the timber line which swings back toward the city.

Meantime the "to arms" had blown in the city and the companies were double-quicKing to their places on the line. The first battalion under command of Captain Mount, of Company E, swung down through the timber towards our outposts one and two, where very heavy firing could be heard. Taking Company H along, Captain Mount pushed on with the utmost speed. The line was formed along the right flank of post two and they advanced. When about a hundred and fifty yards distant the low-hanging fog suddenly arose, dis-

closing a line of "niggers" all facing post two and firing upon it without ceasing. Three volleys were fired into them and the few who were left ran for their lives toward their distant trench.

When the company reached the post the men who were unwounded received them with cries of frantic delight. They had exhausted all their ammunition, but instead of retreating they had held the "niggers" back by their yells and rapidly repeated calls of defiance. It was one of the best pieces of work ever done during the campaign. Thus it was along the whole line and when the reserve came the men in the sugar house trench had only two rounds each. Three minutes more and the insurgents would have been through our line. First Sergeant Woodford received special mention and he deserved it.

Company M swung into position on the left flank just as the battalion was being formed to advance beyond the sugar house upon the trenches. We reach the first trench under a heavy fire from the second and halted. The Seventeenth had failed to connect with our left so this flank was uncovered. Sergeants Hawkins and Logan, Corporal Palmer and Private Kerrihard scouted out beyond into a cornfield, which cut off our view. Going through this they came to a natural fortification formed by a ditch. This was deserted, but beyond was a skirmish line of "niggers" who were advancing and could do fearful damage to our battalion flank. It was reported just as they opened their flank fire and Captain Clark, with the second platoon under Lieutenant Logan, after firing a few volleys, charged through the cornfield to the ditch. Apparently we reached this position unseen by the natives for a sudden volley turned them, and under rapid 'fire at will' they retreated in good order, moving by the left flank into a bunch of timber which was just beyond Springfield range. In a glance Captain Clark grasped the situation. Sergeants Hawkins and Logan had continued their dangerous scouting and they reported a tributary drain which led from the main ditch, where we were, up to within two hundred yards of where the "niggers" were. Taking two squads of men the Captain crept out along this drain, leaving Lieut. Logan with orders to advance and support him when he and his little force opened a flank fire. It was the best piece of independent work we had ever had and behind the ditch we

were waiting with pent up enthusiasm for the first shot from the left. But the unexpected happened. An order from the Lieutenant Colonel through the Major came to fall back. We found later that it was a general order all along the line not to advance, but only to repel the attack.

There are certain words and phrases which it is said, when judiciously used, act as a safety valve to pent up emotion. They could be heard all along the line. Trumpeter Tyson was immediately sent down the ditch to give the recall order to the Captain. He did so and it is said that the Captain also expressed his deep disappointment in a few well chosen words. This, however, is denied by some.

We fell back without another shot and returned to quarters. A good deed, however, always bears good fruit. That evening Capt. Clark received an order from Gen. Hale giving him authority to take his company and one other and execute any flank movements which his judgement might suggest should another opportunity present itself. On our return to the sugar house we were met by Private Frank Throw with our canteens of coffee and Private Shank, who had arisen from his cot in the company hospital, taken his gun and belt and come out to join us on the line. After breakfast and a little rest, we felt none the worse for our morning fight. We then found that the attack had been general all around the city. They had opened first on the Iowas, thinking that the forces might be withdrawn from the other sides to our support. But in this their calculations failed. The Twentieth Kansas knows all the traits and habits of our dusky foes. They hunt them like sportsmen after a favorite species of game. When we were opened upon they immediately sent out two companies which deployed along both sides of a low valley which bears toward their part of the city. The men lay in the long grass with guns cocked and ready. The expected happened. The insurrectos came down in columns of fours between the two companies. I need not tell you what happened. Had you been at the cemetery that night when eighty-two dead patriots were laid to their last rest in two large pits, you could have seen war and its terrible horrors.

An acquaintance, Corporal Lisle, of the Montanas, told me how the hostiles advanced on their line. He had the central outpost, and, although there was heavy firing all around the

line, the Montanas had, as yet, had none, but there had been suspicious movements all along their front, and among others they had heard the low rumbling caused by advancing a piece of artillery. At about 4:15 he noticed an amigo coming toward him bearing a white flag. With him were two others and on each side advanced a straggling line of amigos. Corp. Lisle is a man of cool judgement, and as the three advancing amigos came nearer he noted their peculiar stiff-legged gait. The Montanas have lost thirty-one men killed and nearly two hundred wounded since February 4, and at present their blood is cold and devoid of all sentimental sympathies. The three came nearer and at last, when his suspicions were confirmed, he raised his gun, and, without mercy, killed the flag bearer. Immediately the line dropped to the ground in the high grass and each amigo drew a gun from under his shirt and from out of his trouser leg, where it had been cleverly concealed. It was their idea thus to creep upon the Montana line. At the same time their piece of artillery opened and sent several shells into the city. None of them, however, did execution and at this point also they were driven back.

On the south side two skirmish lines were sent out, one by the left flank from the Iowa front, the other by the right flank from the Montana side. They met, half turned and came on at a double-quick toward this apparently unprotected side of the city. But here, also, they met disappointment and death. Two companies of the Seventeenth and two of the Fourth cavalry met them with Krags and they were forced back. At one time the firing became so heavy from this quarter that our boys who were sick in the company hospital arose and armed themselves, expecting, they knew not what, at any moment.

At 8 o'clock a. m. all was over, and San Fernando was again shrouded in its usual sepulchral stillness and there was nothing to indicate the fierce battle of the morning, except at the hospital, where twelve Americans and fifty Filipinos lay writhing and groaning with their wounds, some of them horrible beyond description. But of this and of the later cemetery scene, the least said is enough. The camera and the illustrated weeklies bring all the horrors home to you. It is estimated that nearly two hundred Filipinos fought here their last battle, while the number of wounded cannot be estimated.

At the hospital was one Tagalo, who spoke good Spanish.

He claimed that three days before he had been a "traveling man" for a Manila cigarette house in one of the northern towns, where he was conscripted, given a Remington and forced to join the rebel army. Although badly wounded through the shoulder and leg, he calmly smoked a cigarillo and eagerly chatted about the morning's battle. The man next to him, mortally wounded, wore a pair of blue army



INSURGENT DEAD IN THEIR TRENCHES AFTER A BATTLE.

trousers, which a Seventeenth regular recognized as a pair he had given him the week before.

As an object lesson, General McArthur had advised that during the afternoon all the insurrecto dead be placed in the plaza, where the natives could view them, and for once really see the actual outcome of a battle against the Americans.

This seemed wise, as usually the dead are carried to the rear and buried and then, by the insurgent leaders, reports are scattered abroad that their loss was merely nominal. However, it was late when all that could be found were collected and dumped in piles at the Archaicold cemetery. The ancient enclosure was soon crowded with curious soldiers and natives. The latter were usually stoically indifferent, but occasionally a chord would be touched.

Two boys, clad in white and evidently sons of a rich planter, were near me. They went hand in hand peering at each swollen and distorted form before them. Near one, a young sergeant of twenty-five, they stopped. Then, with an out-burst of tears—still hand in hand—they turned and left amid their suppressed boyish sobs, speaking of their "Hermano," whom they would never see again. They had found their brother.

The week that followed was one of our most wearing. At any moment an attack was expected. Aguinaldo was said to be at Angeles, twelve miles up the railroad, with a large force. At night we slept, either at the outposts or in quarters, always under arms, and at 3:45 each morning we arose, had breakfast at 4 and awaited for the always expected outburst at the front.

On the evening of June 22, between 5:30 and 7, the now well-known Iowa band was giving a concert before General Hale's quarters. The road and yard were full of men from both brigades. They listened to the charming program with delight, but everybody felt a forboding "hunch," as it is called, that something was going to happen. The band was rendering the beautiful selection, "Evening Idylls," by Barnhouse, which was holding the enraptured attention of all amid a profound silence. Suddenly a mounted orderly rode up and hurried up to General Hale's office. A report was started that a skirmish line of natives was forming on the Iowa outposts. At the same time I company was called to quarters. Almost instantly the men were coursing in all directions to their quarters, and the men of the band were playing their beautiful selection almost alone.

Ten minutes later the firing on the outposts opened and Company M was hurrying again to their place on the line. It was soon over. A few volleys from the entire line directed upon the trenches, assisted by a gatling on the right, did the

work, and the hostiles were retreating toward Mexico, a neighboring town. Our only casualty was a very slight wound which Private Hollowell received just above the knee from a spent bullet. The skin was not broken, and the only bad effect was to make his leg stiff for several days. In both this and the preceding fight the Iowas received special mention in Gen. McArthur's report for promptness in getting into action.

The next night found us on reserve and at the sugar house again. At 8:30 the full moon began to wane and darken, and at 9:05 the eclipse was total and remained so until 11:05. About the captain was gathered an interested group of soldiers listening to his explanation of the phenomenon. Everything was shadowed in a sombre darkness, and apparently nature was failing in her duties. Over in the trenches the natives became strangely silent—perhaps filled with some fear inspired by ignorant superstition. Upon our feelings it only deepened the tinge of homesickness which we are beginning to feel and put us again to computing the days when we shall sail for Frisco and home.

SAN FERNANDO, P. I., July 17, 1899.—During the latter days of June rumors of almost every description were freely circulating about the camp. Major Bell had secured some information through one of his native scouts which led him to believe that a determined attack by the insurgents in force, led by Aguinaldo in person, would be made upon San Fernando on or before June 30. Aguinaldo, so the "bamboo" stated, had declared, whether with an oath or not I do not know, that on and after 12 o'clock of June 30 he would establish his headquarters and sleep in San Fernando. The authorities certainly placed considerable credence in the report for preparations were made to meet him half way with a warm reception, should the attempt be made. For several mornings the cooks had been routed out at 3 o'clock and the men at 4. Breakfast was served by candle light, then, with all equipments on, ready for a move to the front the moment anything should start, we would lie out in the street in front of our quarters awaiting the full break of day, for experience has taught us that our dusky opponents will risk an attack only just after dark or just before daylight. The "amigos" coming along in the early morning

with baskets of eggs, bananas and milk would look at us rather askance as if unable to account for our warlike appearance. During these morning watches a great deal of free advice would go floating off on the stillness of the morning air. Aguinaldo would be the topic of conversation one morning, McKinley or Otis the next, and so on. Some one suggested that "perhaps Aguinaldo was not sure about there being an extra bed for him in the town, as Uncle Sam's boys were using the extra furniture found lying about," but Tom Zuber said he would invite him to occupy his bed, provided he would come in. Another thought that if "Aggie" made the attempt, about the only couch he would occupy would be one in the bosom of mother earth along side some hundred or more of his deluded followers who had made the attempt to enter the town unannounced on the morning of the 16th.

The excitement reached its culmination on the night of the 29th. Company M was in reserve at the outpost and about dusk repaired thither to wait the expected onslaught. Reporters were out from Manila in force, some of them bringing along their carrier pigeons so as to be able to send an account of the fight back to Manila; other of the pencil-pushers spent the night at the outposts so as to accurately observe the method of the attack. The artillery was all ready for business and everyone's nerves tingled with the excitement of the expected attack. Our duties simply required us to sleep at the main outpost so as to be handy in case our services should be required to strengthen the outposts which were in charge of Company H.

About 9 o'clock, while we were fighting mosquitoes and conversing in low tones, suddenly several volleys were heard away to the left of our line. Immediately every one snatched up his canteen and gun and was in line ready for business, but it proved to be a false alarm and in a few moments everything was quiet again. There were several of these alarms during the evening and each time the boys were formed ready to hurl lead at Aggie's hosts in an incredibly short time. Everything quieted down about 11 o'clock and the remainder of the night was unusually still. About 4 o'clock in the morning we were wakened and assigned positions in the various trenches to wait the full ushering in of the day, but nothing occurred to mar the stillness of the summer morn-

ing, consequently we deserted the trenches and came back to quarters, somewhat disappointed because Aggie had seen fit to overlook the grand reception prepared for him, but just as well pleased to find that we did not have to chase his dusky followers.

They say that it is always the unexpected that happens, and so it proved to be in this case. The next evening we were all congratulating ourselves on securing a good night's rest, and the most of us had gone to bed early. The day had been a rainy one. We had been issued Krag-Jorgensen rifles and were as yet unaccustomed to handling them; the roads and fields were muddy and slippery, and we did not believe the enemy would be so inconsiderate as to call us out. But about 11 o'clock p. m., just as we were enjoying our first nap preparatory to a deeper incursion into dreamland, firing opened up in front of our extreme left post. As that is Company M's position on the line in case of attack, we immediately hustled into our equipment and started for the front. The night was pitch dark and to gain our position it was necessary to go about one and a half miles across a combined rice and cane field. The ground was slippery and the ridges undistinguishable in the darkness and many a brave soldier dates his downfall, in some cases in more senses than one, to his unexpected meeting with a rice ridge; for as he gathered himself out of the mud and cleaned off that new rifle it required considerable self control to keep within the bounds of the third commandment.

Reaching our position on the line we lay down in the corn-field behind a convenient ridge, occasionally pouring a volley from our new Krags into the bamboo bush some 1000 yards to our front, where the enemy appeared to be located. The latter were directing the most of their fire toward the outposts of the Seventeenth, located to our left and front, so our firing coming in on their flank undoubtedly did some execution as it did not require very many volleys to silence their fire. They did not approach very close to our lines and but few shots came over our way, so after lying about fighting mosquitoes for a couple of hours, we returned to quarters, arriving about 2 o'clock a. m.

The boys were all delighted with the new rifle and although compelled to use them for the first time at night, no accident occurred anywhere along the line. The early morning reveille

was now done away with and matters resumed their normal routine.

Fourth of July passed very tamely indeed. Company M had charge of the outposts on the 3d, consequently we were tired and sleepy when we reached quarters on the morning of the Fourth, and the majority of the boys spent the day sleeping. The various bands played selections of national airs at reveille and the Iowa band gave a patriotic concert in the evening in front of regimental headquarters, but everything about the town was unusually quiet. The authorities used extreme care



WASH DAY SCENE, SAN FERNANDO.

to prevent the importation of liquor in any quantity, and those who so desired could not assume their accustomed Fourth of July gait. The natives in "Aggie's" camp tried to start a celebration with fire works in the evening, and succeeded in making us hike to the outpost, but very few shots were fired and we were merely out three or four hours' sleep.

Since that time the regular routine of outpost duty every fourth day has been ours. The rainy season has arrived in all its glory and seems to have settled down to stay awhile. In two days recently twelve inches of water fell in Manila, which is

nearly if not quite the rainfall for an entire summer season at home. The water simply comes down in sheets. The streets become flooded, one day boats being used, caramatos the next. San Fernando is naturally quite well drained, and so far we have gotten along fairly well. To be sure the fields and trenches become very muddy and sloppy but we only have to live in them one day out of every four and so long as we have good quarters to return to we will try and survive.

Of course speculation in regard to the home going forms the principal topic of conversation and the general concensus of opinion seems to be that Iowa will be scheduled to leave about September 1, probably within ten days, one way or other, from that date. Almost without exception the men have voted to be mustered out in San Francisco, as it is a matter of dollars and cents with the most of us.

Company M has not, as yet, furnished any recruits for the Veteran Volunteer regiments being formed here, of which there are now three, known as the Thirty-Sixth, Thirty-Seventh and Thirty-Eighth regiments. The last regiment is at present undergoing organization and it is understood that it will be mounted. Adjt. Davidson, Capt. Steepy, Lieut. Ross, and possibly several others, are to recieve commissions in the new organization. Rumor has it that a flattering offer has been made to the captain of Company M to accept a position, but I am unable to state what his conclusion in the matter has been. Lieuts. Lane and Logan and Sergt. Hawkins have also been offered commissions. At present we are the only volunteer regiment on duty on the line and we are trusting that by August 1, or soon thereafter, we will be given a chance to return to barracks and begin preparation for our homeward trip.

CHAPTER XVI.

ADVANCE FROM SAN FERNANDO.

ALULUT, P. I., August 14, 1899.—We have undergone a change of base since I last wrote you, and it will be with the manner in which this change was accomplished that this letter will have to do. During the latter part of July, in the words of Sacred Writ, “the rains descended and the floods came;” the entire country was submerged; rice ridges faded away; outposts were manned by fleet and sure swimmers, and the boys were congratulating themselves that the “gugus” would surely make no active demonstrations while such weather lasted. Speculation was rife as to when we would be ordered in, when lo and behold, rumors of an intended advance began to be whispered about and thoroughly discussed at the regular evening meetings of the company’s debating club. The prospect of a “nigger” chasing expedition across the rice and cane fields, knee deep as they were in mud and water, was far from inviting, and I am afraid that some of the opinions expressed in regard to Gen. Otis would have certainly made spicy reading for a court martial, provided the culprits had been brought to trial.

Daily the indications of an advance became more pronounced, although great secrecy was observed in regard to the direction thereof. Col. Loper had been ordered to scout thoroughly and make a personal observation of the territory immediately to our front. Field rations were provided, additional artillery came out from Manila and Col. Bell, with his veteran volunteers, came thoroughly equipped for business. Tuesday, August 8, Company M was on outpost duty, and when Sergt. Rose brought out our supper he told us that everything pointed to an advance the following morning, but we took our stations that night without orders in regard to the morrow. Early in the morning those of us who chanced to be on duty at that time, could see

the light of the campfires back of the city and concluded that the move was to materialize at daybreak or sooner. About 4 o'clock Capt. Clark, accompanied by several of the boys who had been left in camp on light duty, came out, bringing some beefsteak, potatoes, bread and coffee. They told us that the regiments were already forming, and as soon as we could get outside some of the aforesaid rations, we struck out in the darkness along the bank of a little creek, hoping to gain our position in time to see the fun begin.

The plans for a general advance were elaborate. Col. Bell, with the Thirty-Sixth, held the left of the line towards Bacolor, having started for his position about midnight; on his right were the Twelfth regulars; next in order the Ninth. These, in company with several guns of the Third artillery, constituted Gen. Liscum's brigade and were all to the left of the railroad. Gen. Wheaton's brigade was composed of the Fifty-First Iowa, one battalion of the Twenty-Second regulars and the Seventeenth, these, together with detachments of the First artillery, being stationed in the order named to the right of the track. The two brigades took their stations in skirmish order under cover of darkness and covered an immense amount of territory. The guns were planted and the armored train was pushed up the track as far as there were any rails.

Company M was to act as a reserve force for the Iowa regiment and we had scarcely more than gained our position when the ball opened. Two of battery E's guns were stationed in the road near where we first halted, and at a given signal the bombardment from the armored cars and the guns along the line began, and for fifteen or twenty minutes the din was terrific. The artillery consisted of rapid fire six pounders, three 2-inch guns and Gatlings and the combination of sounds, while it was pleasing to our ears, must have constituted rather an uncommon reveille for Aggie's hosts as they lay slumbering, awaiting the call of the morning bugler.

After the bombardment had continued for some time, the enemy were thoroughly awakened and began to hurl little leaden missiles over in our direction. The firing line was about 300 yards in front of us and one has only to remember the proverbial tendency of the Filipino to shoot high to realize that the majority of the messages intended for the firing line were dropping in and about where we were alternately lying

behind a convenient cane row or plunging through the mud and water in order to maintain our proper distance from the line. The cane in these fields was now nearly matured, in many places being considerably above our heads, so it was very difficult to keep track of the advance line or even those of our own company, and Captain Clark was compelled to climb every convenient tree or mount the shoulders of some brawny private in order to make proper observation.

We had advanced but a short distance into this field when a "wild cat" Remington came sailing down our way and struck Brenholts midway between the knee and ankle, completely shattering both bones, causing an ugly wound. Some of the boys applied the first aids and Dr. McCrae was soon at hand to see that he was properly attended. It is by far the worst wound any of our boys have yet received and at first the surgeons thought an amputation would be necessary, but later reports indicate that there is hope now of saving the limb.

By this time the dusky warriors had all vamoosed from our front, but the boys of the Ninth, across the track, were having a lively skirmish and as we afterwards learned, had several men killed and wounded. After plunging through this muck and mire for a mile or so we came to a road running through a stretch of timber, near which the trenches of the enemy had been located and here we were halted for awhile in order to permit the belated ones to catch up and the officers to reform the line. When we again started it became a running fight. The enemy, in small bunches, would hide in a convenient ditch or behind a bamboo hedge and assail us only when they thought we were at a disadvantage, but some times they would make miscalculations and "Aggie" would be another man short. Only occasionally would we find a stretch of solid ground where we could display something of our sprinting qualities and considerable of the ground had been newly worked and was in terrible condition. Frequently we came to what was apparently a shallow stream of water, but on plunging in we would probably find it waist deep and were fortunate if we escaped without a soaking from head to foot.

By noon the cane became thoroughly dry and crisp and the leaves cut our hands and faces so frequently that we were compelled to exercise more caution as we proceeded. The heat was intense and we took advantage of every little brook to refill

our canteens and so prepare for possible emergencies. Just about noon we were ordered onto the firing line to relieve Company H, whose stock of ammunition had run out. We gladly welcomed the change, but had no more than assumed our position when a halt was made in the shade of a fringe of bamboo in order that the men might refresh themselves with a hard-tack and some salmon or embalmed beef. Our company having gone directly into the fight from the outposts, were unprovided with rations, and while we were speculating upon how we could endure an afternoon's work on an empty stomach, who should we see coming down the track but "Spider" Pitner and "Slim" carrying a quantity of the above named viands.

About 2 o'clock we again advanced, but after proceeding for about half a mile we came to the objective point of the day's advance. It was a main road crossing the track on which several small villages or barrios are located, Calulut on the right and Sindalan on the left. Here we halted and preparations were made to bivouac for the night. A scouting party, in which Company M was represented by Corporal Palmer, Privates Dillon, Clark, Duncan, Don Enfield and Elder, went still farther up the track, where they encountered a small body of the enemy and succeeded in silencing their fire and causing them to retreat to the next stronghold, Angeles, some five miles farther on.

Thursday a battalion of the Seventeenth regulars went up, engaged the enemy near Angeles, reported their need of reinforcements and were ordered to return, as it was thought best at that time not to hold the place. Saturday a detachment of fifty Iowa men under command of Captain Hazzard, of Gen. McArthur's staff, went up to reconnoiter the enemy's position, and after a slight brush with a small force, succeeded in entering the town. Company M was represented by Corporal Palmer, Privates Clark, Duncan, Gillmore, Logan, Martin and Tidrick. Captain Hazzard and some of the boys climbed the church tower and rang the bell. From that position they could see the enemy about a mile out of town preparing a trap to enclose our brave boys. There were perhaps 1,000 of them strung out in a long skirmish line endeavoring to encircle the place and annihilate our small force. In view of the fact that his supply of ammunition was low, Captain Hazzard decided to cautiously retire, which he did and the insurgents were soon in control again.

Sabbath morning still another battalion of the Seventeenth, supported by a 3.2 inch gun, went to stir up matters again and after fighting fiercely for two or three hours, returned, still leaving the enemy in possession. It is hard to see what object the generals have in thus wearing the men out, for no one doubts but that any one of the regiments could easily capture and hold the city if told to do so.

The Iowa regiment is still quartered along the road, Company M occupying the position next the railroad. There is no shelter except such as the boys have erected out of the bamboo shacks scattered about and the hard service and poor food is beginning to tell upon their health, so that it becomes necessary to send some one into quarters at San Fernando nearly every day. We are all anxiously awaiting orders to come in and prepare for the homeward trip, no small portion of our time being spent in discussing which one of the transports will have the honor of bearing us home and the time that will elapse ere we are on our way.

SAN FERNANDO, P. I., September 4, 1899.—The beginning of the end is at hand. Iowa was relieved from duty on the line this morning by a battalion of the Twenty-Second regulars, and we were brought into San Fernando to remain for a day or so, until a sufficient number of the Fourth cavalry troops arrive to take charge of the patrol work here.

It is impossible to convey through the medium of cold type the feelings that filled our hearts when we were finally assured that our work was over and that we were going home. Perhaps a resume of the events which have taken place since I last wrote will be the best means of conveying to your minds an idea of the condition of the regiment when relieved, and consequently our feelings of joyfulness. Early Wednesday morning, August 16, Colonel Smith, with ten companies of the Twelfth infantry and one gun, manned by battery E, First artillery, left Calulut, or Sindalan rather, with the avowed intention of capturing Angeles and punishing the enemy as severely as possible while doing so. However, they met with a determined resistance, the sunburned enemy having congregated near Angeles in force, confident of their power to deal the Americans a destructive blow. As the companies filed past our camp we shouted encouragement to them, but were perfectly

willing that they should have whatever honor there might be in capturing the place, for strange as it may seem, we volunteers were about satisfied with the kind of glory obtainable in fighting these people, and it was a pleasure to us to see the authorities give Otis' regulars a chance to distinguish themselves. Frequently during the day we could hear the distant call of Kenly's 2-inch piece as it sang out "get 'em," followed in a longer or shorter period as the case might be, by the answering roar of the bursting shell as it replied "got 'em;" and by going a short distance up the track the rattle of the Krag volleys as they cut their way through a fringe of bamboo, could be easily distinguished from the less regular reply of the Mauser and Remington. It was a hot, stiff fight, but our boys slept that night in Angeles. Early in the morning supplies of ammunition and rations were started forward, as it had been determined to hold the place now that it had been taken at such a cost, and all throughout the night the bump, bump, of the bull carts and army wagons over the railroad ties, mingled with the curses of the drivers, could be easily heard by those of us on outpost duty.

The following morning, Thursday, our regiment was moved over to the left side of the track to cover the front formerly controlled by the Twelfth, our place being taken by a portion of the Seventeenth. Our outposts were thrown out in the form of a semi-circle surrounding the village of Sindalan, both flanks resting on the railroad. Company M was fortunate in being assigned to the left end of the regiment as there was a number of bamboo shacks there, which afforded protection from the rain and a comfortable place to sleep. The outpost work at Sindalan was not so difficult as it had been at San Fernando, but we were deprived of a good place to go and rest up when not on duty. Then we were obliged to subsist largely on canned rations and as a result our sick report began to increase quite rapidly. For about three weeks following the advance on Calulut, Company M had by far the largest company in the regiment, averaging about one-fifth of the total strength for duty; then malarial fever began to make its appearance and for about a week previous to our coming in, our company was sending in from four to nine men every day. Most of the cases were simply breakdowns, due to exposure, and a couple of weeks in the hospital will bring the boys around all right.

Finally, in verification of the old proverb that "everything comes to him who waits," the first official intimation of our release reached Col. Loper on last Thursday evening in the shape of a message from Col. Berry, that our regiment would be relieved by the Fourth cavalry and brought into the city in a day or so. The good news was immediately communicated to the officers and men, the former, obedient to a trumpeter's call, assembling at regimental headquarters in order to handle the precious documents and assure themselves that it was not "bamboo;" the latter ran out into the street and smilingly shook hands with every one they met. There was little shouting--the joy was too deep-seated for that, but the smile and exuberance of spirits depicted on every countenance told volumes of a happiness within almost complete.

Friday morning unusually heavy firing near Dolores caused us to wonder if our fighting days were really over, also orders came to be prepared to move the next morning if a shot was fired. This, together with the fact that the artillery was limbered up ready to go, caused us to question the possibility of getting away without again trouncing the enemy. All this was bad enough, but Monday morning when we had been relieved at the outpost and were simply awaiting the arrival of our train to board her for San Fernando, the dusky savages started a rumpus up the track about a couple of miles, and while we were anxious to leave the seat of trouble as soon as possible, every man would have faced about and had a last final round up with the "niggers" if he had been so ordered. With a final goodbye toot, however, the train pulled out for San Fernando. Company M was represented by about twenty-five to thirty members, while several of the companies were worse off than ours, so as a regiment we mustered only a little over two hundred men. Accommodations were so limited that we were compelled to stand up in the box cars coming in, but so well satisfied were we with our release that we raised no objections whatever.

On reaching San Fernando we hastily clambered out of the cars, officers formed the remnants of their companies and marched them down to quarters. We were rather a tired, worn-out and seedy looking set when we reached the old company barracks, but the boys there received us with open arms, and we could not but think of it as a foretaste of what awaited us at San Francisco and Red Oak.

CHAPTER XVII.

LAST DAYS ON THE ISLAND.

MANILA, September 19, 1899.—At last the momentous question is settled; at least we think and hope that it is. The Lord willing and the weather permitting, Iowa will sail some day this week on the "Senator" for home. For days past the air has been full of rumors in regard to what our sailing orders would be. Rarely, if ever, did the morning papers agree as to when we would leave and on what it would be; consequently one was almost at sea when it came to arguing the question, but the partisan of the "American" could usually stir up a controversy with some one who swore by "Freedom," and it was seldom that a reader of the "Times" did not "lip in" and attempt to settle the matter by quoting from his authority. For several days a report was in circulation, seemingly well authenticated, that ten companies would be returned on the Ohio by the way of Guam and Honolulu, while the remaining two companies would go aboard the Senator, scheduled to carry officers, lunatics and returning civilians. Of course the boys were to guard the lunatics, however much the remainder might need it. Speculation was immediately rife as to what two companies would be fortunate enough to secure berths on the Senator, as she would return by way of Japan, a part of the homeward trip that all of us had looked forward to with considerable anticipation. No one could be found who was at all pleased with the prospects of a trip home on the Ohio, if for no other reason than that she was a sister ship to the Pennsylvania. However much we might have said while out on the line about being willing to go on any old tub, when the time actually came we all wanted to have our say and dictate so far as we were able the returning route. Finally officers and men became weary of being held in suspense and a

number of the former went to interview the powers that be in regard to the matter. It seemed that the objection to sending the entire regiment on the Senator lay in the fact that she lacked a few bunks of having sufficient accommodations for the strength of the regiment, but the men said that rather than go on the Ohio they would sleep on deck or in improvised bunks. After the officers had inspected the boat and agreed to put up with any inconveniences incurred from the necessary crowding, orders assigning the regiment to the Senator were issued and active preparations were immediately put in motion to have her in shape as speedily as possible. Everyone seems to be well satisfied with the decision and are anxious to leave "poco tempo."

Those of us who were privileged to witness the closing chapters of our life at San Fernando will never forget the scenes there enacted. Tuesday the 3d inst., we were busy packing our extra belongings in spare boxes, and in cleaning up things generally about quarters. The next morning details were the order of the day as all the baggage had to be transported to the train and loaded thereon; quarters were swept and refuse buried. Chinamen and natives swarmed about the place begging or stealing whatever they thought would be left behind. Dinner was served early; the kitchen utensils were packed and hurried to the depot; a guard from the Fourth cavalry took charge of our quarters and we were ready to leave. Assembly sounded at last; the battalions were formed, and, keeping step to the inspiring music of the famous Fifty-First band, we started down the "callie," the second battalion leading the regiment in charge of the colors. When the center of the regiment was about opposite General McArthur's headquarters, the colonel gave the command "fours right," threw the regiment into line facing the general's "casa," then, supported by his staff, he took a position beneath the general's window and proposed three cheers for our late division commander. These were given with emphasis by the men, for Gen. McArthur is a universal favorite. Then the colonel, after falling over himself somewhat, again swung the regiment into a column of fours and we proceeded on down the street to the depot.

Here a train of box cars which had just transported a troop of cavalry out from Manila, was standing ready to take us in.

Through the oversight and negligence of someone not a thousand numbers removed from the head of the regiment, the cars were hardly in a condition to transport humanity, even though they were soldiers, and a detail was necessary to renovate them before we could start. During all this time a heavy thunder storm had been coming up and it began to look as though we would get wet. Some of the boys climbed promiscuously into the cars, were ordered out, and the commander-in-chief began to think about an assignment when it was discovered that there was scarcely more than half enough cars to accommodate the men comfortably. While thus standing about wondering what was to be done, it began to rain, the conductor gave the signal to start, and the military (?) order came thundering down the line to "pile in any way, fifty in a car." We put the order into execution immediately and the scramble to secure a good standing berth was second only to that of a galaxy of bargain hunters at a clearance sale. We were a happy crowd, however, and could put up with a great deal, so that when the train pulled out we were as contented as though we each occupied a section in a Pullman coach.

Passing down the road we soon came to the scene of the day's fighting at Santo Tomas swamp. The heavy rains had almost entirely submerged the deserted trenches and the landscape was even more desolate looking than when we went over it four months previous under such trying circumstances. Some of the "windy" fellows in our car began to parade their exploits on the field of action, but I noticed that they were usually the ones who had been indisposed the greater part of the time while we were engaged in outpost duty, and what they had to say lacked the ring of genuineness. The true soldier, as a rule, bears testimony to the faithfulness of his comrades, trusting that his actions will speak for themselves.

As it had now ceased raining a number of the boys climbed out on top of the cars, thereby relieving their crowded conditions somewhat. We soon came in sight of Apalit, passed it, ran across the big bridge over the Rio Grande and stopped at Calumpit, garrisoned by a part of the Third artillery. A little farther on we came to the BagBag, on whose banks we had camped for a week early in our active campaigning. The water in the river was much deeper than when we had been there. The sandbar where we halted and robed ourselves in

the latest style of undress suits, preparatory to fording the river, was now submerged, and the big four, to say nothing of the little captain, could not have waded it on tip toe. Here, again, the deserted trenches, on which we used to sit, discussing the progress of the war and speculating on when the insurgents would surrender, were again in evidence, apparently in a very dilapidated condition. On either side of the road the natives could be seen busily cultivating the fields, which erstwhile had known the tramp of an invading army.

At Malolos the large field on which we had lain the night of our first outpost duty was a miry swamp, and the scene of our first camp a watery waste. At Bigac, Bocane, Polo, Marilao and the other stations, small garrisons of the Sixteenth infantry were stationed guarding the track and bridges. Caloocan was reached just as the evening shadows enveloped us, but we could distinguish the hearty "hello dar" of our dusky brothers of the Twenty-Fourth, even though the contrast between their features and the surrounding gloom was anything but striking.

Our transportation was sidetracked at the yards some two miles from the center of the city. We unloaded ourselves as quickly as possible, details were left to guard the baggage, and the remainder of the regiment, headed by the band, started down the Escolta. While passing through Chinatown the band discoursed some stirring airs, also as we proceeded down the Escolta and over the bridge of Spain toward the walled city. It was the first time a great many had been to the city since leaving it in April, consequently the sights and scenes of civilization seemed somewhat strange. The boys along the streets cheered us lustily and the whole thing had something of a belated Fourth of July parade. Finally, after entering the walled city and proceeding along its streets for some distance, we came to the Quartel de Espana where we were to be quartered during our sojourn in the city. There was no one on hand to meet and welcome us, but with characteristic soldierly promptness we were assigned quarters for the night and proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. Through the foresight of Sergt. Rose and "Spider" Pitner, Company M was treated to a supper of hot coffee and sandwiches, while the majority of the companies went hungry.

The Quartel had formerly quartered a Spanish garrison, the

men being accommodated in four long buildings, two on either side of an interior court, fronted by the officers and hospital quarters, while commissary and quartermaster's buildings, together with the kitchens, complete the square. While scouting about the first night, "Spider" discovered an army range already installed in one of the kitchens and he lay awake the greater part of the night for fear some other cook would beat him getting up and secure possession of the prize, possession in this case being good nine points of the law. Permanent quarters were assigned us the first morning, Company M oc-



PICKANINNIES BATHING—TONDO DISTRICT, MANILA.

cupying, together with Companies G and F, one of the long buildings next the court, where we were soon as much at home as though we had been there a month. It doesn't require long for a soldier to make himself at home any place.

Guard duty has been light, the company detail averaging less than two men a day. This does not mean, however, that we have been idle. Ordnance of all kinds has received a great deal of attention. Several have drawn details for clerical work, the officers being very busy squaring up their accounts as far as possible, and so being relieved from responsibility.

Those not otherwise engaged have been busy scouring the town for souvenirs; but the crafty tradesmen have become so greedy and ask such outrageous prices that it is rather discouraging business to a soldier who has been serving Uncle Sam for \$15.60 per month.

The sick boys have nearly all returned from the hospital and it looks as though Captain Clark would go home with every man brought over, the surgeon having decided that Brenholts was in condition to stand the trip. We are all looking forward to an enjoyable homeward trip, and we know that many fond hearts in God's country will rejoice when the news is cabled that Iowa has sailed.

NAGASAKI, JAPAN, September 30, 1899.—We are well on our way to the home land. Thursday morning last we pulled into the harbor at Nagasaki and before the dawn of another day we will be speeding onward toward Yokohama.

The last three or four days at Manila were busy ones. The most of us had little idea of the amount of our possessions until we began to pack, when it became necessary to extemporize boxes of all kinds in order to accommodate our relics. Kneedy and "Grif" seriously (?) considered the chartering of one of the government freight boats to carry their collections, the former asserting that in such a case he thought he could transport a caribao and possibly an entire Filipino family. After the baggage was ready it must be transported to the river side, where barges were used to take it out to the Senator. Major Hume was kept busy parceling out the room so as to accommodate all as comfortably as possible, while Lieutenant Lane, as quartermaster and commissary officer, was attending to the stocking of the boat with provisions. Rough water for a day or so delayed somewhat the coaling, but finally sailing orders were received for Friday, the 22d.

Those in the various companies who contemplated remaining in Manila were given their discharges, and everything was squared away for the final chapter on Luzon soil. In my last letter I noted the fact that all the members of Company M would probably come home, but just a day or so before we were to sail, and after he was all packed and ready to go, Chas. Binns received the offer of a position as stenographer to the judge advocate of Lawton's division at a salary of \$100,

gold, a month. He decided to accept, so Captain Clark will be one man short when we land at San Francisco. While we all congratulate Corporal Binns, we cannot resist the feeling of sadness which makes it seem as though we were leaving one of the family.

Friday morning dawned clear and bright. The forenoon was spent in bidding a final adieu to the city and the boys who were to remain; baggage which we expected to take aboard with us was collected and the variety of grips, satchels, bundles and boxes was astonishing. The quarters were swept and garnished ready for their occupation by the Fourteenth regulars, then came a tedious wait for the time when we could begin to move. After an early dinner the battalions were formed and the march to the landing began. As we passed down the streets of the city and out through the gate upon the Luneta we were the cynosure of all eyes, both black and white, native and foreign. We were heavily laden with baggage, but our hearts were light and we could not help but pity the boys who came to the wharf to bid us good bye, in whose eyes the tears would almost unconsciously start as they grasped the hand of a departing comrade or whispered in his ear some final message for mother, sister or sweetheart whom said comrade was destined soon to see.

The ferry boats which conveyed the regiment to the Senator were heavily laden with their precious cargo but managed to come alongside the larger boat in good shape, where the companies were taken aboard in good order and assigned to their quarters as rapidly as possible. The arrival of the hospital boat about 4 o'clock removed the last link binding us to the city and in a short time the anchor was raised and we were off.

It is beyond my power to portray in words the emotion engendered in the hearts of over seven hundred and fifty Iowa boys when we put to sea. In the distance, appearing as but a speck on the horizon, was Mt. Arayat, near whose base we had spent four months in the severest kind of duty and whose verdant slopes we had often expressed a desire to explore. Some two miles away the cathedral towers and domes stood plainly outlined in their spectral magnitude, while the glistening roofs of the houses recalled plainly the thoughts they had brought to mind when first they burst open our view some ten

months previous. As we passed farther down the bay, Cavite and the fleet came into view, and we could plainly see the walls of San Felipe on whose broad tops we had stood early in February watching the bombardment across the bay, fearful that we would never have a part in the struggle for glory. San Roque stood mutely appealing for a return of her treasures, while the wreckage near the shore and on Sangley Point testified to the efficiency of American marksmanship. Gradually all these points of interest faded away, and yet there were no feelings of sadness among us unless it was for the poor fellows who would be compelled to spend months or years among the rice paddies.

Darkness had fallen over the land by the time we had passed Corregidor, and our noble ship was soon in the embrace of a strong northern breeze which caused the waves to run rather high and sent the majority of the men below to test the comfortableness of the Senator's bunks. Before going aboard we had heard some wonderful tales of the voraciousness of the cheap hotels' permanent guests as represented on the Senator, and several of the boys had loaded for them with vials of camphor, kerosene, benzine and other ingredients. They proceeded to hunt out the lurking places of the midnight prowlers and empty the contents of their vials therein, but in some cases the response was so generous that the disturber fled in dismay. However, they gave us very little trouble after the first night, being disappointed at the meagerness of the repast offered by soldiers who had been campaigning in the Philippines for a year, or wisely decided that the hide of the victim was altogether too tough for the temper of their incisive organs. Those who were especially predisposed towards sea sickness were soon "feeling bad," succumbing to the agonies of the situation and parting company hurriedly with the last vestige of anything taken within the bounds of the archipelago, seemingly relieved when such a condition of affairs existed, in mind as well as in body.

The Senator is a stanch craft, able to weather any sea, so that in the hands of Capt. Patterson and his efficient crew, we feel entirely safe. She is a much smaller boat than was the Pennsylvania, but there is comparatively as much deck room, while the quarters below are better lighted and much better ventilated. Company M occupies the forward part of the first

deck, sharing the compartment with companies E and H. To the rear, on the same deck, is company D, the band and part of company C. The remaining companies occupy the second deck. "Top" and quartermaster sergeants, clerks, hospital stewards and privates are quartered in state rooms on the upper deck towards the stern. The officers' state rooms are located midships, opening upon the deck, and although much smaller than those on the Pennsylvania, are each possessed of three occupants. The officers' galley and the dining room are located midships, on the first deck; the soldiers' galley to the rear on the same deck, while the upper decks constitute their dining rooms, Company M being accommodated on the port side of the poop deck, where we get the full swing of the boat as she rolls from side to side. The hospital is located about midships, on the upper deck, and contains twenty-four beds. Most of the patients are convalescing from long sieges of sickness. The forward part of the hurricane deck is reserved for officers, the remainder being at the disposal of the men, and is connected with the poop deck by two bridges which span the rear hatch. The furnishings and service of the boat are far superior to that of the Pennsylvania, "Old Smith" being a general favorite among the boys of our company.

There are now three bodies aboard; one that of a soldier who died on the way over; another that of the late Colonel Miley, who succumbed to a severe attack of fever shortly before we sailed; the third is that of Private Kissick, of Company F, who died the morning after we entered the harbor here at Nagasaki, due to a relapse after having weathered a severe attack of typhoid fever.

A combination ladder and platform was suspended from the ship's side on which several of the Japs took their stations; others handled the shovels, putting the coal into small hand baskets of straw, holding in the neighborhood of ten or fifteen pounds each. These baskets were in turn picked up by others, handed to one on the lower platform, transferred by him in turn to the next one above and so on until the topmost one turned the contents into the hold, throwing the basket down into the noisy gang below. Men and women labored together indiscriminately, this feature being true not only in the coal business, but in every avenue of employment. a wonderful contrast to their cousins, the Chinese.

We had undergone the quarantine inspection before entering the inner harbor, so the anchor had hardly touched bottom before the boys were clambering over the vessel's sides, dropping in the sampans and putting out for shore. In order not to confine this narrative to the writer alone, I shall describe the chief points of interest about the city, resorting at times to the testimony of comrades. Of course the first thing to attend to upon landing was to visit the money changer, trade American gold or silver for Japanese currency and then select a jinriksha man. The latter were very numerous about the landings, and almost forcing themselves upon you, gave you a rather rude introduction to the Yankee spirit for business which characterizes these people. The 'riksha itself is a sort of cross between a baby-cab and a western road cart. The first time a man gets into one, however, he feels somewhat like singing "Make me a child again just for today." Still they are a comfortable means of locomotion and if the 'riksha man does not object I can't see where we have any cause for complaint, especially when one can be hired for 20 sen (ten cents) an hour or 1 yen a day. On level road they maintain a sort of dog trot which puts one over the ground quite rapidly, while a down grade will often encourage them to display considerable sprinting ability.

About the first place visited was the Shinto temple, located well to the left of the city, looking inland, on the slope of a rather precipitous hill. Immense stone steps spanned at intervals by inscribed arches, led up to the temple grounds proper. Here on a level spot were located the various buildings dedicated to the service, all of Japanese architecture, quaint but plain. Near the path which led on up the hillside to the rear of the temple buildings, were a couple of small trees planted twenty years before by Gen. Grant and wife during their tour of the world, one of them dead, although it is uncertain whether it is the general's tree or his widow's. Near by are trophies captured from the Chinese during the late unpleasantness between the two countries, the Japs taking great pride in the ease with which they overcame their phlegmatic foe, said pride urging them on to stir up trouble with the United States, Russia, or some power they think worthy of their steel.

The view from the forest-clad slope back of the temple is magnificent. Across a narrow glen rises the slope of another

hill under skillful cultivation. With the stones dug out of the hillside the busy husbandman has terraced the steep incline, thus furnishing level beds for his growing vegetables, among which he labors incessantly. A path winds in and out among the beds up which he carries the water for irrigating purposes in buckets on his shoulders. These terraces, one above the other, with their various shades of green, recall to mind one's early imaginations concerning the hanging gardens of Babylon. To the right of where we landed the hillsides were covered with dwellings and graveyards, the latter scattered promiscuously among the residences, in order, I presume, that the people might render due adoration to their departed ancestors without too great inconvenience.

The quaint Japanese shops proved to be attractive places and here a soldier and his money were soon parted. The peculiar nature of their wares, as well as their cheapness, especially when offered by the rosy cheeked oriental maids, proved almost irresistible. The streets were clean and the articles for sale were tastefully arranged in the little alcoves which were usually open to the street. One of the most noticeable characteristics of the people, next to their cleanliness and general appearance of good health, was their politeness. Then they were always busy, in fact, they seemed to be literally, "all at it and always at it," whatever "it" might be.

One of the most enjoyable side trips was over the mountains to Mogi. Those who took this trip were unanimous in their opinions regarding the superbness of the scenery. Mogi is a small village situated on the ocean some six miles distant. Hiring a 'riksha man and a pusher to help him over the mountain, the trip could be made in about four hours, allowing some little time at Mogi, and a stop at the half-way tea house if desired. The ascent of the mountain road, with its summit view of the verdant-clad hills, and the exhilarating down-grade ride were points indelibly impressed upon the memory. This morning quite a number took a ride on the railroad out into the interior, some to visit a military post and others to take in the festivities at a small village where the natives were celebrating the advent of the Japanese New Year with a religious festival. The road ran out along the bay for some distance, then, by means of tunnels, shot out into a valley and wended its way amid the level fields of rice or grain, or skirted

the base of some hillside which replied abundantly to the patient but tireless labor of its owner. The exercises of the celebration were along the line of the grotesque. The streets and roadways were decorated with flags and bunting. A parade from somewhere came marching down the road directing its course toward the native temple, where a large concourse of non-participants were gathered. The procession was composed of men, women and children dressed in the most fantastic costumes imaginable, who were constantly singing, playing on instruments, or acting up in the most ridiculous manner, at least it seemed so to us, although doubtless they were far from meaningless to the participants. The people came from far and wide to take part, and, as the festival continues for forty days, they must become pretty well acquainted.

Catching an early train back to the city we spent the remainder of the afternoon in various stores about the city. I shall perhaps have something farther to say regarding the Japs in my letter from Yokohama, for which port, as was said, we expect to sail before morning. When we left Manila our sailing orders did not permit us to stop at Yokohama, as the war department wished to hurry the boats home as quickly as possible; but the officers on arrival here cabled every prominent statesman whom they thought had a pull at Washington, seeking permission to stop over at Yokohama. Late this evening permission was received to run into Yokohama for twenty-four hours for which we are all thankful.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AT JAPANESE CAPITAL—RETURN TO THE STATES.

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, October 5, 1899.—This has been a miserably rainy day. We were due to leave the harbor of Yokohama early this morning, but the weather outside was so stormy that Captain Patterson refused to venture out, wisely deciding that he would be able to make just as much time by remaining at anchor as he would by being tossed about by the immense waves rolled up by the typhoon. I am also led to believe that he had been interviewed by some of those who dislike a sea voyage so much that the next time they go they won't, and who were enjoying the stay at Yokohama to such an extent that he decided to take pity on them and give the porter a good chance to straighten up their state rooms.

The three days' trip between Nagasaki and this place was a delightful experience. As was noted in my last letter, we raised anchor at Nagasaki some time early Sabbath morning, for when reveille sounded we were well out on the blue expanse. Our route lay directly north from Nagasaki for some five hours, when it turned sharply towards the east. The greater part of this day's run was made out of sight of land, although occasionally we would run close to some small island, or a mountain peak would project itself athwart our vision in the dim distance. The sea, while rather rough, was an improvement on what it had been coming from Manila, and the weather was mild and pleasant, drawing the majority of both officers and men to the decks.

Towards evening we approached the western entrance to the famous inland sea. Mess was served early and the band was on hand to discourse some stirring airs as we entered the sea, especially as we passed the city of Moji, situated near the entrance. Moji is the terminus of the railroad from Nagasaki to Yokohama on that island, and from there the passengers

are ferried across the channel about twenty miles where they continue their journey.

The most of us went to bed early in order to see the sun rise the following morning over the hills, and enjoy the day in contemplating the beauties of the daylight trip. To be sure the sacrifice—the last twenty winks of morning slumber—was a trying one to rejuvenated soldiers, but those who thus denied themselves felt amply repaid for their trouble. We had heard a great deal about the scenery to be observed along the channel, and the trip from Manila to IloIlo is the only thing in my experience which is worthy to be compared with it. The sea itself is of varying widths, from a few hundred yards to several miles, but islands, large and small, are scattered in profusion all about, so that the skilled pilot must needs keep his wits about him in order to safely direct the course of his vessel. On either side the bluffs and hills rise in graceful outline, in places covered with herbage; sometimes seemingly barren, while not infrequently the picturesque terraced slope with its abundant crops will burst upon the vision of the enraptured onlooker. The islands, in the majority of cases, are too small to admit of cultivation, but their presence lends an enchanting atmosphere to the surroundings, although I presume that they impede navigation somewhat.

At either end of the sea and at every available position along its shores, the progressive Japs have erected modern defensive guns, located at such heights in a great many cases as to be absolutely outside the range of modern war vessels. For a small country Japan has an immense amount of sea coast but if she protects it all as well as she has that in the inland sea, she need have little fear of being able to cope with a strong sea power.

Late Monday evening we passed within sight of Osaka and were soon without the bounds of the beautiful. Our journey continued directly eastward all day Tuesday until about dusk, when we came to the entrance of the channel leading up toward Yokohoma. Fishermen by the score were just making up the bay toward home. We proceeded leisurely up the channel, finally coming to anchor in the outer harbor four or five miles from the shore. As we were under orders to remain in Yokohama only twenty-four hours, and as a great many were contemplating a trip to Tokio during that time, all were anxious

to get ashore the next morning at the earliest possible moment, but we had to undergo a severer quarantine inspection at the hands of the native surgeons than had been given us at Nagasaki, the one at the latter place being insufficient in the eyes of the Yokohama pill peddlers to warrant them in turning us loose among the inhabitants of the capital and its principal port. Officers were hustling about in an endeavor to check up enough men to satisfy the surgeons that there were not a large number of soldiers suffering from some dire plague hidden away out of their sight; while our verdant surgeon major had his hands full in giving a satisfactory diagnosis of those confined in the hospital. Finally about 10 o'clock the ordeal was over and in a short time the ship was deserted almost to a man. It would have been amusing to an outsider to have observed, during our trip from Nagasaki, the strenuous efforts of each and every soldier to replenish his "sinking fund" with enough of his prospective funds to at least insure his passage to and from the boat. Those who were fortunate enough to secure a larger sum usually "banked" enough in an extra pocket to see them safely back to their berth, then parted company with the remainder, be it large or small, before returning: in other words they came back broke. Of course in such cases it was of no use to ask for "seconds" because everybody was on the same level.

On landing a great many went immediately to No. 16 Bund street, where the American ladies, resident at Yokohama, had bureaus of information, and money exchanges, and where at noon, they served all who came an excellent dinner, besides giving free bathing tickets to any who desired them. Enough cannot be said in praise of this patriotic action, especially when it is remembered that the American colony is not large and that they have treated every returning regiment as they did us, at an outlay in money values alone of thousands of dollars.

After securing the necessary information a large number of the boys went immediately to the depot and started for the capital, Tokio, distant about twenty miles. The trains run between the two cities about every forty-five minutes, so one did not have to wait long, even though he were unfortunate enough to reach the depot just in time to see the train pull out. It is necessary to show your ticket at the gate before entering the

train, where an official punches it, but you are not asked for your pasteboard until you arrive at your journey's end, where another official takes it up. The majority of the boys bought third-class tickets, but as there were not enough of third-class coaches to accommodate both the soldiers and natives who were traveling hard times fashion, of course we yielded (?) to the natives and filled up the vacant seats in the second and first-class coaches, nor was there a conductor or brakeman to molest us or make us afraid. The ride between the two cities is a lovely one, the road keeping close to the beach all the way up, the land side being under a high state of cultivation and thickly populated so that, I presume, it would depend upon whom you asked whether they would say that Yokohama was a suburb of Tokio, or vice versa.

On arriving at the capital city each one secured a 'ricksha man and started for Shiba Park, the first point of interest. This park is a large tract of level ground thickly studded with beautiful trees, but noted chiefly because of the many temples scattered about the grounds. The temples are constructed after the prevailing Japanese type and are visited principally by devotees of the native Japanese religion, Shintoism. They usually consist of several courts with an arch-like entrance leading up to the temple proper. About these courts are scattered peculiarly shaped urns on tall pedestals which have something to do with the worship of the ancestral nobility. The temple itself is invariably enclosed in a structure of rough boards, both to protect it from the weather and from the gaze of profane eyes. However, for the sum of twenty sen, the possessor of these self same eyes can secure a pair of cloth shoes to slip over his own and then be at liberty to go in and about the structure as he sees fit. The interiors are ornamented with beautiful carvings and expensive draperies and the floors are highly polished and covered in part by gorgeous carpetings or strewn with oriental rugs. The images, if they have any, are unseen and in fact Shintoism consists principally in ancestral worship.

On leaving the park we went up through the city to where was an eminence perhaps 100 or 150 feet high where we could obtain a very good bird's-eye view of that immense city which millions of people call home. Here a company of native soldiers were drilling, clearly showing in their movements

their military training. Japan, especially since the close of the Chinese war, has thrown all her energies into the formation of strong military systems, and the children in the schools are all subject to drill from their infancy almost. As our time was limited we hurried on to that part of the city where the government buildings are located. A large number of substantial brick structures are just being completed, in which the various departments of the government will be located. Scattered about in the same part of the city are the legations of the other governments represented at the Japanese court, while near at hand is a large military academy.

The Imperial grounds, or rather the entrance to the grounds, was the next point visited. These grounds cover a large tract of land in the heart of the city. They are surrounded, varying as to locality, by from one to four walls, bordered by moats spanned by substantial bridges which are in turn carefully guarded by the imperial infantry. Of course, being the residence of the Emperor, everything thereabouts is sacred and only by special permission can a foreigner set foot therein, or as our guide expressed it in his precise way, "entrance to these grounds is prohibited." There was little to interest one in these bare walls so we proceeded onward, falling in by the way with a party in charge of a Japanese missionary who had visited at one time in America, understood the language well, besides being personally acquainted with several of the boys. He took us first to the Y. M. C. A. building, a neat, commodious and substantial structure, explaining to us something of the nature of their work.

Uyeno Park, a delightsome place, was our next stop. Here were statues of Japanese heroes, benches where the weary could sit themselves down and rest, refreshment stands presided over by the typical maid of Japan, museums, horticultural and botanical gardens, and what was of special interest to all of us, a large group of magnificent cedar trees. Now we understand something of the feelings engendered in the heart of the Psalmist by the cedars of Lebanon.

The afternoon was fast waning away as our party hastened onward toward the great Buddha temple. Here we were privileged to see idolatry in its purity, if we may be allowed the use of that term in this connection. As we approached the entrance to the temple grounds we could see large numbers of

people gathered in the streets, which were decorated with signs and bunting. Several native theatres were having what I presume they would call a matinee, and every few minutes the curtain between the stage and street would be raised for a moment or so as a sort of a bait, after which the ticket seller would put forth additional effort to dispose of his coupons. Near the end of this street was a small pond in which the sacred fish were kept. The worshippers would buy food, known as fish balls, from the stand near by and throw it into the water. These balls were composed of light material which floated on the surface of the water, and it was amusing to watch the fish scramble and fight for the morsel. The fish were on an average from ten to sixteen inches in length and appeared to be very tame. A little further on we came to the temple proper. Unlike the Shinto temples it was open to the public generally and a motley crowd of men, women, children and dogs were constantly going in and out, their wooden shoes clattering over the pavement, whilst the hubbub of the rabble was almost deafening. Some were offering their prayers to the image, accompanied by the necessary contribution, others were rubbing their hands over another greasy idol and then their hands over their faces, while others seemed to be there merely out of curiosity, to which class we belonged. It was a wonderful object lesson to me but I could not explain satisfactorily to my own mind, why a people otherwise so intelligent should exhibit their absolute want of reasoning in this regard.

The hour was getting late, so we hunted up our 'ricksha men, or rather they looked us up, and we started for the depot. Some idea of the extent of the city can be formed when it is known that we were an hour coming from the temple to the depot, our 'ricksha men putting forth their best efforts, and then we passed through only a part of the city. All hands were aboard the boat by midnight, as it was supposed we would sail early this morning, but as was said, the condition of the weather would not permit it, so quite a number of the boys went back to town, but the majority were content to remain aboard the boat and dicker with the natives who came out with almost everything imaginable for sale, and they managed to dispose of a good many tea sets.

In concluding this description of our stay in Japan, I must

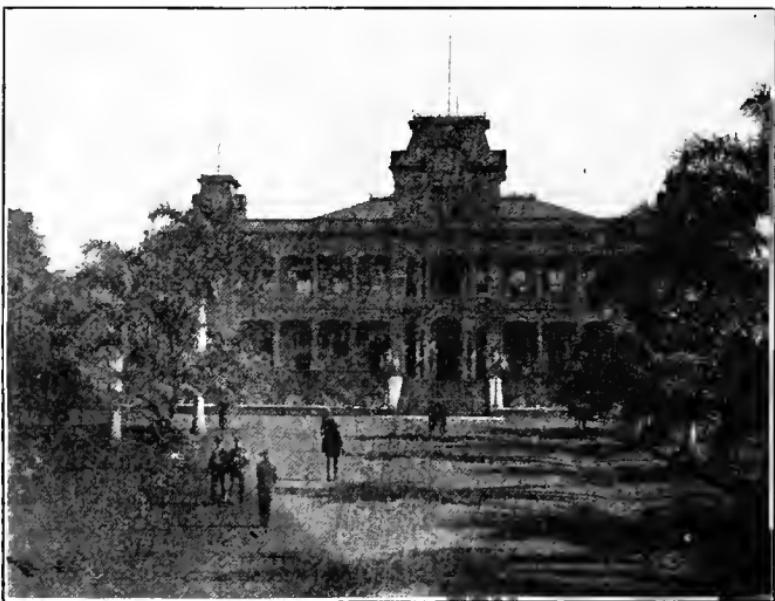
confess that there are a great many things which would tend to enamour one with the country and its inhabitants. Japan has certainly a wonderful future before her, provided she does not flounder on some rough political sea. However, before she can maintain the position which has been accorded her by the civilized nations of the world, she will be compelled to alter radically her present views regarding chastity in the home and commercial honor in the shop.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., October 31, 1899.—Tomorrow afternoon, for all practical purposes, we will be free men, although technically we will be subject to military discipline until midnight on Thursday, our discharge papers being dated November 2. In order to approach events in their natural sequence we will return, in memory only, to our departure from Yokohama and to the weary days of sea voyage eastward.

Friday morning, the 6th inst, the weather at Yokohama was still none of the best but as the storm outside had abated somewhat and we had already remained in Yokohama twenty-four hours over time, Captain Patterson decided to sail. Before leaving the harbor a thorough search of the ship was made for stowaways, several of whom had come aboard at Nagasaki and others at Yokohama, nearly all of them discharged soldiers or sailors, who had been left stranded in one way or another at these cities. If our boat had not been already overcrowded the worthy, at least, among them might have been allowed to work their way home, but under the circumstances there was nothing to do but hunt them out and send them ashore, which was accordingly done.

About 8 o'clock the anchor was lifted and we put out to sea encountering a strong headwind and a rough surface the moment our boat left the channel. The huge waves rolled up against the precipitous rock and the resulting spray was scattered in all directions; white caps were to be seen everywhere and as our course lay diagonally across the running waves, the Senator had something of the motion of meat in a sausage mill, which of course made it rather difficult to "navigate" the decks. Old Neptune, however, must have laughed in his sleeve at the scenes enacted when the mess was served. As before stated Company M's dining room was on the port side of the poop-deck. After the allowances for the companies

had been measured out below in the soldier's mess galley, the cook detail, which usually consisted of five men, changed every week, were compelled to transport the various pails and pans up two flights of stairs to where the company, on such days, was lined up sitting on the deck or, not infrequently, sliding about upon it. After the various dishes were placed on the table the line passed along, each individual receiving his allotted portion of meat, potatoes, beans, "slum," apples, prunes or whatever the bill of fare might contain. Not infre-



GOVERNMENT BUILDING, HONOLULU.

quently we discovered considerable fresh meat mixed with our oatmeal, while the prunes and hardtack sometimes underwent the "frisking" process. Sometimes the boat would give a terrible lurch just as the one who was dealing out the mixture was in the act of serving some one, and instead of receiving the ingredients on his dish they landed on the deck in front of him, or perchance having safely received his allowance and while endeavoring to reach a place on the deck where he might dispose of his repast in peace, the old sea god, in the person of

one of his wave lieutenants, caused the deck to assume such a position that the poor mortal was unable to maintain his equilibrium and landed on his hands and knees, the dinner and dishes being scattered about the deck or landing on the anatomy of some unfortunate companion. If the aforesaid dinner chanced to be blessed (?) with a portion of pea soup, that part of the deck became slipperier than "Aggie" and his capital, and was carefully avoided by those who did not wish to make a close acquaintance with the spot by direct contact.

Saturday the wind continued to blow a gale although it now struck us quartering from the rear, so that three sails were hoisted, one forward, one midship, and one aft, in order to take advantage of the assistance thus offered, as it was impossible to make very satisfactory time in the contest with the immense billows which were undiminished in size. About the middle of the afternoon while a great many of the boys were gathered on the decks reading, the pulley in one of the yard-arms gave way under the strain of the cable running through it, and breaking away swung around with terrible force. Several of the boys who were sitting in its path were knocked down and more or less injured, two of them seriously. Private Homer Read, of Company A, suffered a fracture of the skull and Private Ed Stotler, of Company M, had his left leg broken just below the knee.

The storm continued unabated for nearly another day, and that night the hatches were covered with canvas and it was well that they were for the waves flooded the decks several times, while for twelve hours the boat lay to, swinging around in order to meet the waves squarely. There was no thought, however, of any special danger, all knowing that the Senator was a staunch craft, well manned and under perfect control. Imagine our surprise then when we reached San Francisco to learn that a report had been scattered broadcast that the Senator was probably lost. Investigation proved that we suffered a great deal less than did the liner, the Empress of India, which set the rumor afloat or, perhaps in this case, we might say ashore.

The entire trip, however, was by no means as unpleasant as these few days we have described. For a considerable part of the distance we were favored with clear skies, cool and refreshing breezes, with just enough sea running to break

the monotony. We were averaging not far from 300 knots per day, which was sometimes considerably accelerated by an aft wind. Time, however, hung rather heavily on our hands. All were anxious to reach the home land and there was great speculation as to how many days we would be out of Yokohama, frequent discussions being held as to the length of a nautical mile as well as the distance in miles of the course we were traveling. During the pleasant hours of the day the decks were crowded, but in marked contrast to our outward trip there was little letter writing, the majority spending their time reading or in social games of cards. Several of the "kodak fiends" were kept busy showing their views and taking orders. Gradually the days were slipping by. Friday, the 13th, we crossed the 180th meridian which, of course, set us back a day in the calendar, that is we had two 13ths of October, both Fridays. The superstitious among those on board asserted that the rough weather was traceable to the fact that we sailed from Manila on Friday, also from Yokohama and then had two Fridays right together and both of them 13ths. The preponderance of the evidence was certainly in their favor. However, we were safely tided over the critical period, but the old joke about being up eight nights in the week will have to be amended in our case as it was a reality with us.

On two or three occasions we could make out sailing vessels in the distance, but we did not approach any of them except one, which was sighted the morning of the day we arrived and which signaled that she wished to be reported on our arrival, being long overdue on account of having been becalmed, but that all hands were well and no assistance required. At daylight that morning a heavy fog came sweeping out from the mainland, reminding us of our experience in camp the year before. The sun dispersed it however, and then all hands secured as favorable positions as possible, and strained their eyes to catch the first glimpse of the Farallones, or perchance of the mainland on beyond. The day was a most pleasant one. The sea was as smooth as glass, the sun shone brightly, the air was cool and invigorating and every heart was filled with joyful thoughts of the incetings about to be, creating a consequent illumination of the features. Steadiiy our noble bark advanced. Now someone discerned the lighthouse and

the white cliffs on the Farallones. Soon the islands themselves could be distinguished. The few sea gulls which had been our constant companions across the watery waste, were now joined by large flocks of voracious half cousins from this side, uttering loud cries as they circled about the rear of the vessel. Dinner was served when about opposite the islands, where our pilot also came aboard, bringing to us the first news we had had of the outside world, except the meager gleanings in Japan, for over a month. Majestically the Senator approached the Golden Gate. Forts Point and Baker seemed like old friends. Directly opposite the entrance Angel Island seemed to tipify its name, while Alcatraz, with all its bleakness and suggestiveness, was good to look upon. Now we were passing through the far famed gateway. Cheer after cheer, from hearts too full for any other utterance, swept across the bay and were swallowed up among the distant hills or re-echoed from their stubborn heights.

The Presidio scenery was somewhat changed. The brick barracks still remained, but yonder was the new hospital while on beyond, the hillsides were covered with round topped tents pitched along well kept streets with adjacent kitchens and other buildings. Slowly we steamed down the bay, coming to anchor off Angel island, where we had to await the quarantine inspection. Ashore the whistles began to sound and the sirens to sing. Several oarsmen rowed about the boat in their sculls and private yachting parties skillfully manouvered their pretty crafts near us, at intervals shouting to us bits of general news.

The medical inspection was soon over and then we began to look for the tugs which would bring our friends out to see us. The Sausalito and Tiburon ferry boats passed near us, their decks filled with men and women waving papers and handkerchiefs, to which we gave a hearty response. Finally a tug could be seen making towards us from the city, displaying the stars and stripes in conjunction with the Red Cross. Then we knew that friends were close at hand. A second tug soon followed the first, bearing other expectant faces. Soon all were aboard the Senator. It would be entirely without the legitimate domain of a correspondent to attempt to portray the scenes and proceedings of that hour, even were it within his power to do so. Grand old Iowa was represented officially by

her adjutant general, secretary of state and other officials, while unofficially she was represented by fathers, mothers, wives, brothers, sisters, sweethearts, children and friends. Fortunate indeed were the boys considered who were privileged to be folded in the arms of some loved one. Majestic California was also represented officially by some of her statesmen; unofficially she was represented first by members of that noble band whose insignia is a carmine cross, and whose tender ministrations during our former sojourn among them, as well as their intense interest in our welfare while away, were now vividly recalled. Then came numbers of those whom we count among our choicest friends in any clime, many of whom had anxiously looked for the(ir) soldier boys' return.

Flowers were showered upon us in great profusion. We had so many things to talk about that we hardly knew what to begin on, and in a great many cases were compelled to look what our lips could not express. To some, the hours were fraught with sadness. Two brothers in company M, Wade and Evan Evans, first learned that they would never again know a loving father's care; another, an officer, was called upon to comfort a distracted father, whose younger son lay in a pine box on the upper deck. Kind friends did what they could to assuage the sorrow, but the wounds could not be healed at once. In such cases time is the great physician.

Arrangements were made to transfer the sick to the hospital direct, which was accordingly done. We then learned that we could not dock that night, there being no vacant slip, but towards evening the anchor was lifted and we pulled up into the stream just off Folsom street. The first-class mail which had been accumulating at San Francisco for us since the middle of July was brought aboard during the afternoon and after the departure of our friends the most of us were kept busy the remainder of the evening perusing the news (?) therein. Of course with a certain class of the messages the time element was of little importance, but others of the epistles were somewhat stale.

There was little necessity for blowing reveille the next morning as all were about bright and early. Baggage and paraphernalia of all kinds was put in shape to be taken ashore soon. The ship was swung around to her moorings alongside

the pier, the gang planks were lowered and debarkation began. Details were set at work getting the heavy baggage and guns out of the hold so that the men might make the march to the Presidio armed. The ladies were hurrying about seeing that every company was supplied with flowers, but the time passed so rapidly that it was nearly noon ere the order to fall in was given. Then came a proud moment in Company M's existence, for at this time Mrs. Veitch, on behalf of the ladies of Red Oak, presented to the company the beautiful silk banner with its "Welcome Home Company M" on one side and the list of engagements on the other.

At last the line of march was formed and we were off for camp, escorted by Gen. Shafter and staff supported by a troop of cavalry and some artillery. Down Market street the column wended its way. Along the entire line of march the street was congested with people and traffic was temporarily suspended. Windows on either side of the street were filled with faces, some of them almost concealed behind immense horns doing the best they could to add to the terrific din. In fact noise was the order of the day in that part of the city as every steam whistle and tin pan it seemed was brought into requisition. It was certainly a strong testimonial to the place held by the Iowa boys in the hearts of these hospitable residents of the coast. The line of March was up Market street to Golden Gate Avenue, which was followed until its intersection with Van Ness avenue along which we proceeded to Lombard street which led us directly into the Presidio grounds.

While passing down Van Ness we were thrown into company front and passed in review before Gen. Shafter and staff, Gov. Shaw and the other state officials present. When the Presidio grounds were reached we were marched up the hillside to where our old camp had been, and assigned by companies to the tents already pitched and waiting for our occupancy. We halted just long enough to lay aside our equipments and were then taken in charge by the Washington's, each company being entertained by its namesake in the regiment from the north. And what a dinner it was! The sovereigns of the world fared less sumptuously than did we that day. To be sure we were in a condition to enjoy a feast, having eaten very little breakfast, made a long march and waited until 2 o'clock to attack a meal built after the American plan of civilized life and as far

removed from regular army fare as was compatible with a sudden change of diet.

Returning to quarters we were assigned to tents and as our baggage arrived we proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Each tent contained a small sheet-iron stove, and as strawticks and pillows were provided we experienced no difficulty in accomplishing the desired results. "Spider" was at home in all his glory in a good kitchen with plenty of help and an abundance of material to work with, but so many of the boys were being looked after by friends down town that at times his boarding establishment was almost deserted. At other times numbers of the aforesaid friends would be present as the soldiers' guests, and then it hustled the "Jamocha King" to supply the demands placed upon him, but he usually managed to sustain his reputation.

While awaiting muster out we were all regarded as convalescents and drew rations accordingly. Then we began to wish we had been convalescing during our entire term of service. Soon it became known that we were to be mustered out in double quick time in order to allow us to reach home in time to vote, so a large force of clerks were put to work upon the rolls and other papers. Those who were not thus employed were kept busy on this detail or that, as in all cases it required rush orders to complete the work in the required time. While we were all anxious to reach home and loved ones as soon as possible, a great many would have preferred remaining in Frisco at least three weeks, being thus relieved from the continued strain we were under, besides allowing ourselves sufficient time to visit with our friends, many of whom we would probably not be privileged to meet again face to face.

Saturday afternoon our rolls were in the hands of the mustering officer, and this morning we received our finals and discharge papers, and tomorrow afternoon, as we noted in the beginning of this letter, we are scheduled to leave for Iowa on three special trains provided by the state, our route being over the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific to Denver, then over the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific to Council Bluffs. Many would have preferred the return trip over the Rio Grande, but as "beggars can't be choosers" that desire will have to be abandoned. Now, when we are so near the culmination of our returning freedom, we all realize that in more ways than one

our military life has been a benefit to us. Those who went into the army as boys came out boys in years but men in self-control, judgment and their loyalty as citizens. The hardships will soon be remembered only as interesting incidents of the campaign. The information secured and the experience undergone will continue to increase in importance as we again enter civil life. Wonderful reports of the receptions awaiting us have come to our ears and our paramount desire is to conduct ourselves as soldiers should even when we have been metamorphosed into civilians.

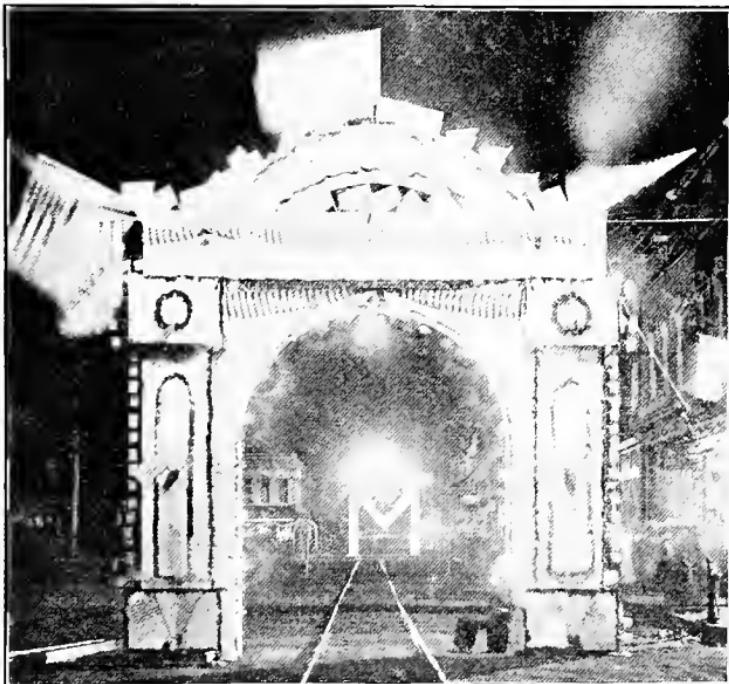
CHAPTER XIX.

HOME AGAIN.

Wednesday morning, November 1st, was an eventful day to the men of the Fifty-First. The morning dawned on the camp in the Presidio clear and bright as if in concert with the feelings of happy men, who on this day were to receive their final discharge papers. The camp was alive with busy men packing baggage and making every preparation to bid adieu to camp and soldier life, and start on the last leg of the journey home. By 11 a. m. the Iowa soldiers were transformed into citizens, and every man was given his final pay and discharge papers. It is difficult for one who has not had this experience to realize what the transformation from soldier to citizen means, and to know what a wealth of value is in that simple receipt of service from the government, the life of unerring obedience to orders in which there is always more or less a feeling of lost independence and individuality, and one is overwhelmed with the joy of again being placed on an equality with the men they have so long known only to obey. With that joyous return of freedom and citizenship there is also some misgivings as to taking up the responsibilities of private life, and not a little regret to leave the soldier's life, which, after all its hardships and pains, has many bright and attractive sides.

With a sense of pride that comes to a man but seldom in life, the boys of the Fifty-First pocketed their discharges, after many comparisons with their comrades to see that there was no possible mistake in wording and especially no mistakes as to the remarks on service rendered. I never remember of having any paper to carry that seemed so liable to lose from the pocket, and I noticed others were the same way. At intervals a man would unconsciously grasp his blouse to be assured that the paper was still there. After the settlement with the

government the companies were assembled and requested—not ordered, as orders were then out of style—to assemble at the ferry station, San Francisco, at 2 o'clock, to take the boat across the bay and then the train for home. With many cheers and not a few backward glances at the old camp site, which recalled our six months' life there the year before, the boys scattered and took cars for the city, where necessary purchases were made for the home trip. At 2 o'clock the whole regiment



HOME-COMING OF COMPANY M—DECORATIONS AT NIGHT.

assembled at the ferry station and a final goodbye was taken of San Francisco.

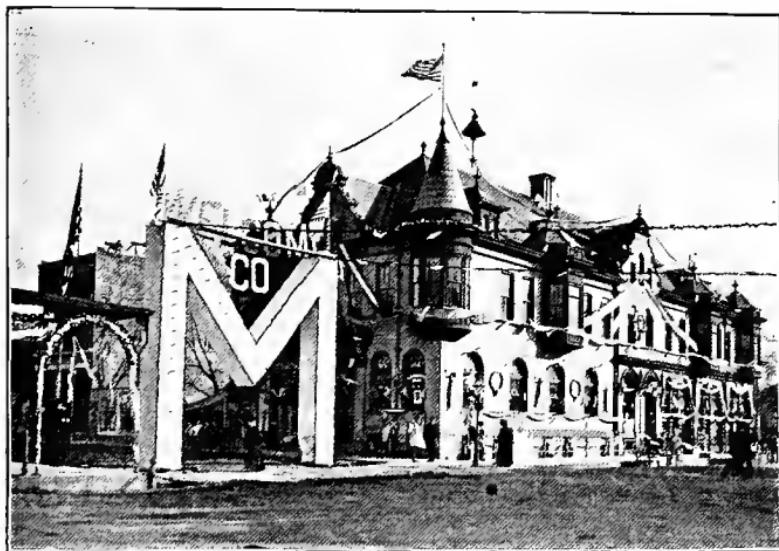
At the Oakland mole the three trains that were to take the Fifty-First home were lined up. The First battalion left first, followed by the Third shortly afterwards. The last train was delayed by some of the company baggage failing to arrive, and it was 5 o'clock before the last section bearing Companies E, Shenandoah; C, Glenwood; L, Council Bluffs, and M left

the mole. Friends of the boys from 'Frisco and Oakland were on hand to say adieu, but it was a more joyous parting than than when the old Pennsylvania left the pier for Manila. Mrs. Veitch and son Lloyd, Mrs. Donald Macrae and Mrs. Steepy, also Dr. Hiett and Rev. E. C. Moulton were our fellow passengers and added much to the pleasure of the long overland trip. Our train lost time from the very start. The ten cars comprising it were of the antiquated tourist variety and the engine was slow and wheezy. A baggage car was fitted with a cooking outfit, and Spider Pitner acted as chef. At Summit, Nevada, the breaking of a drawbar caused a delay of four hours during which the boys were treated to the pleasing novelty of snow balling. At Ogden we were ten hours late, the other two sections having gone on ahead sometime previous. At Echo, Utah, thirty miles out from Ogden, the track was blockaded by a wreck. This necessitated going back to Ogden where the Oregon Short Line was taken to Granger, Wyoming, where the Union Pacific was reached. At 10:30 Sunday night the train arrived at Denver. General Hale, to whose brigade the Fifty-First belonged during the campaign in Luzon, was on hand, also Captain Brook, the General's adjutant. Both of these gentlemen are of the genial, whole-souled sort, and many of the men was personally acquainted with them. After a hand-shaking, our train was transferred to the Rock Island road, and thirty minutes later we started homeward. The trip over the Rock Island was a series of delays caused first by the train breaking in two, and again at Fairbury, Nebraska, two hours was lost in substituting a freight car for a broken down baggage car. Lincoln was reached at 6 o'clock in the evening. We learned here that our other battalions passed through some twelve hours ahead, and were enjoying the grand reception prepared at Council Bluffs. The boys of Company L were frantic at the delays which caused them to lose the grand reception at home, and their feelings were shared by all as the day waned, and it was found impossible to reach home in daylight.

It was after 8 o'clock when we finally reached Council Bluffs, there to learn that the reception was over. An immense crowd at once took possession of the train and with the greatest difficulty we succeeded in getting through the jam and marching to the C. B. & Q. station. Here we met friends and

relatives who had waited all day for our train. The scene of welcome here was but a miniature to that which awaited the arrival of the train at Red Oak.

At 11:40 the train pulled into the Red Oak depot and from that time on the mind had only time to grasp things indefinitely. We knew that it was raining and a great crowd was cheering, and that mothers, sisters and sweethearts were clasping sons in their arms, that some were weeping and some were laughing, and that all were happy, for this was home. Out in the surging crowd we could see the lights and



HOME-COMING OF COMPANY M—CORNER FOURTH AND COOLBAUGH.

hear the noise of salute firing, but all was clouded in a mist that must have been tears of joy. THE EXPRESS said of the reception:

"As soon as the boys of company M could get off the train they formed for the march to the armory. Garfield Post G. A. R. acted as escort, led by the band and followed by Mrs. Veitch and master Lloyd in a carriage. Next came the gallant company M. A Roman candle brigade made the line of march a glare of light. The line of march was north on West First street to Coolbaugh, then east to the

armory. Notwithstanding that it was after midnight and the streets were muddy, the route along which the parade passed was thronged with people. Turning east on Coolbaugh the scene which greeted the eyes of the returned soldiers must have impressed them with Red Oak's love for her heroes. The street from the court house to the armory was brilliantly lighted, added to which were the hundreds of electric lights in red, white and blue, which studded a splendid flag-decorated arch at Third and Coolbaugh, and a gigantic letter M a block further on. At Second and Coolbaugh they marched between lines of bunting, trimmed with evergreens, which extended to the arch and far beyond to the big M, surmounted with 'Welcome Co.' in colored electric lights. Shotgun brigades, fireworks and every conceivable means of noise greeted the parade at every corner. At the armory there was a rush for a quarter of an hour, while all the people tried to get through the doors at the same time. Inside was a scene which is seldom witnessed oftener than once in a generation, the returning home of volunteers. The confusion was delightful, yet pathetic. Pen fails to picture the meeting between mother and son, sister and brother, sweetheart and lover after a separation of a year and a half, and such a separation! How proud the fathers and mothers and sisters were of their heroes! The scene beggars description.

"And while the boys were greeting old friends, that dear, good woman, the adopted mother of the boys of Company M, as she is proud to call herself, Mrs. W. T. Veitch, of Oakland, Cal., was meeting new ones. That kind, motherly face, smiling and happy, though worn and tired with her long journey, drew the people to her spontaneously and she was soon the center of a crowd, all anxious to grasp her hand and thank her for her noble work. And how she enjoyed it all despite her fatigue! Tears of joy shone in her eyes as she greeted the parents and sisters of her favorite boys. Just one discordant note marred the harmony of the scene: the lonesome feeling depicted on the faces of the boys from other cities whose friends did not come to meet them, but citizens tried to make them forget they were strangers.

"No one seemed to take note of time until O. J. Gibson suggested that as it was 1 o'clock in the morning the mothers would probably like to take their boys home and put them to

bed. At the same time he asked those members of the company from abroad to come forward for the purpose of meeting their hosts who were to entertain them while in the city. Then the crowd slowly dispersed and the boys went to their homes.

"Tuesday morning the boys were permitted to sleep late, but many were down town before 9 o'clock, shaking hands with friends. The day dawned clear and bright, but before noon clouds came up and it began to rain. Fortunately it was only a sprinkle and before time for the parade the sun burst forth again like a day in April rather than November. Promptly at 2 o'clock the parade started in the following order:

Marshal of the Day, Geo. R. Logan.

Assistant Marshal, O. J. Gibson.

Red Oak Band.

Carriage containing Mrs. Veitch, Master Lloyd Veitch, Mayor Sanborn and Mrs. Whitaker.

Red Oak Fire Department in Uniform.

Boys' Drum Corps.

Pupils and Teachers of Lincoln School.

Pupils and Teachers of Webster School.

Assistant Marshal W. S. Ellis, Mounted.

High School Band.

High School Faculty.

Pupils and Teachers of North Ward School.

Assistant Marshal Kirk Dennis, Mounted.

Pupils and Teachers of South Ward School.

Assistant Marshal O. A. Rose, Mounted.

Pupils and Teachers of Washington School.

Assistant Marshal S. G. Hersman, Mounted.

Modern Woodmen.

Major Evans' Drum Corps.

Garfield Post, No 57, G. A. R.

Company M.

Carriage Containing Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

"When the parade had advanced west on Coolbaugh from the Armory until the Modern Woodmen had reached the arch at Third street, it was halted, the ranks opened and with the drum corps in the lead, the G. A. R. numbering nearly eighty men, marched between, acting as an escort to Company M, eighty strong.

"The line of march was west on Coolbaugh street to West

First, north to Reed, east to Sixth, south to Coolbaugh, and west to the armory.

"No more beautiful or impressive parade ever marched the streets of Red Oak. First the fire department, protectors of our property from fire; then the children, soldiers of the coming generation; the old soldiers, the defenders of the nation a generation ago, and Company M, our nation's defenders of today. The effect made by more than one thousand school children in line, each carrying a flag, was impressive, indeed. The pupils of the high school marched in classes, each carrying the class colors. The class of '98, those who graduated last year, carried a banner bearing the names of Lumb and Ross. The class of '99 carried one bearing the names of Evans, Logan Clark and Palmer. The banner of the class of 1900 bore the names of Briggs, Throw, Rathbone and Ingram, and that of 1901 the names of Stevens and Fisher.

"The most impressive sight was Company M, marching in column of fours, each man with a wreath of laurel with carnations and roses for a dash of color around the crown of his hat. The idea was borrowed from the beautiful custom of the Hawaiians, who decorate departing or returning friends with wreaths of flowers called leis. What a manly body they looked as they marched, with firm steps and erect bearing, between the ranks of a thousand school children, and later through a lane of proud humanity.

"There was little noise. Even the applause was a subdued clapping of the hands. This apparent lack of enthusiasm was not real. The people felt too deeply to express themselves in a noisy manner, and their feelings were depicted in their bright, shining faces.

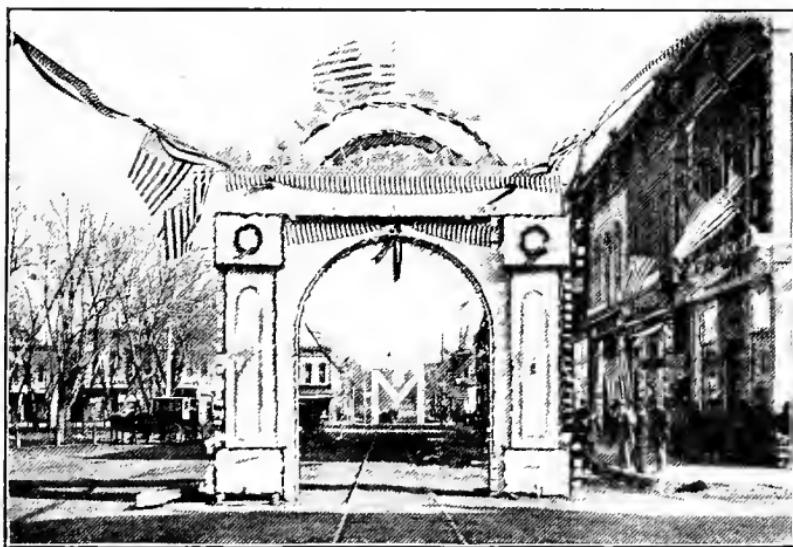
"After the parade in the afternoon an informal outdoor reception was held in front and around the armory and those who had not met their friends the evening before did so then. It developed into a regular love feast.

"People began to assemble at the armory for the formal reception by 6 o'clock Tuesday evening, although the doors were not opened until 7:30. A few minutes after that hour the building, back of the 350 chairs reserved for relatives of the boys, was packed as it was never packed before, and by 8 o'clock there must have been nearly two thousand people in the building. A speakers' platform had been built from the

stage, which was occupied by members of the company and distinguished guests. The chairs had been moved from the rear half of the hall, the relatives being admitted at the side door. Knowing that the gallery would be crowded, temporary supports were put under it as a precautionary measure.

"It was 8:30 before Hon. J. M. Junkin, the master of ceremonies, called the audience to order and called upon Rev. W. W. Merritt, who delivered the invocation. Then followed the address of welcome by Mayor Sanborn.

"Senator Junkin, in introducing Captain Clark, who responded, took occasion to pay the "little captain" a strong



HOME-COMING OF COMPANY M—DECORATIONS ON COOLBAUGH STREET.

tribute, which was loudly applauded by the audience and by the members of the company. Captain Clark read his remarks from manuscript, the great audience following him with rapt attention. When he referred to the services of First Sergeant Owen C. Hawkins, the company gave him three rousing cheers and a tiger, and repeated the performance when he paid a touching tribute to the service of "Doc" Logan. Captain Clark's popularity was established by the hearty applause which greeted his feeling address.

"Mr. Junkin then introduced Mrs. Veitch, who was included

in Mayor Sanborn's welcome to Red Oak, taking occasion to acknowledge the debt of gratitude which the boys and their friends owe to that noble woman, and the cheers which greeted her must have impressed her with the strong hold she has secured on the affections of the people of Red Oak. She had at first decided not to trust herself to speak, so strong were her emotions, but she could not refrain from rising and expressing her regard for Company M, than whom there are no nobler nor better set of boys to be found in the country, and whom she is proud to call her adopted sons. She assured the mothers that while they were on the coast their conduct was without fault. She closed by imploring God's blessings on her boys and assuring them of a hearty welcome to her California home if they ever come there again.

"The master of ceremonies then introduced Morse E. Moulton, who told of some of the amusing incidents of army life. Mr. Moulton began by frankly admitting that he was "scared to death," but said that if his knees quit shaking he would tell all about it. He first spoke of the pieced-out uniforms and generally ridiculous appearance of the boys when they left for Des Moines a year and a half ago. Then he told how Markey had been sent on a detail to the quartermaster and how he dressed up in his best to make a good impression on the regimental officers, only to be given a shovel and told to join a gang of men in charge of a corporal who were digging a ditch.

"Then came the story of a snipe hunt in which one of the boys whose name he did not divulge, was stationed one dark night in a ditch a mile or so from camp, holding a bag, while his companions went to drive the birds into it. After waiting an hour and no boys nor birds appearing, he returned to camp. He saw the joke.

"When the boys took their physical examination at Des Moines some did not come up to the requirements. Captain Clark, being under height, lay in bed two days so that he might stretch an inch or two. He passed all right and since then has proven himself the biggest little man in the Eighth army corps. Others were under weight and they tried to make up the deficiency by drinking water. Before the examination several of the boys, the speaker among the number, although he did not say so, spent the greater part of the day at the hydrant. Finally, when they were so full they had to

hold their heads back for safety, they appeared before the examiner, only to be accepted without being re-weighed and their libations went for naught.

"Then he told how their dog, Bob, was acquired one night from the Forty-Ninth Iowa by Will Jeffers; the experience of the boys making their beds on the sand of Camp Merrit; how Captain Clark drilled the boys under the eyes of admiring femininity, only to lose his position in their good graces later when some one sent a snap-shot of the captain refereeing a cock fight in the Philippines.

"Another story was on "Spider" Pitner, the faithful company cook, who got too far ahead of the wagon when a fight was going on. Seeing breastworks near by he sought shelter from the storm of bullets falling about him. But the leaden hail continued, when suddenly he discovered he was on the wrong side.

"His best joke was on Stafford, the son of a most worthy minister, whom he described as being not exactly as circumspect in his conduct, and—well, not living up to his idea of what a preacher's son should be. Those who knew Stafford was Moulton's "bunkie," and that he is also the son of a most estimable clergyman, saw the subtle humor of his remarks and the house was convulsed. He told how Stafford got into the guard house at San Fernando for appropriating a bed from South Dakota's quarters when that regiment was recalled from the front. Taking two natives, he marched down the street with his furniture only to be halted by the provost guard, who took it from him and landed him in the guard house.

"Mr. Moulton's stories proved very entertaining, and should be heard to be appreciated.

"E. Whitney Martin, perhaps the most scholarly member of the company, who, before his enlistment, was principal of the Clarinda high school, was next introduced to speak about "The Private Soldier." He paid a fitting tribute to the bravery and devotion to duty of the Filipinos. His address, though simply from notes, was eloquent, and went right to the hearts of his hearers.

"Edwin A. Merritt followed with an account of "Army Life on the Ocean." As the hour was getting late and so many people had been standing so long, he made his remarks very

brief. He told of that delectable food decoction, known to soldiers as "slumgullion;" briefly described the arrangements during a storm at sea, and the discomforts that followed for the privates, and hinted at other and unmentionable discomforts, previously graphically described by Mr. Moulton by the simple motion of scratching in the neighborhood of where a soldier wears his belt.

"This closed the program as originally prepared, but the audience was given another treat. It was the presentation, by Congressman Smith McPherson, of a gold-mounted and jeweled sword to Lieutenant-Surgeon Donald Macrae, on behalf of the private soldiers of all the companies of the Fifty-First Iowa, as a token of their love, confidence and esteem. This ceremony was intended to have taken place during the reception of the regiment at Council Bluffs, but had to be postponed because Dr. Macrae was a passenger on the delayed section. Mr. McPherson presented the sword in the following brief speech, delivered in a most feeling manner:

LIEUTENANT SURGEON DONALD MACRAE JR.:

"The greatest one pleasure I have enjoyed and will enjoy over the return of the Fifty-First regiment from that part of the United States across the Pacific, I cannot determine. The pleasures are all great and are all glorious. To be selected by the boys of the regiment to hand you this sword as a token of their love; to single me out to perform this pleasurable duty, touches me deeply. Every boy who has contributed to this has earned my never-ending gratitude. I am glad they have given you this sword. They have honored themselves in camp, and on the deep sea, and in the trenches, and in the swamps. They have now again honored themselves, and they have honored you. Those who knew you, well knew their brave boys would not want for attention or skill. During the past eighteen months I have encouraged many a father and mother by telling them of your kindness of heart, of your affection for the boys of the regiment, of your attention to duty, your high standing as a physician and surgeon. And I have recounted to them my knowledge of the faith of the boys in you. I knew you would stand by them, and stay with them until you could all together return. We knew that you would rather have the love of the soldiers of this regiment than to have any commission.

"The unerring test of any officer's fitness is the judgment of the private soldier. It was the purpose to have given you this in the presence of your wife, of your father and mother and your little children, and the vast throng of people at Council Bluffs on Monday last. You then would have received the cheers and a tiger from nearly all the officers and every private soldier in the regiment. This was prevented because your train was twelve hours late.

"Company M is in your presence. You need look but a little further to see the hands of a thousand men holding this sword aloft and asking you to accept it. And by their side stand their friends, offering their thanks for the untiring energy you gave that all the boys would be returned safely to their homes. For the boys of the regiment I present this to you.'

"Dr. Macrae, almost overcome by emotion, responded briefly and brokenly, but more eloquently than the most gifted orator could have delivered the most polished speech, winding up with, "Boys, I'd like to hug every one of you," and such a cheer that greeted him from the boys that love him as devotedly as he loves them—and a tiger that fairly raised the roof.

"Then came another feature not down on the program. Captain Clark was brought forward by Mr. Markey, and on behalf of his comrades presented him with a handsome gold watch, which the doughty captain very gracefully accepted in the spirit it was given."

COMPANY M'S LAST MESS.

It was after 11 o'clock when Company M, accompanied by their guests, Lieutenant Donald Macrae and wife and Mrs. Veitch and Master Lloyd, retired to the Knights of Pythias hall, where the banquet was served. The lodge room was beautifully decorated by the ladies of the Village Improvement Society, who also arranged the banquet, perhaps the finest in point of menu and service ever given in the city. But thirteen of the original members of the company were absent, while about a like number of the soldiers of the Spanish war were present as guests. Twenty-five young ladies, sisters and relatives of the boys, acted as waitresses.

The ladies retired after the banquet and cigars were passed. The occasion was one not to be forgotten by anyone present. For nearly two years we had been together, sharing each

other's hardships, joys and sorrows, seeing life on the side only seen by soldiers who have campaigned. Friendships that life only could sever, had been formed and tonight the parting was to come. The thought carried with it much of sadness, much of regret. Filled with these thoughts but few words were spoken until Captain Clark arose and made a short speech full of feeling and reminiscence of the past months. At its close there was more of silence and more of restraint, broken however by Stafford, who has the faculty of seeing the bright side and turning sadness into the channel of humor. "Staff" started a "roasting bee" and from then until 3 a. m. it was one round of roasts, no member of the company being missed.

Next morning the out of town members left for their various homes and in every case met an entertainment worthy of returning soldiers. A series of splendid banquets and receptions were tendered Company M and their guest, Mrs. Veitch, by the various societies, notably the Woman's Relief Corps, at which 400 plates were laid. The Red Oak Fire Department, Knights of Pythias and the High School also gave banquets and receptions.



LIEUT. SURGEON DONALD MACRAE, JR.



LIEUT. HERBERT C. LANE, ADJUTANT THIRD BATTALION.

LIEUTENANT HERBERT C. LANE.

When Company M was organized Herbert C. Lane was one of its charter members and did much to place the company in its high standing in the I. N. G. He was the company's first quartermaster sergeant, and in that position showed the efficiency and thoroughness that afterwards characterized his work as commissary officer of the Fifty-First regiment. He received his commission as lieutenant at Camp McKinley and was assigned as battalion adjutant of the Third battalion, Major S. P. Moore commanding. Later he assumed the responsible position of regimental commissary officer, which position he held all through the regiment's service. Lieutenant Lane made a rare record in his department, which, in fact, is one of the most onerous in the service. Constant hard work, extreme accuracy and a careful eye to details are among its features and with most men in the position it means a large amount of cussing and bad feeling from the soldiers, who are always inclined to think the food department in some manner has a leak and they are not getting the proper rations. Under Lieutenant Lane's management there was scarcely a kick or protest, the men appreciating his efforts in their behalf, and grew to regard him as he deserved.

When the Pennsylvania left for Manila she carried six months' rations for 1,200 men. During the three months she cruised in oriental waters she issued supplies to both the army and the navy and the transactions footed up into thousands of dollars. On landing at Cavite Lieutenant Lane's accounts were checked and found absolutely correct. It is said to be the only case where a transport, regular or volunteer, checked without a large discrepancy of accounts. Lieutenant Lane received many compliments for his dilligence. Although not required to do so in his position, Lieutenant Lane fought all through the campaign, being on the line most of the time with his old comrades of Company M. Perhaps no man in the Fifty-First regiment had so large an acquaintance as the Lieutenant, and he had the satisfaction of knowing all these to be his friends.

ROSTER OF COMPANY M.

THOSE WHO RETURNED.

OFFICERS.

Captain Jesse W. Clark, Red Oak.
 First Lieutenant W. Harry French, Red Oak.
 Second Lieutenant Guy E. Logan, Red Oak.
 First Sergeant Owen C. Hawkins, Red Oak.
 Quartermaster Sergt. Chas. B. Rose, Red Oak.
 Sergeant Wm. M. Hiett, Red Oak.
 Sergeant Henry A. Nordquist, Red Oak.
 Sergeant J. Edward Logan, Red Oak.
 Sergeant Resoive P. Palmer, Red Oak.
 Corporal Thomas F. Zuber, Red Oak.
 Corporal Clarence A. Lumb, Red Oak.
 Corporal Jas. H. Windsor, Red Oak.
 Corporal F. Corydon Ingram, Red Oak.
 Corporal Frank S. Smith, Red Oak.
 Corporal Everett E. Lane, Red Oak.
 Corporal Lloyd D. Ross, Red Oak.
 Corporal Ivan Elwood, Red Oak.
 Corporal J. Donald Enfield, Clarinda.
 Corporal Harry P. Brenholts, Mt. Pleasant.
 Corporal Omar Duncan, Clarinda.
 Corporal Wm. E. Nicoll, Red Oak.
 Musician Otis R. Tyson, Red Oak.
 Musician Clyde C. Hoober, Chillicothe, Iowa.
 Artificer Edward O. Pace, Red Oak.
 Wagoner Michael S. Miller, Red Oak.
 Cook Ed M. Pitner, Red Oak.

PRIVATE.

Arnold, Chas. E., Clarinda.	Kneedy, C. M., Elliott.
Arnold, Frank V., Grinnell.	Logan, James M., Red Oak.
Briggs, Guy M., Red Oak.	Lyon, Jesse F., Red Oak.
Blue, Lee, Red Oak.	Martin, E. W., Clarinda.
Byers, Lamonte, Red Oak.	Merritt, Edwin A., Red Oak.
Behm, John, Clarinda.	Murphy, Chas. H., Red Oak.
Clark, Harry J., Red Oak.	Moulton, Morse E., Red Oak.
Cook, Carl D., Red Oak.	Morgan, Wm., Wales, Iowa.
Cook, Robert S., Red Oak.	Nelson, Lewis E., Clarinda.
Dennis, Ernest, Red Oak.	Olson, Charles, Stanton.

Dillon, Chas. F., Red Oak.	Rathbone, Don Q., Red Oak.
Evans, Evan J., Red Oak.	Rapp, John J., Atlantic.
Evans, Wade, Red Oak.	Robb, Ralph, Red Oak.
Elder, Claude D., Allerton.	Smith, H. F., Red Oak.
Enfield, John B., Clarinda.	Stafford, C. A. Mt. Pleasant.
Fisher, Jesse C., Red Oak.	Stevens, Harry E., Red Oak.
Figg, James R., Hawthorne.	Stotler, Harry W., Clarinda.
Fulton, Chas. M., Clarinda.	Stotler, Ed J., Clarinda.
Gassner, Roy D., Red Oak.	Sandell, Fred W., Red Oak.
Gillmore, John D., Red Oak.	Shank, Walter L., Red Oak.
Goldsberry, C. H., Red Oak.	Throw, Frank W., Red Oak.
Griffith, Harry M., Mt. Ayr.	Tidrick, Ralph W., Tingley.
Hockett, A. L., Jr., Red Oak.	Tilden, Samuel J., Red Oak.
Hoffman, H. J., Atlantic.	Uvary, Paul W., Red Oak.
Hollowell, Thos., Atlantic.	Valentine, Wm., Shelbyville.
Kerrihard, Will R., Red Oak.	Wheeler, C. W., Red Oak.
	Wolfe, Frank, Red Oak.

PREVIOUSLY DISCHARGED.

OFFICERS.

Second Sergeant Edwin M. Rose, Red Oak.
 Corporal Wm. J. Jeffers, Red Oak.
 Corporal Geo. L. Jones, Neosho Falls, Kansas.
 Corporal Harry D. Cook, Red Oak.
 Musician J. Henry Kastman, Red Oak.

PRIVATES.

Applegate, Vin J., Red Oak.	Longstreet, C. E., Red Oak.
Bond, Ernest C., Iowa Falls.	Markey, Joseph I., Red Oak.
Chamberlain, H. L., Clarinda.	McPherrin, W. B., Clarinda.
Day, Ira, Atlantic.	Oleson, Ole M., Atlantic.
Dolan, Edward, Red Oak.	Ross, Chas. W., Red Oak.
Hallett, John B., Red Oak.	Stocksleger, M. D., Red Oak.
Hammond, R. H., Red Oak.	Throw, John E., Red Oak.
Halbert John M., Elliott.	Trabert, Jas. W., Stanton.
Lee, Chas., E. Atlantic.	Watson, Lloyd, Clarinda.

MUSTERED OUT AT MANILA TO REMAIN IN SERVICE.

/ Corporal Chas. L. Binns, Red Oak.

DEATHS FROM DISEASE.

WAGONER VERNI R. HYSHAM, died August 20, 1898, in St. Lukes hospital, San Francisco, of typhoid fever; buried at Red Oak.

EARL McCAMENT, died November 24, 1898, at Presido hospital, of typhoid fever; buried at Red Oak.

ELLERY E. MILLS, died September 14, 1898, at Presido hospital, of pueumonia; buried at Atlantic, Iowa.

JOHN E. RITTER, died July 11, 1898, at the French hospital, Camp Merritt, of sarcoma of intestines; buried in National cemetery, Presido, California.

LUCIAN E. ROGERS, died July 15, 1898, at Lane hospital, San Francisco, of appendicitis; buried at Minburn, Iowa.

CASUALTIES--WOUNDED IN ACTION.

JOHN BEHM, of Clarinda, wounded at Pulilan April 24, 1899,

HARRY P. BRENHOLTS, of Mount Pleasant, wounded at Calulut, August 9, 1899.

ADRIAN C. HOCKETT, of Red Oak, wounded at Quingua, April 23, 1899.

BERT THOMAS, of Red Oak, wounded at Quiugua, April 23, 1899.

JOSEPH I. MARKEY, of Red Oak, wounded at San Fernando, May 26, 1899.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN, of Red Oak, wouunded at Calumpit, April 25, 1899.

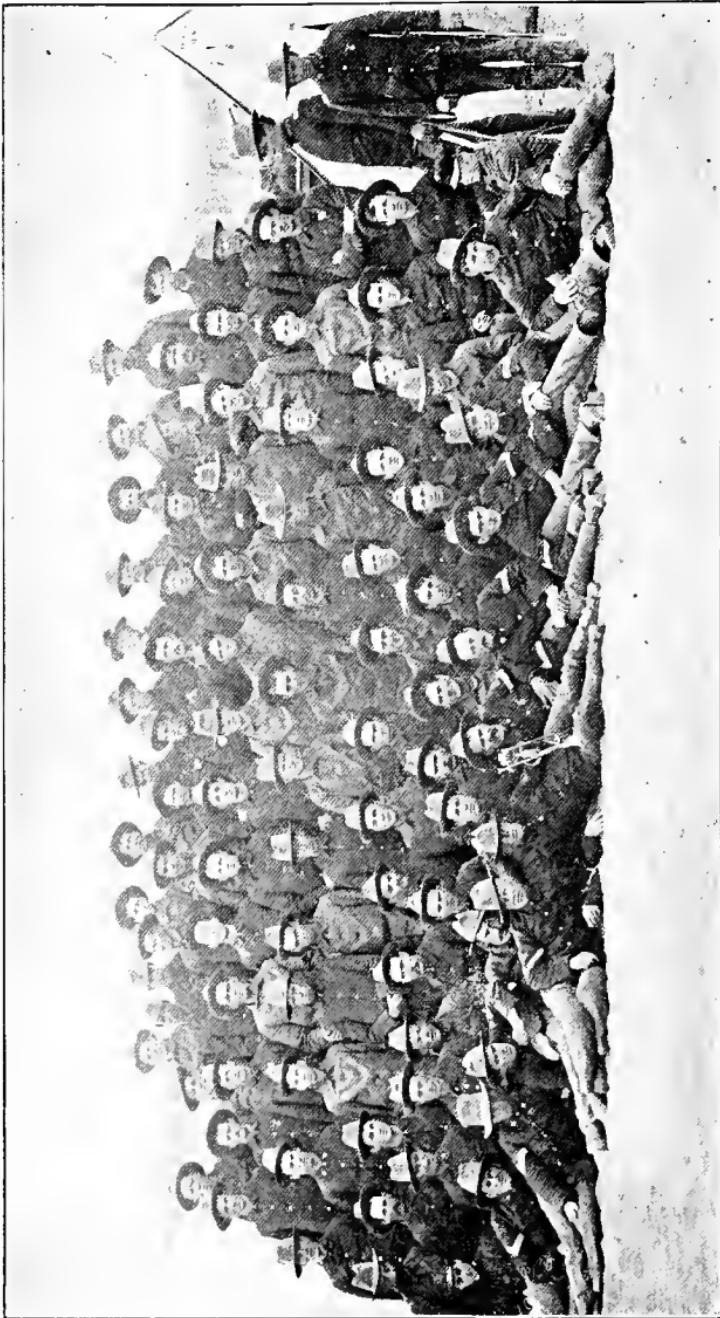
THOMAS HOLLOWELL, of Atlautic, slightly wounded at San Fernaldo, June 22, 1899.

FRED E. STRONG, of Ottumwa, attached to Company M, but not enlisted, wounded at Polo, April 11, 1899.

Included in the roster are the dogs Bob and Dewey who were with the compauy all through the campaign and returned home with them.

Corporal Geo. L. Jones, Corporal Harry D. Cook, Vin J. Applegate, Ira Day, Edward Dolan, R. H. Hammond, John M. Halbert, C. E. Longstreet, W. B. McPherriiu, Chas. W. Ross, M. D. Stocksleger, Jas. W. Trabert and Lloyd Watson were discharged at San Fraucisco, previous to the Fifty-First's departure for Manila. Musician J. H. Kastman was left at Honolulu and was afterwards discharged at San Francisco. Harry

L. Chamberlain received his discharge at Manila and returned home. Sergeant Edwin M. Rose, Corporal Wm. J. Jeffers, Joseph I. Markey and Chas. E. Lee were returned to San Francisco on the hospital ship Relief on account of disability, arriving in August, 1899. Ernest C. Bond, John B. Hallett, John E. Throw and Ole M. Olson arrived in San Francisco in August, 1899, on the Morgan City and Indiana, sent home for disability.



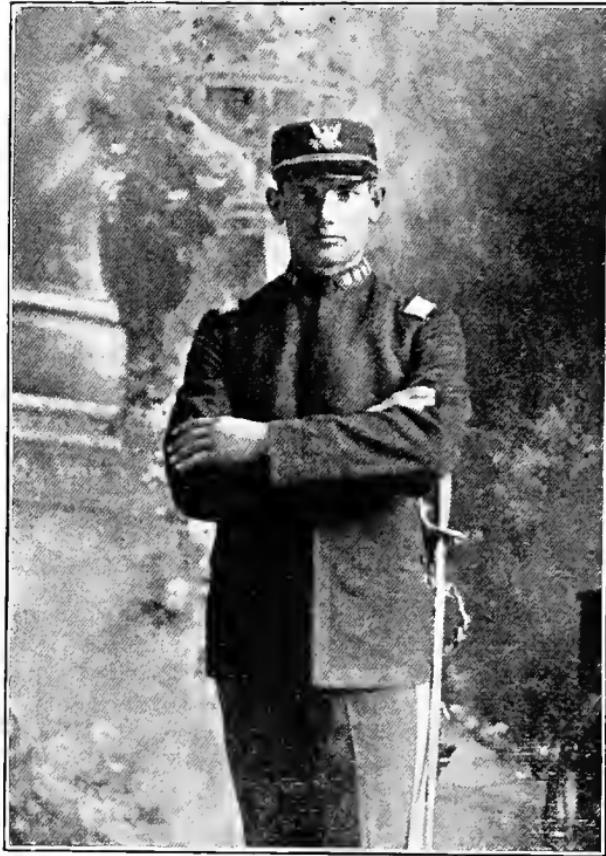
COMPANY B, FIFTY-FIRST IOWA INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS.

SKETCH OF COMPANY B.

Shortly before the Spanish war Sterling P. Moore, then captain of Company B, Third Regiment Iowa National Guard, was elected to the office of major of the third battalion of his regiment. Their first lieutenant, T. J. Poston, a thorough military man, left for the Klondyke in the early spring of 1898. This left Second Lieutenant A. D. Poston in charge when the company was called to Des Moines for mobilization at the opening of the Spanish war. Lieutenant Poston failed to pass the physical examination and First Sergeant Jas. D. Baker was for a time in command. Sergeant Baker was tendered the captaincy when the election was held, but declined and was made first lieutenant. A. F. Burton, former superintendent of the Villisca schools, had been on hand for some time using all his pull to secure the captaincy. In this he succeeded and within a week began his reign of incompetency and misrule. Samuel B. Scholz, a former member of the company, was made second lieutenant.

Company B was recruited from thirty different Iowa towns, forty-four of its members being from Villisca. The company's personal make-up was perhaps one of the best in the Fifty-First regiment. They were a class of sturdy, willing fellows and their record shows that under the hardest possible conditions they never failed in their duty as soldiers or gentlemen. Soldiering in Company B was made hard by the captain, who never lost an opportunity to abuse and domineer his men, and who was never known to make an effort to lighten their burdens nor give them a particle of encouragement. The captain's cowardice and disgrace during the campaign in the Philippines never reflected on his brother officers, nor on the men of the company. Lieutenants Baker and Scholz were very popular with the men, who appreciated their kindly efforts in off-setting the precarious officialism of Captain Burton.

The history of Company M's campaign in the Philippines is also that of Company B. With a few exceptions the two companies were in nearly every fight together. Villisca showed her appreciation of her company on their return by one of the finest receptions given in any town in Iowa. They also showed their sympathy was with the men, as Captain Burton was excluded from all the festivities.



FIRST LIEUTENANT JAMES D. BAKER, COMPANY B.

ROSTER OF COMPANY B.

THOSE WHO RETURNED.

OFFICERS.

Captain Albert F. Burton, Wymore, Neb.
 First Lieutenant James D. Baker, Villisca.
 Second Lieutenant Samuel B. Scholz, Jr., Villisca.
 First Sergeant Frank Melton, Villisca.
 Quartermaster Sergeant H. C. Elrick, Villisca.
 Sergeant Perry Andrews, Villisca.
 Sergeant Chas. E. Jenkins, Villisca.
 Sergeant James C. Creswell, Villisca.
 Sergeant Wilbur E. Moore, Des Moines.
 Corporal Harry A. Baker, Villisca.
 Corporal Frank E. Gunn, Des Moines.
 Corporal Chas. O. Foster, Villisca.
 Corporal Bert Chrisinger, Villisca.
 Corporal Frank C. Humphrey, Greenfield.
 Corporal C. G. Williams, Walla Walla, Wash.
 Corporal Gilbert McCauley, Villisca.
 Corporal Chas. M. Laird, Des Moines.
 Corporal Jerry Spargur, Villisca.
 Corporal Herman Murray, Massena, Iowa.
 Corporal John Pierce, Des Moines.
 Corporal Joe Benda, Iowa City.
 Musician Jos. A. Overman, Villisca.
 Musician Geo. H. Pittman, Villisca.
 Artificer William A. Kelly, Villisca.
 Wagoner Chas. Parker, Villisca.
 Cook John Garnett, Iowa City.

PRIVATES.

Adamson, Robert, Stuart, Ia.	Lineroth, A. T., Villisca.
Baker, Bert B., Villisca.	Mahana, B. F., Iowa City, Ia.
Bolt, Thos. J., Villisca.	McCartney, C. O., Emerson.
Chatterton, F. C., Villisca.	Mills, R. V., Villisca.
Cockerill, Robt. F., Villisca.	Moore, Fenwick, Villisca.
Dubell, E. W., Miltgrove, O.	Myers, C. A., Villisca.
Dunn, James A., Villisca.	McKinney, John, Stuart, Ia.
Embree, Frank, Indianola, Ia.	Neeley, George, Villisca.
Fisher, Wm. S., Adair, Ia.	Sanders, C. H., Grinnell, Ia.



SECOND LIEUTENANT SAMUEL B. SCHOLZ, JR., COMPANY B.

Gieskieng, Wm., Blairstown.	Smith, Wm., Iowa City, Ia.
Hahn, Jos. D., Marion, Ia.	Sweet, E. A., Springfield, Mo.
Hall, Fred A., Van Wert, Ia.	Victor, C. W., Villisca.
Haggett, W. J., Iowa City, Ia.	Wires, J. H., Villisca.
Hopps, C. C., LaMoille, Ill.	Whan, G. E., Villisca.
Hostetler, F. W., Greenfield.	Wickersham, S. L., Guss, Ia.
Johnson, A. G., Villisca.	Yergey, J. M., Villisca.
Kempster, Ed, Adair, Iowa.	

PREVIOUSLY DISCHARGED.

First Sergeant A. A. Doggett, Villisca, Iowa.
First Sergeant C. L. Gebauer, Burlington, Iowa.
Sergeant Theo. Dangerfield, Villisca.
Corporal T. T. Rutledge, Lenox, Iowa.
Corporal O. W. Jappy, Sweden.
Arthur, William, Adair, Iowa.
Boo, W. F., Nodaway, Iowa.
Butler, F. E., Cedar Falls, Iowa.
Cissne, W. M., Greenfield, Iowa.
Clinton, Guy, Villisca.
Cooper, John, Villisca.
Evans, Guy, Villisca.
Eggleston, O. H., Villisca.
Glick, W. M., Terry, Oklahoma.
Glasspbell, James, Davenport.
Hansen, Andrew, Forest City, Iowa.
Kanehl, J. S. Iowa City, Iowa.
Lawson, Herman, Stanton, Iowa.
Middaugh, F. A., Clarinda, Iowa.
Melvy, B. A., Forest City, Iowa.
McDonald, Oscar, Osceola, Iowa.
Merrill, W. E. Osceola, Iowa.
Moore, Ross, Villisca.
Mason, D. O., Nodaway, Iowa.
Pittman, Chas., Villisca.
Powers, I. F.; College Springs, Iowa.
Parker, Ed, Villisca.
Reed, John, Villisca.
Rhode, Henry, Lewis, Iowa.
Shepard, Robert, Villisca.
Stockberger, Ernest, Clear Lake, Iowa.

Smith, Chas., Iowa City, Iowa.
Stivers, George, Burlington, Iowa.
Talbert, Fred, Villisca.
Towne, George, Villisca.
Van Houten, V., Lenox, Iowa.
Wickersham, John, Guss, Iowa.
Yerger, Alfred, Villisca.

MUSTERED OUT AT MANILA TO RE-ENLIST IN SERVICE.

Erickson, Tim, Sciola, Iowa.

TRANSFERRED MEN.

Sergeant S. C. Baker, Villisca, to Company K.
Corporal Chas. F. Campbell, Nodaway, to Company K.
Ranous, Jesse A., Des Moines, Iowa, to Company A.

DEATHS FROM DISEASE.

Corporal Patrick Ahern, Des Moines, Iowa.
Brown, Barton J., Guss, Iowa.
Clark, Rodney K., Oxford, Iowa.
Needles, Joseph, Greenfield, Iowa.
Stillinger, Clifford, Villisca.

CASUALTIES--WOUNDED IN ACTION.

Corporal Herman Murray, Massena, Iowa.
Kernan, John, Nodaway, Iowa.

MASCOT.

AGGIE, the white dog from Manila, captured at Calumpit,
May 2, 1899.

BOB AND DEWEY.

COMPANY M'S MASCOTS.

When Company M landed at San Francisco they had as company the dogs Bob and Dewey, those faithful animals having followed the company all through the campaign. Everything considered they are perhaps the most remarkable pair of dogs in the world. It is little short of marvelous when one considers their career in the army that they can be alive and well. Both joined the company at Camp McKinley. Dewey was a present of an old colored barber who soldiered in the civil war. We got him as a pup. His breeding is uncertain—mostly cur, I think—yet those who know him think that no dog in the world is so thoroughly a soldier dog. His whole life has been spent with soldiers, or rather with Company M. His attentions and affections were all bound in the company. Every man was his personal friend and protector. Among a regiment of men he would pick the M boy. If a man was away for a month, sick or on detached duty, his return was a gala day for Dewey. He never forgot an M boy. They could fondle or handle him as roughly as they pleased, but let another soldier try it and he got mad. Every bugle call he knew as well as his name. "First call" always brought him in front of quarters. At "assembly" he was busily engaged in watching each man take his place in ranks. The boys said he was checking the roll. At evening retreat he took his position beside First Sergeant Hawkins until roll call was complete. The first sergeant turns the company over to the officer in charge and marches to the rear. Dewey would then advance along the company front, take note of each man; the same inspection to the rear rank, and he marched very stately by the side of Capt. Clark. The company stands at parade rest while the band plays the "Star Spangled Banner." This was a solemn occasion for Dewey, on his haunches. He was all attention. If a man made the slightest move he always got a rebuking glance from Dewey. At dismissal the men break ranks and scurry to quarters with Dewey barking loudly at their heels. He attended every drill and was never known to get in the men's way. In this he showed his knowledge of orders.

Bob Evans is a handsome fox terrier. We got him from the Forty-Ninth regiment in Camp McKinley, however without

their consent. He is opposite in disposition from Dewey, having no favorites. The whole regiment were his friends, but he never showed an inclination to make a particular friend of any one. His headquarters were always with Company M, but every regiment in San Francisco knew him and at some time tried to steal him from us. Every night he had to be accounted for or Captain Clark couldn't sleep. He caused Chas. Binns as much trouble as a runaway child does a mother. Every dog, regardless of size, had a scrap with him if he cared to, and to our knowledge he was never really whipped. He was a rare friend of little Dewey—fought for him like a big brother, but would never take advantage of his ability to whip him.

Tennessee had a prize bull dog. Bob called one day and got into his inevitable scrap. He was nearly dead when we got him back, but Dr. Macrae and Ed Logan gave him the best hospital treatment. We knew the bull dog to be twice his size and were surprised to learn from Tennessee that Bob killed him in the fight.

We took the two dogs along when we went onto the fighting line, having no place to leave them. Dewey, in some manner, lost the use of one hind leg, so we thought it impossible for him to follow us. Many times in a long march he would struggle behind, and when night would come we would think he was gone for good. In some manner he always managed to show up, looking desperately worn and hungry. Neither he nor Bob would eat canned horse. The boys said they had been reading the "beef scandals." Salmon was their only food. We would beg, borrow and steal food for them. They always had something to eat even if their human friends had to go hungry.

On the firing line Dewey was a terror. The bullets made him angry. When we fired he always got in front and tried to catch the smoke. Dewey was a fire-eater, while Fighting Bob had a bad case of cold feet. When the firing started it was a signal for him to have business back with the wagon train.

They are only a couple of dogs, but if a man wants trouble with an M boy he has only to abuse one. They were always very dear to every man, and especially so when the whole company was worn and exhausted. It was a kind of bond of sympathy between dogs and masters.

